Collier's

SEPTEMBER 17, 1954 • FIFTEEN CENTS

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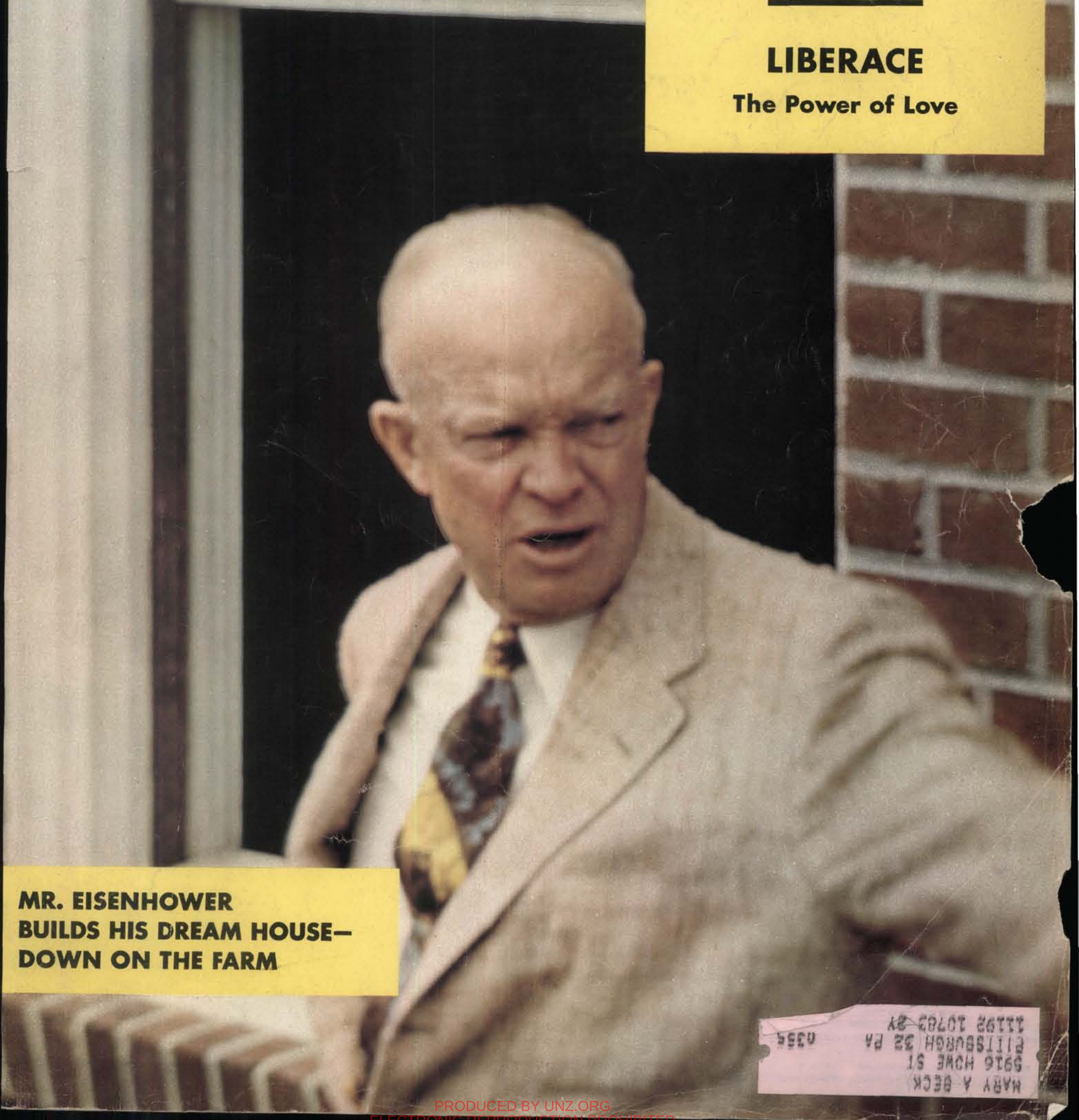
FOOTBALL
PREVIEW

LIBERACE
The Power of Love



MR. EISENHOWER
BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE—
DOWN ON THE FARM

Now you can protect your car against both major causes of engine wear

NEW

CONOCO Super MOTOR OIL

America's first Double-Duty* motor oil

Protection 1

CONOCO
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MOTOR OIL
HEAVY DUTY

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OIL-PLATING®

conquers friction wear . . . because this exclusive discovery actually fastens a thin film of lubricant to moving engine parts for full-time protection.

ACID-PROOFING

conquers corrosive wear . . . because this exclusive new discovery gives Conoco Super Motor Oil up to twice the cleansing power of other premium oils!

Automotive engineers have long known that friction and corrosion are the two major causes of engine wear. Now, from the laboratories of Continental Oil, comes America's first *Double-Duty* motor oil. It combines two exclusive discoveries (Oil-Plating and Acid-Proofing)* to conquer *both* causes of engine wear.

The unique OIL-PLATING additive conquers friction wear by actually fastening a thin film of protective oil to engine parts. Unlike ordinary motor oil, this film won't drain down even when your engine has been stopped overnight. Thus you get full-time protection—every time you start your engine.

Exclusive ACID-PROOFING additive conquers corrosive wear three ways—it neutralizes acids, prevents rust, and gobbles up tiny particles of dust, dirt, and water and seals them safely in spheres of oil until the oil is drained. ACID-PROOFING actually gives new Conoco Super twice the cleansing power of other premium oils!

New Conoco Super Motor Oil is on sale at Conoco dealers everywhere. Drive in and ask for it today!

CONOCO

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Houston, Texas.

America's first Double-Duty motor oil

What a powerful difference this high-octane gasoline makes!

Ask any pilot. He'll tell you how important high-octane gasoline is to a plane's engine. Well, the same goes for today's automobile engines. You see, the octane rating of a gasoline determines how much power it can deliver. That's why it's so important to be sure you always get a *high-octane* fuel. And the easy way to be sure is to look for the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on the pump. You'll find that "Ethyl" gasoline makes a powerful difference . . . every mile you drive!

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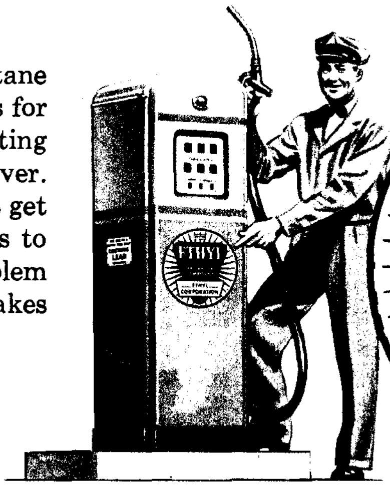

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Enjoy full power—
use high-octane
"ETHYL" gasoline!

Picture
OF THE MONTH

M-G-M's "Betrayed" begins with a hooded van crawling down a cobblestone street. It ends with you practically jumping through your scalp!

In between, Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Victor Mature catch you up in the ever-mounting tension and stinging climaxes of love-on-the-run in an intrigue-torn Holland. The urgent adventures of Gable as the secret agent called "Rembrandt" zing to a zenith of suspense, in tingling Color, authentically shot against Delft-blue canals, tulip-yellow windmills, mystery-black forests and sin-scarlet back alleys.

No stranger to danger, Gable has never lived and loved on such intimate terms with terror. (Sample: the gruelling fight within inches of whirring propellers!) In a shaded room, which has a view of sudden death from every window, he tempts Lana into abetting a vast Continental espionage. Pleasure-jaded, already half in love with Gable, she leaps at this chance to assume a daring double identity under the command of a Dutch daredevil hero known as "The Scarf".

No screen star has had more derring-do to do than Mature as "The Scarf". Dramatically, he's superb too.

Which one is "Betrayed"? What happens when betrayers meet? Whom does Lana really love? Take our tip: Watch every move! Trust no one! Not even the intelligence chief who is played by Louis Calhern with continental aplomb. Without let-up, director Gottfried Reinhardt cunningly points suspicion's finger at *everybody* in turn.

But despite its deceit-charged plot, "Betrayed" remains true to the prime rule of supreme suspense. It doesn't cheat. Nothing happens behind your back. That's why it can pursue so chilling a course from a spy base somewhere in England straight to the very base of your spine!

Extra dividend for the fair sex: Twelve original designs by Balmain, world-famous couturier, are worn by Miss Turner!

* * *

M-G-M presents CLARK GABLE, LANA TURNER and VICTOR MATURE in "BETRAYED". Co-Starring LOUIS CALHERN. Screen Play by Ronald Millar and George Froeschel. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by Gottfried Reinhardt.

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 17, 1954

PUBLISHED BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.

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THE COVER . . Marvin Koner

The window framing Dwight Eisenhower, homeowner, is a part of the Gettysburg dream house to which he and his first lady hope eventually to retire.

A picture-text report on "Ike's Place"—his farm, house, building troubles and budget headaches—is on page 23, together with a look at his neighbors

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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No tooth paste—Regular, Ammoniated, or Chlorophyll—can give you Listerine's lasting protection

Before you go any place where you might offend . . . on a date, to a party, to any business or social engagement . . . remember this: Far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. So the best way to stop bad breath is to get at bacteria . . . to get at the major cause of bad breath.

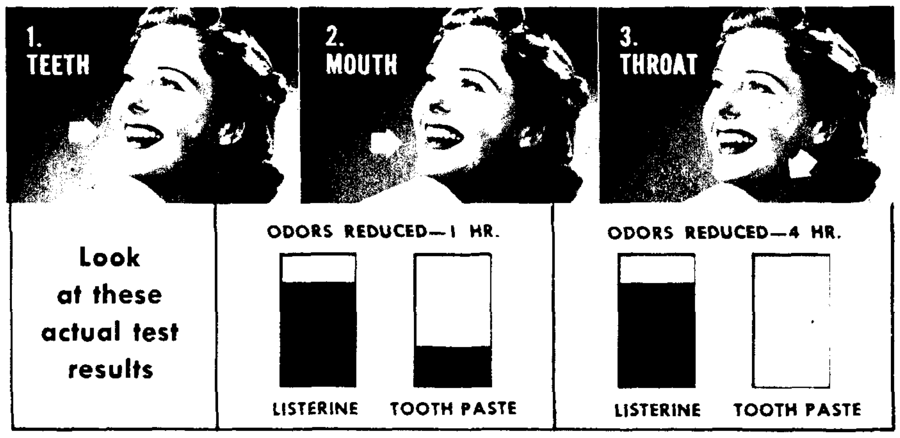
That's a job for an antiseptic. And that explains why, in clinical tests, Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the leading tooth pastes it was tested against!

No tooth paste kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly!, and usually for hours on end. No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll doesn't kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

So, remember—especially before any date—Listerine Antiseptic, always!

LISTERINE ACTS ON 3 AREAS WHERE BREATH ODORS CAN START



Stops Bad Breath up to 3-4 times longer!

Listerine Antiseptic was recently tested by a famous, independent research laboratory against leading tooth pastes. Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than any of the products tested. By actual test, Listerine Antiseptic stopped bad breath up to three to four times longer than the tooth pastes!

THE MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD

and for COLDS and SORE THROAT (DUE TO COLDS) . . .

GARGLE LISTERINE . . . Quick and Often

This pleasant precaution can help nip a cold in the bud or lessen its severity. The same is true in reducing the number of sore throats. That's because Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs before they can invade throat tissues and cause much of the misery you associate with colds.

NOW REMOVE DANDRUFF... BRIGHTEN YOUR HAIR UP TO 35%

with the very first shampooing!

A SINGLE SHAMPOOING with new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo will brighten your hair up to 35% ...remove loose dandruff and recondition hair at the same time.

FOR CLEANER SCALP, dandruff-free hair, use Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. The only shampoo *guaranteed to remove ugly dandruff* with just *one* lathering or money back.

Only FITCH guarantees cleaner, brighter hair... free of ugly dandruff!

Think of it! Scientific "Reflectance" tests prove new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo brightens hair up to 35%! Yes, brightens hair up to 35%—and it's guaranteed to remove every trace of dandruff too, with just *one* lathering or your money back!

Most amazing, new milder Fitch is so gentle, it's wonderful for baby's hair! So, if you have only used Fitch when you really wanted to get your hair clean—if you thought it was too harsh and strong to use regularly—listen! New milder Fitch is so gentle, so free of bite and sting, you can use it *every* single time you wash your hair!

Reconditions too!

What's more, its remarkable reconditioning action leaves hair softer, easier to manage, inclined to wave.

Get a bottle of this new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. If you're not delighted with how it brightens your hair up to 35%—how it removes loose dandruff too, in just one lathering—return unused portion for full refund from manufacturer.

Also ask for a Fitch shampoo at any Barber or Beauty Shop.

IMPROVE HAIR LOOKS or money back!

Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

KINDLY douse me with a bucket of ice water and bring me a cup of black coffee. Wheel in the oxygen tank and wave a thousand-dollar bill in front of me. Play The Star-Spangled Banner and ring dem bells. I *gotta* come *to.* You see, folks, I began thinking about the Weary, or Casual, School of TV and radio performers, and before you could say *ether* I was a push-over for the Sandman. Porter, I left that call for Syracuse, and here it is Buffalo.

And here is Steve Allen, currently the leading exponent of the Rocking-Chair Method, as distinguished from the Roller-Coaster Method first introduced by Floyd Gibbons and continued by Walter Winchell. I have had Steve Allen on my list of things to do for quite some time. First of all, I like him; second of all, I look at the guy on TV and say, "Where? Where did I know him?" Well, I guess I *didn't* know him. I had him pegged for a greeter at some crib I went to in New York or Hollywood, some musicians' hangout, late at night, in the company of Artie Shaw or Joe Sullivan. But I have to be wrong, because at the time I thought I knew him he would have been only seventeen (he's thirty-three now); and while there were girls of that age in those night spots, there weren't any seventeen-year-old boys. Well, I still don't know him, but I asked a lot of people about him. Got an opinion sample, and it was all good. People who know him like Steve Allen.

He is getting the national build-up just about now with his own show—not What's My Line?, on which he also appears. As I understand it, pretty soon the country will know the rather sad, horn-rimmed kisser of Steve Allen as well as it knows Liberace the Babyface.

Allen and the other Casual Stylists can be traced back to George Hicks, a radio veteran who used to cause me concern. "Why do they force that poor man to work tonight?" I would ask myself, in one of my rare moments of compassion. Hicks was not of the Rocking-Chair School; he was Wheel Chair. Then out of Chicago, like a shot, came Garroway. Did I say like a shot? Make it like an arrow, a 1904 Pierce-Arrow. Oh, *boy,* was he casual, and oh, boy, was he a relief from the usual master-of-ceremonies-commentator? When Garroway mentioned a book, you believed he had read it; when he ad-libbed you almost believed it was an ad lib. He appeared to be so easygoing that he seemed to be easygoing nowhere, and when you felt like saying something nice about him, you said it with the same unconscious restraint that he exercised in his work.

I have down here in my notes for an Allen piece: T. Dorsey, Mr. Peepers. Well, I shall have to dispose of those notes, and maybe Tommy Dorsey will want to dispose of me when I admit that I have known Tommy Dorsey longer than Steve Allen has been on this earth. The jazz snobs know that Tommy played with the famous Scranton Sirens, but they don't know about the Cresco Syncopators, conducted by maestro Scoop Felsberg (with Charlie Artz on trumpet). One of the earliest appearances, if not *the* earliest, of the Dorsey brothers was at the O'Hara Theater, Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, which was owned by my grandfather. Tommy might impress you as an easygoing guy, too, but he'll take off those glasses quicker than you can say, "Who called that so-and-so a clarinet player." This is no reference to brother James, who, if I remember correctly, started life on a trumpet. I would say there is very little resemblance between Steve Allen and Tommy Dorsey, and that note goes into the basket.

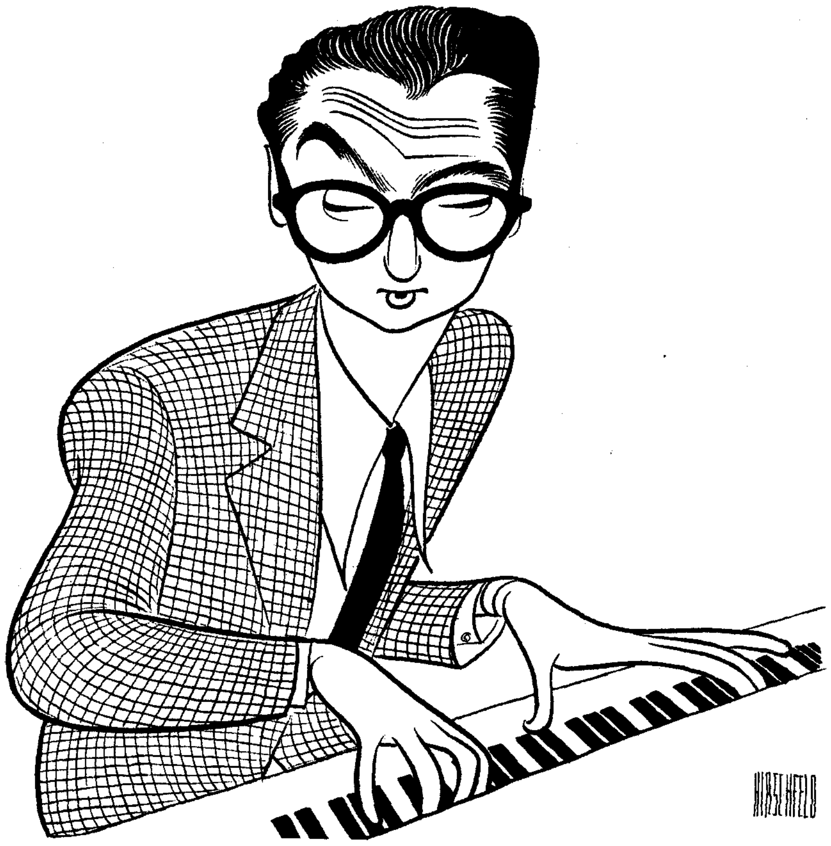
Mr. Peepers, of course, bears no resemblance to any person living or dead. He is a delightful piece of fiction, who provides safe common ground for my nine-year-old daughter and myself. I might as well confess that my associate is not being brought up properly: she likes Steve Allen, too; which is all right, except that in order to see Steve Allen at his best you have to stay up after 11:20 P.M. Not good. That's got to stop. Iron hand indicated. Casual method being overdone.

★ ★ ★

AT THE risk of losing the male vote I make the following statement: when the girls wear their formals to a party, the men ought to, too.

The girl puts on her new strapless, but half the time the guy just puts on the blue serge. Why? You come home from the office or the mill, wash up, change your clothes. Why not change into something comfortable, to wit: an evening suit? I grew up in a small town where men would complain about wearing a tuxedo twice a year—too uncomfortable, too fancy. But twice a month the same guys would go to lodge meetings and wear swords and aprons and strange hats that were so uncomfortable and so fancy that they wouldn't be seen in them ex-

AL HIRSCHFELD



Steve Allen is the leading exponent of the Rocking-Chair Method

"PLEASE HELP ME. MY HUSBAND IS VERY ILL."

Out of the Night Came a Call for Help

Quick action of alert telephone operator helps save man with heart attack

AWARDED MEDAL. **Mrs. Carolyn F. Gross, night operator in Berlin, N. J. Awarded Vail Medal for "initiative and resourcefulness" in answering emergency call. Vail Medals, accompanied by cash awards, are given annually by the Bell System for acts of noteworthy public service by telephone employees.**

It was about two o'clock of an August morning when the call flashed on the switchboard. A woman, in an excited voice, asked to be connected with a doctor.

Mrs. Carolyn F. Gross, the night operator, rang the doctor's home immediately but he was unavailable. Sensing a critical emergency, she asked if she could be of help in getting another doctor.

"Oh, please do everything you can," implored the caller. "My husband has had a heart attack and is very ill."

Mrs. Gross rang a doctor who had helped in a previous emergency. Then, realizing he was new in the area, she arranged to have the State Police meet him at a certain point and lead him to the house.

Shortly after, the subscriber's daughter called to ask for oxygen.

"It's on the way," said Mrs. Gross. "I thought you might need it so I telephoned the emergency ambulance service. They ought to be there any minute."

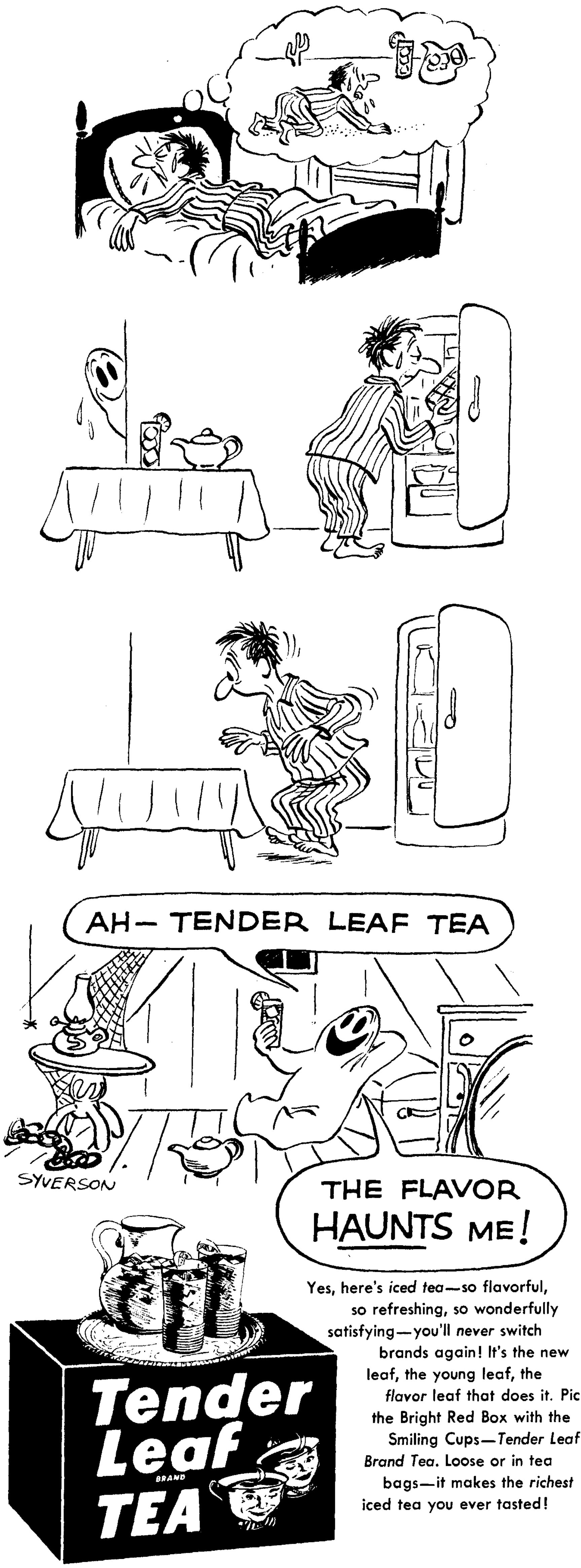
Just before she went off duty, Mrs. Gross called to ask how the sick man was doing and if there was anything else she could do.

"You've already done so much," said a grateful voice. "The doctor says that it's only because of your help that my husband is alive."

POLICE ESCORT. To help the doctor get there faster, the operator arranged for the State Police to escort him to the sick man's home.

EVER READY . . . EVER HELPFUL. Day or night, rain or shine, the telephone stands ready to help you—in the everyday affairs of life as well as emergencies. This swift, willing worker will run your errands, guard your home, save countless steps and valuable time and keep you in touch with relatives and friends. In office and home, these oft-repeated words reveal its value—"I don't know what I'd do without the telephone." **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

Gaylord the Ghost



Yes, here's *iced tea*—so flavorful, so refreshing, so wonderfully satisfying—you'll *never* switch brands again! It's the new leaf, the young leaf, the *flavor* leaf that does it. Pick the Bright Red Box with the Smiling Cups—*Tender Leaf Brand Tea.* Loose or in tea bags—it makes the *richest* iced tea you ever tasted!

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

cept by other men who were sworn to secrecy.

Fancy? Uncomfortable? Did you ever see a Six-County Firemen's Convention parade?

* * *

A LITTLE before War II a group of hearties used to meet every day in the bar of the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, occupying the bay window on the Wilshire Boulevard side, and occupied with food, drink and expressions of opinion on life and letters. The conversations were conducted on a high plane, for the company included Lewis Milestone, the director; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the knight; Peter Lorre, the lover; Gilbert Roland, the littérateur; Michael Romanoff, the wayfarer; Lothar Mendes, the aviator; the late Charles Butterworth, turfman, and your correspondent. We were frequently visited by other citizens, but there really wasn't room for more in the bay window, and we didn't need anyone else. The talk was in English, but except for Butterworth and me it may not have sounded so to a tourist from Oxnard. Milestone retained traces of his native Russian; Sir Cedric spoke English English; Lorre and Mendes had been brought up on German; Romanoff held forth in pure Oxonian, and Roland's speech revealed his Iberian origins. I, of course, was independently wealthy; the others, however, were more or less identified with the movie industry, and even now it is a pleasure to report that this luncheon club would have been unique if for no other reason than the fact that we talked about the picture business hardly at all.

The club had no name, although Lorre had given it the chaste designation, The Creeps.

I would be delighted to bring you up to date on all of The Creeps, but in this lesson I just want to say a few words about Gilbert Roland. Manuelito, or Amigo, as he was called, and as he called almost everybody, is a star again after a longish period of professional idleness and a hitch in the Air Force. The truth is, he always was a star. During the time when I first knew him and the jobs and the billing were small, Amigo was recognized everywhere he went. The fans bothered him for autographs, the lady fans gave him the eye (which they often got right back), he drove a snappy convertible and dressed like a star. There was a story around that he had antagonized one of the high brass and that the word had gone out not to hire Amigo. I never bothered to check that story because I took for granted that it was true.

I never met Amigo. That is, I never was introduced to him. One afternoon I was sitting at the bar of the West Side Tennis Club (not the Forest Hills one) and as I ordered my drink by brand name (it was the best of the commercial Scotches and not obtainable everywhere), a voice added: "And a touch of lemon peel."

"Right," I said.

"That's my Scotch too, and I always have a touch of lemon peel," said the man. "My name is Gilbert Roland and I understand you are a friend of my man Hemingway."

"Right," I said.

We stayed there till the barman went home, leaving a bottle for us, and talked about Hemingway. Roland, or Amigo, knew at least as much of Hemingway's writings as I did, and in addition he was the son of a bullfighter.

It was about as good a way as I know to start a friendship: liking the same, comparatively obscure booze, and sharing an admiration for an author.

We played a lot of tennis together, but that wasn't much fun for Amigo, because he could give me three games a set and beat me with no trouble. In fact, I never won a set from him, not even when we had highballs instead of a pitcher of water on the court table. I had a good serve, but his was better, and to handle his drives you had to stand four feet behind the base line. He would play, without embarrassment, Frank Shields, Aidan Roark, Errol Flynn and other good players who were members of that club. In order to get a match with him I would make a deal: that if he would play three sets, I would play him anagrams.

Yes, anagrams. He had had little formal education, but he had, as they say, read everything, and one book he had studied with care was the dictionary. I warn Hollywood not to play Scrabble with Gilbert Roland for money. He has a functioning vocabulary as good as Funk's or Wagnalls'; moreover, he speaks French besides Spanish and English.

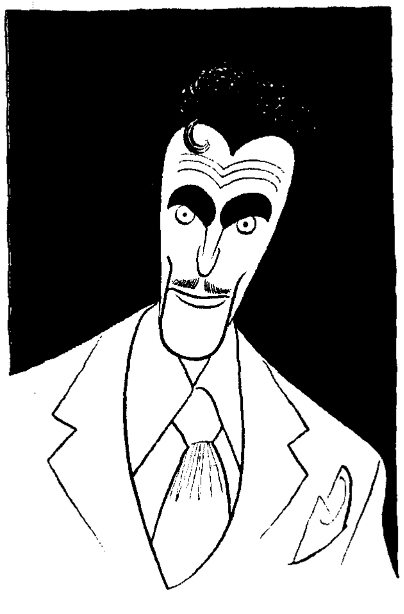
I gave the toast in Spanish at the dinner when he married Constance Bennett (*"Muchos años de felicidad por Constanzia y Manuelito"*), and I am the neglectful godfather of one of his children. So why shouldn't *I* say, *Salud, Amigo?*

* * *

THIS, dedicated to the censors, is the latest bulb in my Garden of Verses Not Particularly for Children:

They may subdue Jane Russell,
But not without a tussle.

▲▲▲



I want to say a few words about Gilbert Roland, the littérateur

L&M NOW KING SIZE OR REGULAR!

Both Same Low Price!

TWENTY
EFFECTIVE FILTRATION
L&M
FILTERS
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
TWENTY
EFFECTIVE FILTRATION
KING SIZE
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LIGGET

Much More Flavor Much Less Nicotine!

It's the FILTER that Counts and L&M has the Best!

L&Ms have already won the quickest, most enthusiastic nation-wide acceptance a cigarette ever had. Now, L&M comes to you in king-size, too . . . the same great cigarette — *at the same low price* as regular.

In either size — only L&M Filters give you the Miracle Tip — the effective filtration you need. Get much more flavor — much less nicotine — a light, mild smoke. Yes,— it's the filter that counts . . . and L&M has the best!

Today, buy L&Ms King-size or regular. **JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!**

MIRACLE TIP
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COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

A Love Potion for Harry Feebs

By ROBERT FONTAINE

HARRY ARMETIS FEEBS was a man of thirty with clear blue eyes, a reddish mustache, a well-shaped nose and an inherent restlessness. He longed for the perfect woman.

Most men, on occasion, long for such a love, but Harry Feebs longed twenty-four hours a day, sleeping and waking. He yearned with a burning fever for someone to love completely.

When he would appear to be poring over his books of account at the National State Bank & Drovers Trust Company at the foot of Wall Street, he would actually be thinking of Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, the Venus de Milo and even the Mona Lisa.

Harry, of course, because of his yearning, had never married, never become engaged, never, in fact, got to know any woman more than casually—because he knew that he would be satisfied only with someone complex, beautiful, world-shaking and utterly feminine.

Harry's mother had been Sara Despirit, a bright star in the French theatrical world, who had died when Harry was seventeen and who had left him with an imperishable memory of vagrant beauty and impish charm.

His father, just before he died a few years later, leaving Harry not much more than an enormous library of books on alchemy and black magic, had said, "Harry, the most magic thing in the world is the right woman, and the alchemy that transmutes all things to gold is love." So saying, the old, pink-faced, mutton-chopped gentleman had shut his eyes and passed on. If this remark seems a strange one for a dying accountant, it must be admitted that Harry's father had worked on it for a number of years before his death, intending to use it at the precise moment he did.

At any rate, on a bleak Saturday afternoon, which was a holiday at the National State Bank, Harry procured a small bottle of cognac and locked himself in the living room of his small apartment and began to study some of his father's books that lined the walls.

In a volume on conjuring Harry came across a simple business card, used evidently as a bookmark. It bore the legend:

Emory Q. Dabblo, Specialist in Beautiful Women
Psychic Powers Guaranteed
or
Money Refunded

Puzzled, Harry put the card aside, but by the time he had finished the cognac he was overcome with an impulse to visit Mr. Dabblo—and uncover him for the fake he presumably was.

Mr. Dabblo's address, which had been printed in small letters on the back of the card, proved to be a well-lighted office with a small anteroom. The legend on the frosted-glass door stated simply: *All Types of Magic. E. Q. Dabblo. Ring bell and enter.*

A striking blonde with green eyes and an extraordinary figure got up from behind a desk and smiled dazzlingly at Harry. Harry said, "Mr. Dabblo?"

THE girl smiled and directed Harry to the inner room. Harry went in and saw a dark-haired man with a sharp nose and an amused expression sitting behind an executive desk toying with a small skull; Harry supposed it was a paperweight. "I was expecting you," Dabblo said. "I dreamed of you last night. Your father was a friend of mine."

"Oh," said Harry. He looked about expecting to find some signs of necromancy, but the only decorations were a few nude photographs of a misty nature and a statue of Aphrodite. Harry went on, "I've come about—"

"I know what you've come about," Dabblo said. "You want me to conjure up someone for you to love. Correct?"

"Well, yes . . ."

"Why not? How did you like the girl at the desk?"

"She was stunning," Harry said. "Attractive figure, too."

"Made to order," Dabblo said, blowing on his fingernails. "Her measurements are the ones American men voted as ideal."

Harry looked at the magician curiously. "Made to order? I suppose that's a figure of speech."

"Not at all. I will be confidential with you since your late father was my close friend and I promised him long ago to do whatever I could for you. I created the girl. I set up the conditions of a prelife world in a glass tube. I acquired protein molecules.

"From then on it was a matter of complexity, building up, until I managed a woman. I have made a number of them. If you like Anna, by all means take her. At least try her for a while. I have a number of others in storage."

Somewhat startled but nevertheless not a fool, Harry found himself, eventually, at home with Anna, the green-eyed beauty. For a day or two he was slightly uncomfortable, but as his shyness wore off he began to take a certain pleasure in her presence.

However, in a few weeks he discovered that something was wrong. Anna lacked the indefinable something to make her precisely what Harry had hoped for. It was not that she was not amenable. In fact she was an automaton. She moved about quickly, obeying every order as if she had no will of her own, which she hadn't.

After three weeks Harry took Anna back. Mr.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. DAVID SHAW

When I'm eating Jell-O
I wish I were a seal

...because then I could flap
my flippers for that wonderful,
wonderful dessert! Jell-O! Jell-O!

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SIX DELICIOUS FLAVORS

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Florsheim
Genuine
**Walnut Calf*

The Softest Leather
Ever Tanned

Another
Florsheim discovery—
Genuine Walnut Calf—
the softest calfskin
ever tanned! A secret
tanning process preserves
the natural grain
and creates a leather
so soft and pliable
it actually "gloves" the foot!

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The BERKSHIRE, S-1455, in tan Walnut calf; in black, S-1453.

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Dabblo was a little surprised. "Most men would have found her soothing after their wives," he observed. Harry noted that he had no wife with whom to compare her.

"Well," said Dabblo, "all of my own creations are much the same. They differ in coloring and styling, but in general they act pretty much the same as Anna. The problem stems, I believe, from their lack of heredity; they have no personality. H'm. However, I shall not let my old friend's son down. Perhaps we shall have better luck conjuring up some of the beauties of history, who certainly cannot be said to have been lacking in personality."

Harry smiled happily. "That would be entrancing," he said.

Dabblo got up and took a bottle from a shelf. For about five minutes he gave Harry the exact instructions for effecting the spell: the time, the use of the elixir, the magic words to be spoken, and so forth.

THAT evening Harry went to work. In a half hour he was startled to see sitting beside him, in a faint cloud, a large black wolf.

"What are you doing here?" Harry inquired, backing away.

"Damned if I know," the wolf said in a tired voice. "You conjured me up for reasons known best to yourself. But why you would want a wolf in a New York apartment, I have no idea. Wolves, I regret to say, smell."

"I must have used the wrong spell," Harry said. "I do apologize."

"Well, then, send me back," the wolf said, stifling a yawn with his paw. "Recite the Boy Scout oath backward."

This done, the wolf disappeared. Harry was a bit shaken but went back to his work, and ultimately, when he was ready to quit for the night, he discovered Cleopatra was reclining on his sofa.

Ordinarily this would have filled him with nameless rapture, but at the moment he was so dog-tired he was a little irked. Still, he could not help being a little proud of himself. She spoke to him, called to him, smiled at him.

When he stood beside her he noticed she was quite flabby and that her face was pock-marked. She was a trifle too swarthy to suit his taste, and the peculiar perfume she used, which might have been appropriate on the Nile, stifled him.

In a few moments, he spelled her back to history.

In the following weeks he consorted with Helen, who was altogether too arrogant to suit him. He entertained Mona Lisa and was amused to be told that her smile was the result of a toothache, but she smelled of garlic.

Marie Antoinette was as ugly as the bedpost, and the Venus de Milo was so chubby he had to laugh, receiving for his impoliteness a kick in the shins.

In the end they had to be all sent back, and Harry found himself in Dabblo's office again. Dabblo heard the story and smiled sympathetically. "Yes, yes, history exaggerates. But these women have had their days. One could hardly expect to find them fresh and radiant. Well, there is one more possibility. I have here a philter whose powers I have not yet studied carefully. It is supposed to make the owner attract his soul's desire, but there have been a few cases when it did not work. I have been trying to get the National Bureau of Standards to test it impartially, but you know how things are today. Nevertheless, try it. It can do no harm."

That night Harry went into a bar and mixed a bit of the potion into his cognac, and in three minutes there was a sprightly young girl sitting beside him. She wore a beret over her unruly reddish hair. Her eyes were violet and sparkled impishly. An edge of lace showed carelessly below her skirt, and on her lovely legs were stockings whose seams were ever so slightly twisted.

In a moment Harry and the girl, whose name was Alice, were talking like old friends, and in twenty minutes they were in love.

"It's like magic," the girl said, as they listened to her favorite selection on the jukebox.

"It is magic," said Harry.

"I mean," the girl said, "I'm so carelessly dressed and my lipstick is a bit crooked and I do have freckles."

Harry laughed and squeezed her hand. The girl went on, "I mean, I just threw on any old thing to come out for a bit of air. If I'd known I was to fall in love, I'd have been a little more elegant."

"I love you," Harry said. "I love you just the way you are. I love the lace that hangs below your skirt and the lipstick that makes one side of your mouth slightly different from the other, and the seams of your stockings that are not quite straight and the little scattering of freckles that almost but not quite spoils the beauty of your wonderful face."

"I have a temper," the girl warned, smiling.

"And you cook poorly but you'll learn to do it well."

"Why, yes," she said. "But I'm not a bit extravagant."

"I love you," Harry said.

IT WAS a month later before he was able to believe completely his good fortune. At length he was convinced, so he returned to Dabblo to inform him. "My dear fellow," the magician said, "there's been a terrible mistake."

"Eh?" said Harry.

"That potion. That confounded assistant of mine made up the right potion but put it in the wrong bottle. Stuff I gave you was hair tonic."

Harry laughed. "It did taste a bit soapy. But it worked."

"Worked?" said Dabblo.

Then Harry explained what had happened and invited the necromancer to the wedding. Dabblo, instead of being delighted, pouted. "I might as well go out of business if a dash of hair tonic is going to work as well as a high-priced philter," he said.

"Then it wasn't magic?" Harry asked, a little wistfully.

Dabblo was forced to smile. "Magic? Of course. But not mine and not yours."

Harry was thoughtful for a moment. "Hers!" he said suddenly. "Yes, hers—her own wonderful woman's magic, naïve, natural and unsuspected."

Dabblo looked a trifle petulant. "It's all right, I suppose, for some people," he said. "But I, for one, wouldn't depend on it. No, sir."

—ROBERT FONTAINE

Another "years ahead" life insurance policy by New York Life

Lets a young man start his retirement plan now—

Add to it later when his income increases!

Popular Life Paid-Up at 65 Plan now gives you valuable new privilege of changing to Retirement Endowment Plan

Think of it. Here is life insurance that guarantees your family large-scale protection for the rest of your life. Yet it becomes *paid in full* when you reach age 65, are ready to retire and want to stop paying premiums. You can buy it today at the modest premium for New York Life's popular Life Paid-Up at 65 policy—at the same time knowing that in 5 years you have the option of converting it to Retirement Endowment—*without paying an additional penny in back premiums.*

This new option added to Life Paid-Up at 65 makes it possible for you, by merely increasing premiums at a time you may be better able to afford it, to guarantee a generous retirement income for yourself starting at age 65—and continuing for life!

It means that a young man of, say, age 30 can start his program for building retirement income *right now.* And in 5 years he can expand it at a lower premium than he would otherwise have to pay for a Retirement Endowment Policy at age 35.

The New York Life Insurance Company's Life Paid-Up at 65 policy with its attractive new option is ideal for the insurance program of a young family man with his eyes to the future. It is issued throughout the U. S., Alaska, Hawaii and Canada. New York Life is 109 years old and is one of the strongest legal reserve life insurance companies in the world.

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS:

Suppose you are age 30 and purchase a $10,000 Life Paid-Up at 65 policy. If it's kept in force, here's what you'll have at age 65:

Guaranteed Cash Value $7,640.00*

OR

Monthly Income for Life (10 years certain) $47.06*

Now let's assume that at age 35 you decide to exercise the option and convert your policy to a Retirement Endowment maturing at 65. You begin paying the higher premium. Then at age 65 you'll have:

Guaranteed Cash Value $16,230.00*

OR

Monthly Income for Life (10 years certain) $100.00*

As you can see, *retirement values more than double.*

*These figures are based on rates for men. All figures and statements in this advertisement are, of course, subject to the terms and conditions of the policy.

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

The young son of an energetic realtor in Columbus, Ohio, stood on the porch wheedling melancholy practice glissandi out of his brand-new $22.49 violin. The family hound dog woke up, listened for a moment and joined in. Then a next-door neighbor, roused from his nap, hollered across: "Fine, son, fine. But would it be asking too much of you to play something the dog doesn't know?"

★ ★ ★

Wonder how Mr. Joe Hamon came out. Mr. Hamon is the proprietor of a very small pushcart from which he sells hot dogs in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Three inspectors from the city health department called on him and after a thorough inspection of the premises notified Mr. Hamon that they were sorry but he'd have to quit unless he installed running water and lavatory facilities for his customers. Mr. Hamon said he thought it might crowd his very small pushcart a bit, but he'd do what he could.

★ ★ ★

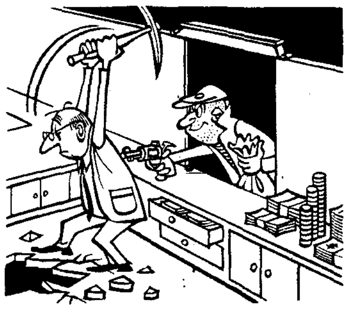
A gentleman we've just heard from in Bismarck, North Dakota, says his twelve-year-old niece reported to her father that she had enrolled in a course in domestic *silence*. Bismarck gentleman also reports that her father gave her a dollar and told her there was more where that buck came from if she studied hard.

★ ★ ★

Brother columnist Don Radde, in the Sparta, Wisconsin, Herald, wishes it understood that even though his department is a bit short now and then, his readers are wrong to accuse him of goldbricking. "On many occasions," says Mr. Radde, "I've spent several hours thinking about the fact that I had absolutely nothing to say."

★ ★ ★

No bank in these 48 is more suitably founded and located than the First National in Medford, Oregon. Mrs. Loran C. Fowler reports they've just discovered it's sitting on a gold lode.



There is no available estimate of the amount of the stuff under the First National, but it gives depositors a comfortable feeling: in unexpected emergencies pickaxes could be issued to tellers.

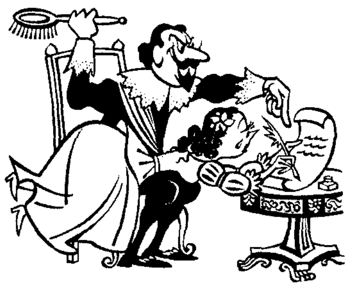
One of the two reasons why Mr. Fred McLeidy owns 346 hillbilly records is, he explains very simply, that he's fond of hillbilly music. And the other reason, he reports from Syracuse, New York, is economy. "The hillbilly records sound just as good when they're worn out as they did when they were new," says Mr. Fred McLeidy.

★ ★ ★

At the moment what's bothering Mr. Jerry Albro in Detroit, Michigan, is how our forefathers ever managed to keep going long enough to build up the United States of America without government handouts.

★ ★ ★

Let's say your wife owns land in Florida. (No harm in just saying it.) Your wife says it's okay for you to sell it. But just a minute. Before it's sold, she's got to produce a lawyer-written affidavit swearing you didn't beat her into agreeing to get rid of her real estate. Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock, of Sarasota, who remembers away back to the Spanish grandee days when the law was adopted, thought you had better know about this in case your wife owns a piece of Florida.



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

While he will not reveal the unhappy gentleman's name, Mr. Val Markaffe insists that in Denver, Colorado, there are increasing signs that this same gentleman is less afraid of his wife than he used to be. "Only last week," says Mr. Markaffe, "this guy stood right up to her and said he wouldn't wash the dishes again until she found him a clean apron."

★ ★ ★

Several letters this week urging pressure upon the United Nations to adopt a pact outlawing war. A splendid idea but not sensationally new. It was just twenty-five years ago the big nations got together on one—the Kellogg-Briand Pact. And it worked almost as well as the Eighteenth Amendment.

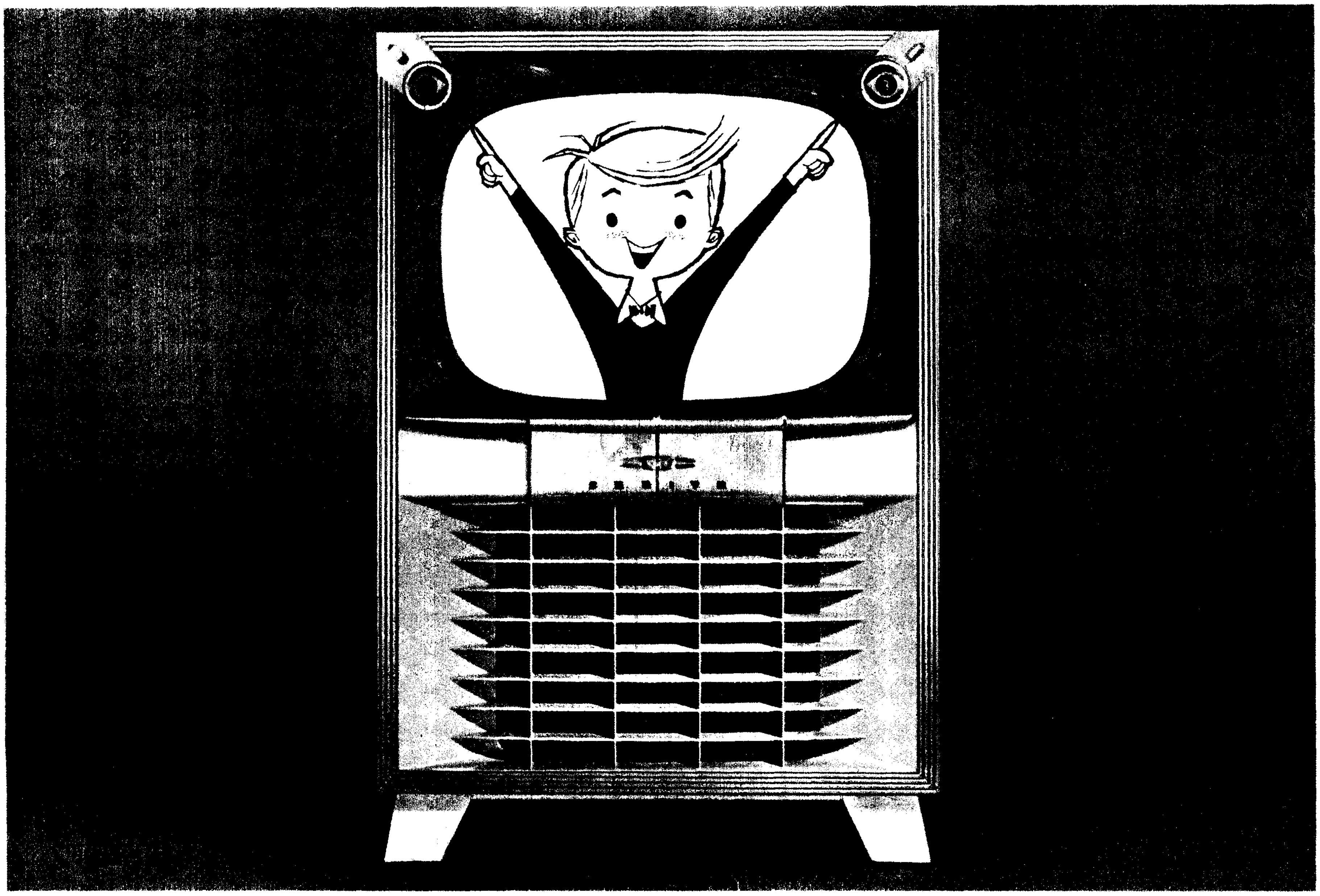
★ ★ ★

Under the editorial page masthead of the Hardy, Nebraska, Herald is the following solemn legend: "There is not much to see in a small town, but what you hear makes up for it." ▲▲▲

Zenith for '55 brings you the revolutionary new Model X

with Top Tuning

Now you don't even bend over to click the dial. And every "click" brings you TV's sharpest picture automatically



CINÉBEAM

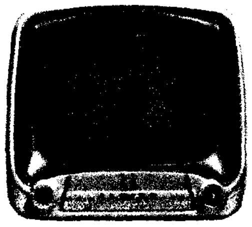
Picture Tube for nearly twice the brightness
Inside mirror concentrates the power of all 20,000 volts on the picture.

CINÉLENS

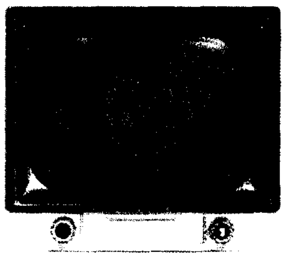
for television's sharpest, clearest picture
The plus factor for Cinébeam, screens out room light, intensifies contrast, without glare.

Full Component HIGH FIDELITY Sound system
Zenith-built dual speakers with 10" woofer, push-pull amplifier add new "you are there" reality to TV.

Zenith TV for '55 starts as low as $159.95*



The Melbourne, Model R1812R. 17" Cinébeam television with Ciné-Lens, built-in antenna, Spotlite Dial, $179.95*



The Sutton, Model R2230R. Full 21" Cinébeam television with Ciné-Lens, built-in antenna, 5¼" Alnico speaker, $219.95*

Zenith's Model X opens wide the stops on your television enjoyment. Top Tuning is just the beginning. You get TV's sharpest, clearest picture from every station in your range. Zenith's own all-new high voltage Royal "R" Chassis has outperformed other sets tested against it, even in TV's toughest trouble spots.

Zenith's famous one-knob Turret Tuner does the tuning for you on VHF (or UHF by the simple addition of UHF tuning strips or Zenith's All-Channel UHF Continuous Tuner†). The sound comes through on Zenith's own Full Component High Fidelity Sound System, and adds a totally new dimension to your TV experience. $379.95* in Mahogany. As shown in Blonde, $389.95*, at your Zenith dealer's.

†*Optional in UHF areas at slight extra cost.*

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

SANFORD H. ROTH

Sanford Roth, the lions' friend

SEVEN years ago Sanford Roth, at forty-one, was making $30,000 a year as an executive for a California chain of clothing stores. But, in his own words, "I wasn't having any fun." He quit the job, and began what has developed into a career as a highly successful free-lance photographer. The fun he is definitely now having is shared by his wife, Beulah, and his Siamese cat, Louis XIV, who were with him, as usual, when he was in Rome covering the filming of Helen of Troy for Collier's (page 34). Unlike most cats, Louis loves to travel and has been to Paris, Hollywood and a lot of other places exciting for a pussycat, too.

No, that is *not* Louis XIV being cuddled by Mr. Roth above. That is mere incontrovertible proof that, as his friends told us, "Sandy has a way with cats." On another recent assignment Roth found himself traveling with a circus. His skill in handling felines was put to the acid test, and above you see Sandy "having a way" with a lion.

★ ★ ★

WHEN you read The Man Who Found Himself, by Gladys Schmitt, you'll find that it centers around one of those little cardboard cartons of tropical fish. The idea for the story came from her husband, Simon Goldfield, who watched horrified one day in downtown Pittsburgh as a lady spilled a cartonful of the little geezers all over the place. That's all a writer needs to get started, you know.

The Goldfields have gotten started on a good many things, in fact. She, best known for her enormously successful novel, David the King, teaches freshman English at Carnegie Tech; he, a Greek scholar, is translating The Iliad into verse; and they both are adapting her 1947 novel, Alexandra, for possible Broadway production. Oh, yes, they've been redecorating their Pittsburgh home, too.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Collier's sent Gabriel Vogliotti to Italy to gather material for his penetrating story about that country, he was returning there for the eighth time. American-born, he was educated in Italy and has a deep knowledge of the people and the land. He was long associated with ECA in its administration of the Marshall Plan and is still called upon by government agencies and Senate groups as a consultant on European affairs.

★ ★ ★

WE CAUGHT Francis Wallace, the football expert, at a baseball game the other day. He had just finished his 15th Football Preview and had stopped off at the Yankee Stadium to forget about it all.

Wallace is a Notre Dame graduate who has been writing sports for newspapers, magazines, books and movies since he left South Bend 31 years ago. "I'm a nut on football," he told us. "I can be anywhere, from a wedding to a funeral, and if I don't start talking football, someone'll start talking it to me. I spent nine months on this year's Preview, traveling by car from New York to Los Angeles and from New Orleans to the Great Lakes over a five-month period.

"Folks worry about the squabbles among football people ruining the college game, but I don't think they will. The only damage being done is by the college administrators themselves. They can't make up their minds whether they've got a sport or a business. Football was a bonanza for colleges and it got out of bounds. Now it has to be brought back, that's all."

An Ohio man, Wallace may have to explain the picture below. Well, as a baseball writer, he covered the Yankees for many years; he's an old friend of Stengel—and the truth is, Wallace is a Yankee fan. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

HUGH BRODERICK

Two Yankee fans, Stengel (l.) and Wallace, talk about—football

What's YOUR reason for not buying a MONY Retirement Policy now?

Do you put it off by telling yourself . . .

"I'm too young to think about retirement."

THE YOUNGER YOU ARE WHEN YOU START, THE LESS MONEY IT COSTS! Premiums are lower for a younger man—and in the long run you pay out less money for the same advantages.

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THAT'S WONDERFUL! BUT WILL YOU REALLY DO IT? Do you realize that you'll have to accumulate $60,000 and then invest it at 4% to be reasonably sure of a life income of $2400 a year?

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DO YOU KNOW THAT A MONY RETIREMENT POLICY that would guarantee you a monthly income of $200 for life would cost only slightly more than half of what you would have to set aside in savings? In *addition*, from the very first day you have your policy, you guarantee your family a cash sum of not less than $20,000 if something should happen to you before you reach retirement! No other plan provides your family such immediate and complete protection.

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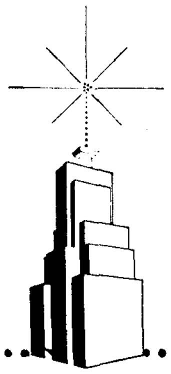

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Picture Filter System

and

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The CAPEHART "Cortland"

The ultimate in television enjoyment. Restful viewing from the Capehart Polaroid® Picture Filter System with 21-inch aluminized tube. "Concert Hall" listening with new Tri-Fi© 3-Speaker Sound Reproduction. With Universal "All-Channel" Tuner at slightly higher cost. Mahogany finish cabinet.

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Capehart

Here is the greatest advance in television viewing—the sensational, built-in Capehart Polaroid® Picture Filter System. No more eye-straining glare. No more eye-fatiguing reflections of lamps and windows. This Capehart picture is the clearest, sharpest, most brilliant you've ever seen—and so "easy-on-the-eyes." Prove it yourself. See a demonstration at your Capehart dealer's today! Your classified directory lists your nearest Capehart dealer.

The CAPEHART "Bedford"

Trim instrument styled of rugged, attractive mahogany Floratone. Capehart Polaroid® Picture Filter System with 21-inch aluminized tube for "easy-on-the-eyes" viewing. With Universal "All-Channel" Tuner at slightly higher cost. (Wrought iron legs optional.) $229.95*

**Suggested retail price. Prices slightly higher in the South and West.*

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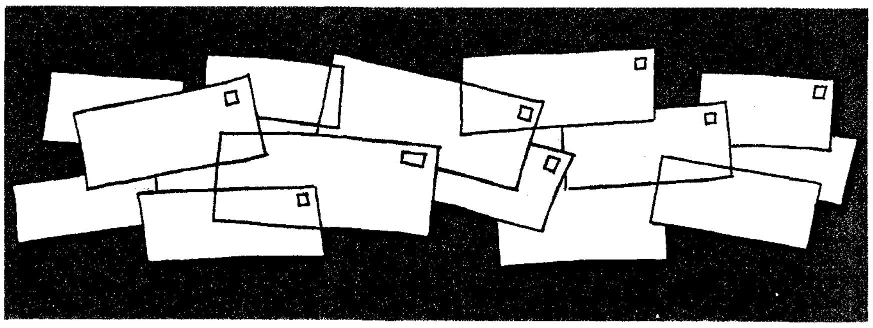
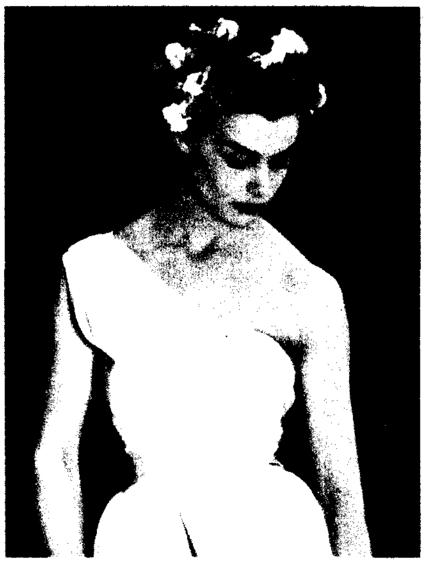


Freud's Fashionable

EDITOR: I have a dress just like one of psychologist Worcester's originals shown in your article Fashion and Freud (Aug. 6th). I made the gown from an old white sheet in only two hours. The result was almost the same as yours (below).



I would like to verify Dr. Worcester's statement, "Nothing is so appealing to a man . . ."

The gown is a tremendous success.

MRS. BEVERLY C. LOVE, Baton Rouge, La.

Bring Back the G.P.

EDITOR: I would like to congratulate Dr. Francis T. Hodges on having said what all of us would have liked to say in his article, Self-Confessed—'I'm A Family Doctor' (Aug. 6th).

It was without doubt the most sensible professional article for lay consumption I have ever read. The American Academy of General Practitioners owes him a tremendous debt.

G. R. FOSTER, JR., M.D., McDonough, Ga.

. . . As the patient of a typical and highly competent G.P., I am pleased to see that he and so many like him are getting a long-overdue pat on the back. MRS. E. J. SEPPOLA, Detroit, Mich.

. . . We live in a small town of 8,000 population, and we are proud of our family doctors. They are part of our life. The article is packed with good common sense and truth.

MRS. MERELITH REED, Forrest City, Ark.

. . . After being given the run-around by specialists, I'm relieved to know that the family doctor is coming back. I guess everyone is tired of trotting all over town to get a complete examination. MRS. FRED D. MOORE, JR., Chattanooga, Tenn.

. . . Give me the old horse-and-buggy family doctor any day.

NANCY SCOTT, Kansas City, Mo.

. . . As a plain ordinary garden-variety G.P., may I say that your article is excellent and true. I would like to see a copy in every medical school.

DR. WM. CARHART, Alton, Mo.

. . . I thought you might like to know more about Dr. Hodges, who is my brother. He has done everything from swimming the Hellespont to dining with maharajas. He has sailed around the world seven times as a ship's physician and has received a Carnegie medal for heroism when he almost lost his life descending a gas-filled well to save two workmen. He has rescued nearly fifty persons from drowning and violent death—and incidentally once saved his own life by thrashing two thugs who tried to attack him on a poorly lighted street.

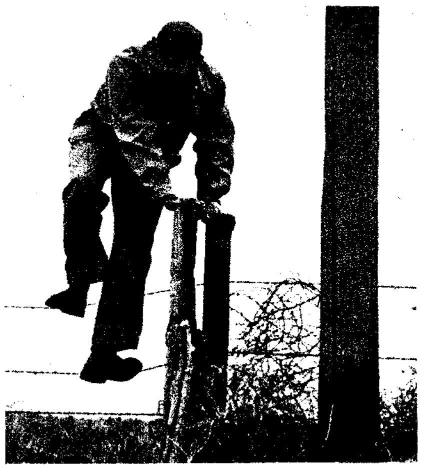
BRADFORD HODGES, Blue Island, Ill.

Up-a-Daisy!

EDITOR: Can't understand why reporter Bill Davidson, who wrote Oasis in the Dust Bowl (July 23d), resorted to the method of getting over a fence, shown below. There are several ways to get over a four-strand barbed-wire fence, but this definitely is not one of them. He could come out minus his trousers and quite a bit of skin.

One correct method is to go halfway between the posts, push down on the second or third wire, slip one leg through, follow it with the upper part of your body and then bring your other leg through. There are other ways of helping a lady over a fence, but since Mr. Davidson did not have anyone with him I won't go into that.

JAMES A. GUINN, Knoxville, Tenn.



Reporter Davidson had a sound reason for using this method of climbing a fence. He had already tried the accepted way; reports reporter Davidson: "That's how I tore my pants."

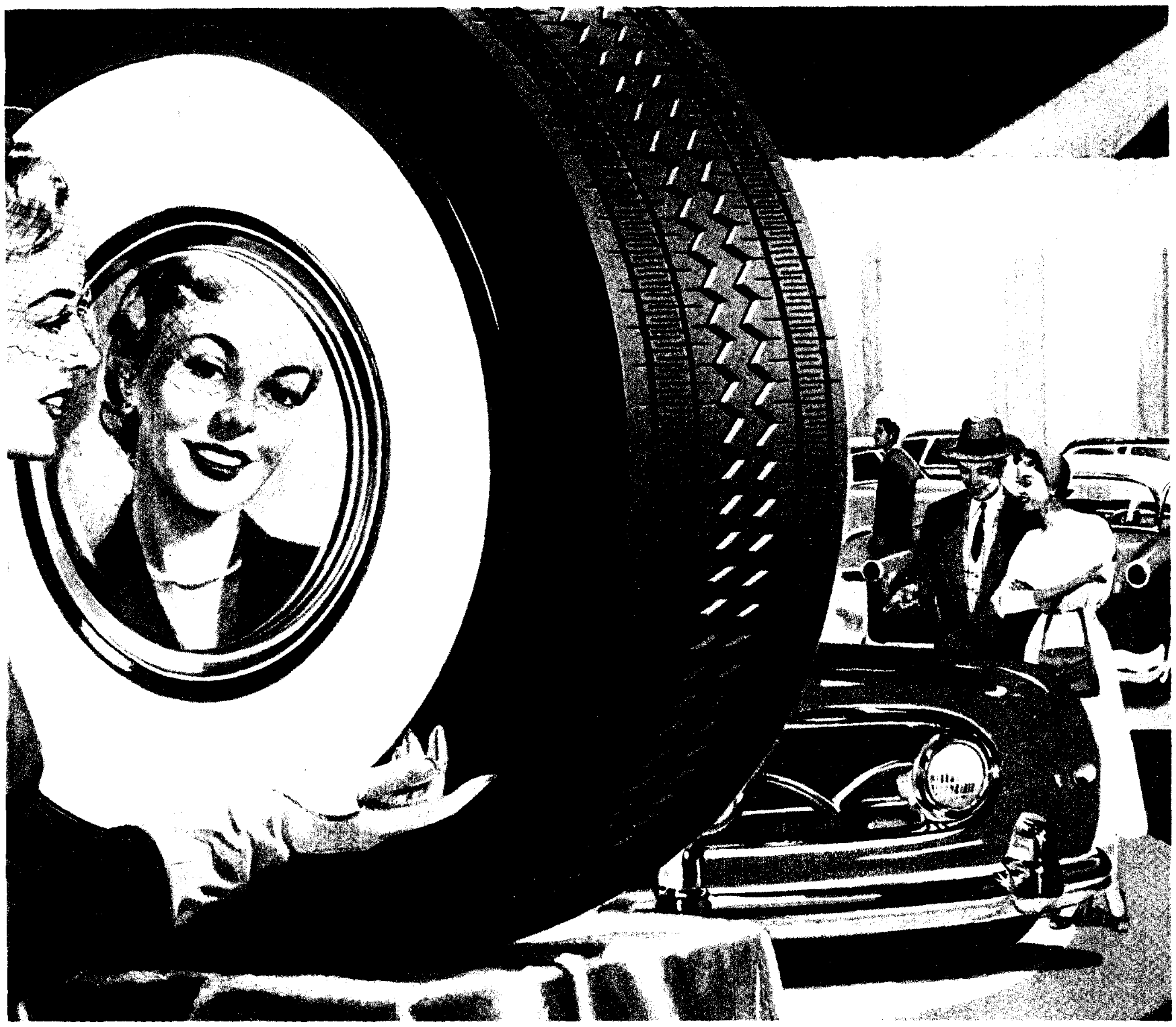
The Careful Driver

EDITOR: Please let me compliment you on What's Wrong with the Careful

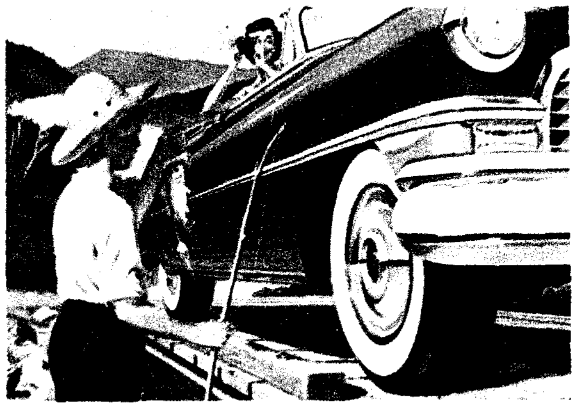
Todays greatest tire for safe, worry-free driving!

NEW KELLY CELEBRITY NYLON TUBELESS*

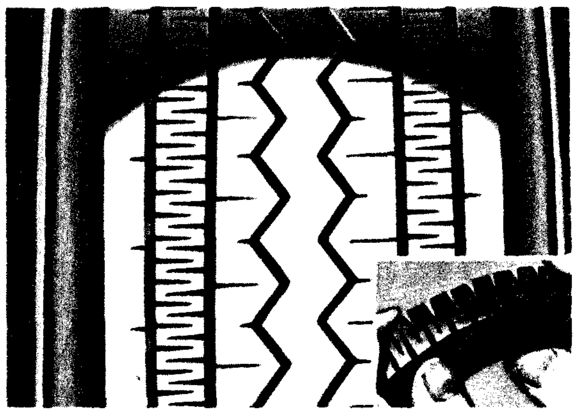
Combines superlative blowout and puncture safety... steel-tough Armorubber... amazing stopping-power!



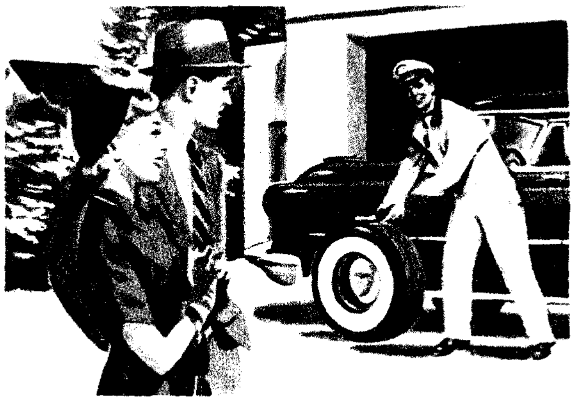
HERE ARE NEW FEATURES to keep you driving *worry-free!* You'll enjoy a new sense of *control* of your car—new stopping power, easier steering, sure-footed turning on winding roads. You can forget about blowouts and dangerous roadside puncture repairs. You'll get famous Kelly Armorubber that delivers extra thousands of safe miles. You'll get handsome styling that—well, *just look!* You'll see that on *any* count the Celebrity is a tire you'll be very proud (and very wise) to have on your car.



THE MIRACLE STRENGTH of Nylon cord gives the Celebrity a body that's light, flexible, yet tremendously resistant to impact damage. Special safety lining stops air loss from punctures. You get a soft ride, a smooth ride, a *safe* ride all the way!



AMAZING STOPPING POWER! The instant you touch the brakes this "pleated" tread unfolds into thousands of sharp-angled gripping edges that hold the road. You *stop!* This new tread is a Kelly exclusive—specially designed for modern power brakes.



BEST OF ALL, your Kelly Dealer will give you full value for your present tires on exchange for the new Celebrity. You'll be able to add tremendously to the safety, performance and appearance of your car for just a few dollars more! Why not see him today!

60th Anniversary

KELLY Springfield TIRES

***One of 6 new reasons why folks are saying, "See your Kelly Dealer first!"**

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

BEWARE!

THE BLACK HAND

Yes, you're in real trouble when any one of your shock absorbers blackens your hand with dirty smears of oil. This means leakage! Leakage means wear! It's dangerous and unsafe to drive your car with worn-out shocks! Replace now with Gabriels, "the World's Finest Shock Absorbers."

See your car dealer or service garage.

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The GABRIEL COMPANY

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Driver? by Harold L. Smith with Bill Fay (Aug. 6th). It contains a wealth of wonderfully sane and useful advice. I found it very helpful even though I have driven over twenty years—well over 150,000 miles—without an accident. Everyone will benefit by reading it. MARGARET GRANT, San Jose, Cal.

. . . Harold L. Smith deserves an orchid, a gold star and a pat on the back. As a driver of 43 years' experience without an accident, I found the article the most sensible, articulate and instructive of any ever written on traffic problems from the drivers' angle. Reprints should be given every applicant for a driver's permit in every state—it would cut accidents by a large percentage, quickly.
A. M. STEPHENSON, Jacksonville, Fla.

. . . An article of this type can do much more good than all the warnings about excessive speed, etc. It has really made me a more aware and thoughtful driver. I am going to use the seven rules.
MRS. W. KEITH WITTNER,
Redding, Calif.

New School Discipline

EDITOR: The New Way in School Discipline, by Howard Whitman (Aug. 6th), contains the most constructive writing I have read during the last year. I am a parent and teacher, and I have seen most of the articles on the present-day problems of our public schools. Mr. Whitman has done a superb job in bringing the facts on discipline to the public. Please continue to have him show us what can be done for our children. MRS. JESSIE MERCAY,
Pawling, New York

. . . I have read Mr. Whitman's account with disgust. As a high-school principal in Flora, Illinois, I was interested to note that he dwells on the metropolitan high schools. Is Mr. Whitman not aware that throughout the United States there are hundreds of high schools that are providing a secondary education for thousands of boys and girls *without* the horrifying aspects depicted in the cases he chooses?

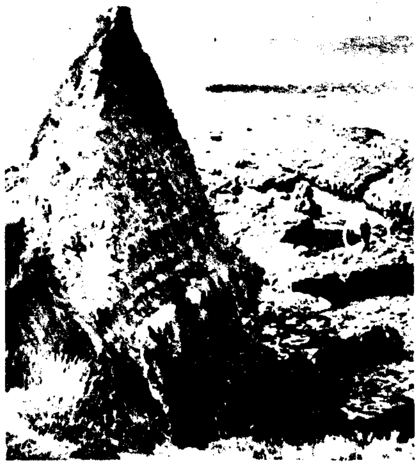
For many of us, Mr. Whitman's articles are not in the least preventive. Instead, they create bad ideas for many boys and girls who, at present, are enjoying a quite wholesome experience in their high-school life.
FLOYD C. SMITH,
Flora, Illinois

The Klucke's a Clook

EDITOR: I just received the June 25th issue with the article Some Words Stop at Marietta, Ohio. In it you mention that *clook* is a Pennsylvania term for a setting hen. Doesn't this expression originate from the same roots as *die Klucke* which is the German word for hen?
ERNST BODE, Giessen/Lahn, Germany

Yes. Dr. Hans Kurath, author of A Word Geography of the Eastern United States, says: "Clook *(less commonly* cluck) *is an expression of Pennsylvania German origin."*

Pointe du Hoe



EDITOR: I was especially interested in I Took My Son to Omaha Beach (June 11th), which describes the return of Colonel James E. Rudder and his son to Pointe du Hoe. Just about one year ago, my husband and I, accompanied by our young son made the same tour.

My husband climbed down to the Pointe and I took the picture at top (he's circled) which is very similar to one in your article (bottom) which showed Colonel Rudder in the same spot. I was very afraid for my husband; it really looked treacherous.

Later we made a tour of the beaches and cemeteries. The people in the small villages around the beachhead told us many stories about the Normandy invasion. It was very interesting and inspiring and I don't think I shall ever forget it.
MRS. MILDRED E. STONEBURG,
Freeport, N.Y.

More about Chickens

In the article The 1954-Model Super-Chicken, Collier's, June 25th, an account was given of the major changes in meat chickens that have resulted in the last few years from the scientific breeding methods used by the poultry industry.

It was stated that the table chicken looks better, too. But one of the poultry industry's biggest problems has been the removal of pinfeathers. Now, however, some of the poultry producers are solving this problem by increasing the scald temperature.

In this process, the outer layer of yellow skin is removed, leaving a white skin showing, but not detracting from the meat quality of the chicken.

The UN Is Dying

EDITOR: Collier's deserves a joint Nobel-Pulitzer prize for the publication of General Carlos P. Romulo's provocative article, The UN Is Dying (July 23d). It is the sanest and most timely expression that has come out of this chaotic year.
PAUL DOUGLASS, Chicago, Ill.

. . . This is the finest and fairest article I have seen on this subject during the last two years. Coming from Mr. Romulo, who is not only pro-Western but also well acquainted with the purposes and work of the UN, the article will have considerable influence. Far too many people simply are not acquainted with the facts.
J. E. GRAEFE, Pikesville, Md.

Dr. Graefe is professor of philosophy at the University of Baltimore.

. . . I wish to take exception to Mr. Romulo's statement that the cynic and professional diplomat who simultaneously give the UN a pat on the back and a kick in the pants are guilty of a really lunatic lack of realism. One can very well applaud the good that the UN has done in humanitarianism (and its praiseworthy motivation—peace) and simultaneously, as a freedom-loving American, be not only critical of the UN but adamantly opposed to its attempted intervention in our basic human rights . . .
MRS. G. COOPER, Greenport, N.Y.

. . . A startling conclusion was reached by Carlos Romulo when, after describing the UN's difficulties, he said: "It is an organization that could keep the peace if given the backing—and do it without world government."

That is like saying that the Chicago Chamber of Commerce could keep the peace in that city if everybody would simply support it. The truth is that the peace cannot be kept in any sizable community unless the organization responsible has the powers of government.

If the UN is given such powers, it will be a world government. If it is not, the UN will fall—the possibility predicted by Mr. Romulo.
RODNEY SHAW, Oconomowoc, Wis.

What Price Security?

EDITOR: Charlotte Knight did a fine job in writing What Price Security? (July 9th). It is frightening to know that such conditions exist, but heartening to have them brought to light by a magazine like Collier's. Congratulations.
MILDRED QUINBY, Berkeley, Cal.

. . . Hats off to Collier's. Never before to my knowledge has so influential a periodical presented this problem with such frankness and courage.
DAN ZACHARY, New York, N.Y.

. . . You performed a needed public service . . . MRS. M. R. OLIVER,
Watch Hill, R.I.

. . . We had no idea that such conditions existed . . .
MRS. MARGARET ZACHARY,
Chicago, Ill.

Born with an "electric spoon" in his mouth!

The fairy-tale "silver spoon" was nothing compared to what a baby is born with today. He's born into the Electric Age, with hundreds of electric friends ready to help him live a life that old-time kings would envy.

Plenty of low-price electricity has boosted his family's standard of living. To save work and time and money, they're using twice as much as they did eight years ago. And he'll have more to work for him — half again as much more by the time he gets to school.

Some $16 billion worth of new power plants and lines built by electric light and power companies — *and more on the way* — make such an abundance of electricity possible.

Remember this abundance when you hear people claim that the federal government ought to build more power projects. Wouldn't they be unnecessary additions to the public debt?

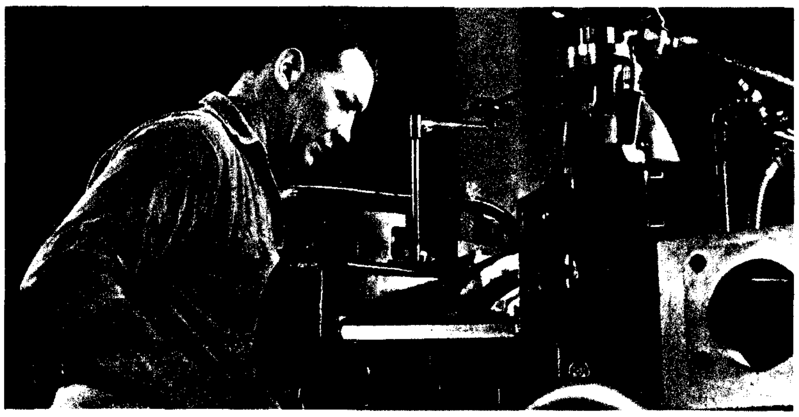
AMERICA'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*

*Names on request from this magazine

"YOU ARE THERE"—*CBS television—witness history's great events*

LIGHT FOR FREEDOM—POWER FOR PROGRESS

EVERY WOMAN today has about 8 "servants" helping with housework—electricity equal to that many maids. Her daughters will grow up to have at least twice that many.



EVERY MAN in industry has 236 "helpers"—electric power equal to that many men working for him. Today's babies, when they go to work, will have more than twice as many.

CHAMPION SETS GREATEST PERFORMANCE RECORD IN SPARK PLUG HISTORY!

IN THE 1954 INDIANAPOLIS 500-MILE RACE, Champion Spark Plugs set an all-time record of supremacy in big-time track racing. To begin with, *every one* of the 33 cars and drivers making up the starting field *qualified* and *ran on Champions* in the fastest "500" of all time.

NEW QUALIFYING RECORD OF 141.033 MPH • NEW 500-MILE RECORD OF 130.840 MPH

But more important to you and your motoring pleasure is this record confirmed by the Technical Committee of the AAA Contest Board supervising this most challenging of all Indianapolis classics:

NOT ONE CHAMPION SPARK PLUG WAS REPLACED DURING THE ENTIRE RACE!

This is terrific proof of Champion quality, performance and dependability that will help any engine deliver peak power—on demand! So, whatever the make or year of your car, better drop in at your neighborhood service station or garage and have them install a set of 5-Rib Champions—America's Favorite Spark Plugs. You'll be proud of your judgment!

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

VUKOVICH PASSES BRYAN, the leader at 350 miles. In a sustained drive, Vukovich moved from his 19th place starting position on to 1st place and a record shattering 130.840 MPH victory. Bryan drove a tremendous race finishing second at 130.178 MPH.

CHAMPIONS

WITH THE PATENTED 5-RIB INSULATOR!

Collier's, September 17, 1954

MR. EISENHOWER Builds His DREAM HOUSE

After 38 years of marriage,
Ike and Mamie are watching their
first real home grow.
[illegible]—way
[illegible] the farm

By MARTHA WEINMAN

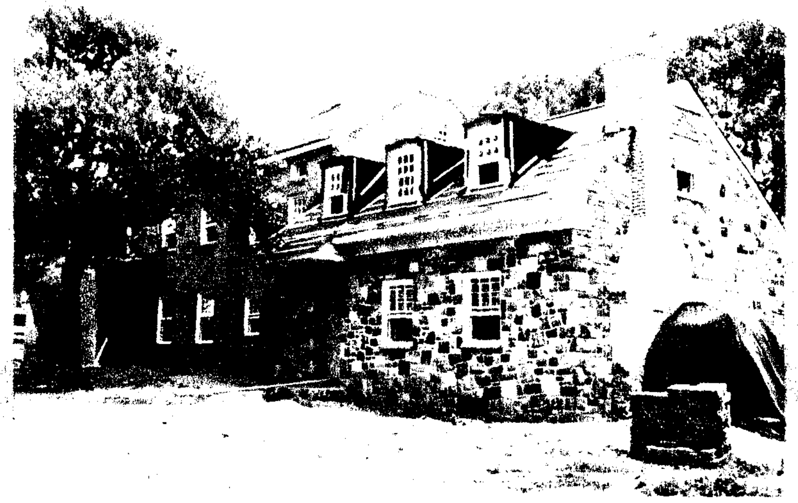
Ike offers a gallant assist as Mamie steps through canvas covering house's main entry

THE countryside surrounding the town of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, is a land of great beauty and, normally, little excitement. Until recently, most of the traffic on its quiet, narrow roads consisted of tourists, cows, slow-rolling tractors and boys with fishing poles.

Lately, however, there has been considerable activity around Gettysburg, centering about Water Works Road, a country blacktop which winds southwest of the town, toward the community water-pumping station. Trucks loaded with brick, cement and wood roar along the once placid road. Tourist traffic has increased. From time to time, black, shiny limousines race through the historic Gettysburg battlefield, along West Confederate Avenue, then left on Water Works Road and left again, into a long, narrow, larch-lined lane guarded by a simple rural mailbox.

The mailbox bears no name, but everybody in and around Gettysburg knows what the name will be: Dwight D. Eisenhower. The pleasant country lane leads to the dream house in which the President and his lady, who have had many changes of residence in their 38 years of marriage, will someday put down their roots.

"Ike's Place," as it is already familiarly known throughout Adams County, is a century-old farmhouse located on 189 acres of softly sloping meadow. The farm is steeped in history; it lies within the western edge of the famous battlefield, overlooking the field from which General John Bell Hood's Confederate division launched its bloody attack toward Little Round Top hill on the second day of the battle. The farmhouse, like most houses on that side of the field, is believed to have been



West view of the Eisenhower home: center brick section, behind stone wing, is a portion of original house built 100 years ago

used as a Confederate hospital while the fighting was going on.

Westward, there is a superb panorama of Pennsylvania farmland, undulating toward the South Mountain foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, only eight miles away. This was the view that convinced Mrs. Eisenhower that here was the home she wanted, when she first saw it back in November, 1950.

Ike was president of Columbia University then. He and his wife had just begun the search for their "retirement house"; it was at the suggestion of Washington lawyer and businessman George E. Allen (who was also a close friend of Presidents Roosevelt and Truman) that they tried Gettysburg—where, in World War I, they had lived while Ike commanded tank troops at the now-defunct Camp Colt. The Eisenhowers looked at a number of farms in the district . . . and then came across the Allen S. Redding place, three miles from town. It was late fall. The fields were bare and the great elms were gaunt and black before the house. But Mamie stood in the house and saw the hills rolling westward to the Blue Ridge Mountain haze; Ike, in galoshes, strode to the big barn, saw the Shorthorns and fat dairy herd warmly housed; and looked at the homely old two-story porch in back, facing the battlefield across the rolling fields.

"I guess they just imagined it was summer," Allen Redding said recently, sitting in the apartment he and his wife now occupy in Gettysburg. "Ike just looked and looked at the back porch; he said he'd like to sit there and rock, come summer nights. And Mrs. Eisenhower, she plain fell in love with the view.

"We didn't want to sell at first. We were there going on thirty-one years, and that was the best farm a person could want. We had it up for sale, but when the time came we hesitated. Then when they came back again, Mrs. Eisenhower, she said to me: 'You know, Mr. Allen, I went home and dreamed about this place. I love it. It's time for my beau'—that's what she called him—'to settle back and relax, and I want him to do it here.'"

So the Reddings sold. But it would be a long time before the Eisenhowers could think of relaxing. In January of 1951, Ike went to Europe to head up SHAPE. The next year, he returned to the U.S. to campaign for the Presidency. It wasn't until last November, a year after he won the election, that remodeling of the old farmhouse finally began. By then, of course, it was clear that it would be a while before the Eisenhowers could move in—but that was just as well.

The sad fact is that homeowner Eisenhower has been assailed by many of the same problems that confronted Eric Hodgins' fictional Mr. Blandings, who chose his dream house, then learned it would have to be torn down, then found that he would have to spend a great deal to build a new house—and finally discovered that even the original estimate of the cost had been far too low.

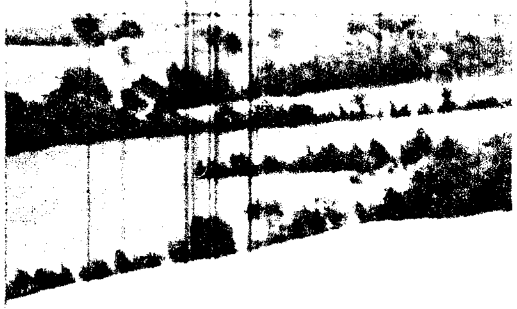
A Few Things Needed Doing

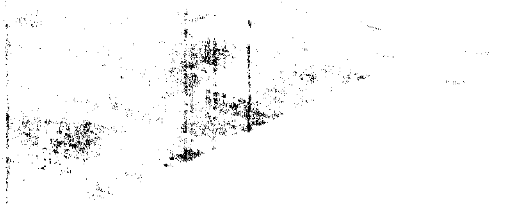
Dwight Eisenhower bought the Redding farm for about $40,000 (that's the published figure; the Reddings say it was somewhat more)—around $24,000 for the house and acreage and $16,000 or so for the stock and equipment. But then there were a few things that needed doing; the house and the grounds weren't precisely as the Eisenhowers wanted them. So they decided on some remodeling—and were informed the additional cost would come to about $75,000, with an estimated target date of August, 1954.

Then the little things that had harassed Mr. Blandings began to happen to Mr. Eisenhower—plumbing troubles, carpenters' strikes, a wife who, like any other wife, frequently exercises the feminine prerogative of changing her mind. The present schedule calls for the house to be completed by Christmas—and the bill probably will be close to $150,000.

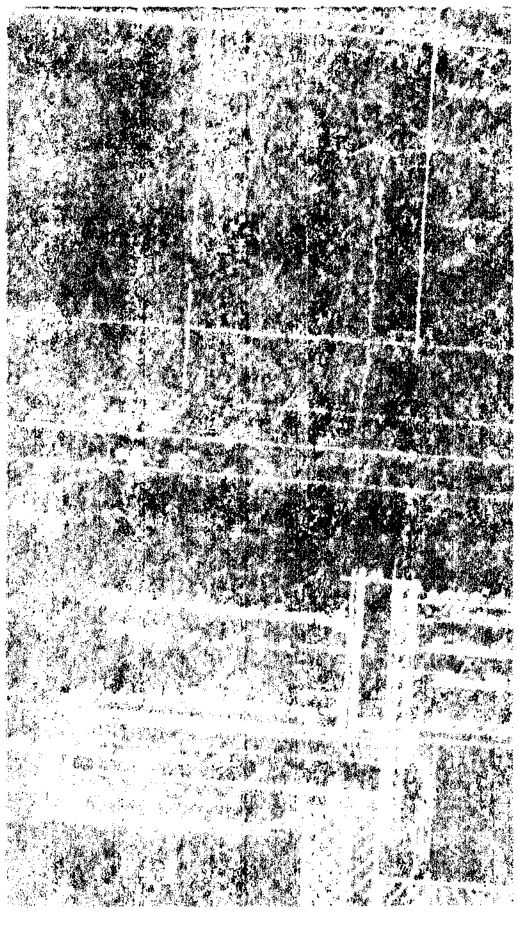
"Well, he was fair-warned," commented a retired farmer, over a cup of coffee in the Hotel Gettysburg. "People advised him not to buy an old place. It just don't pay. Dick Swope" (Swope is the local lawyer who handled Ike's real-estate transactions) "said he thought they'd have done better to build for themselves. Plenty folks thought so. But Mamie wanted that old atmosphere."

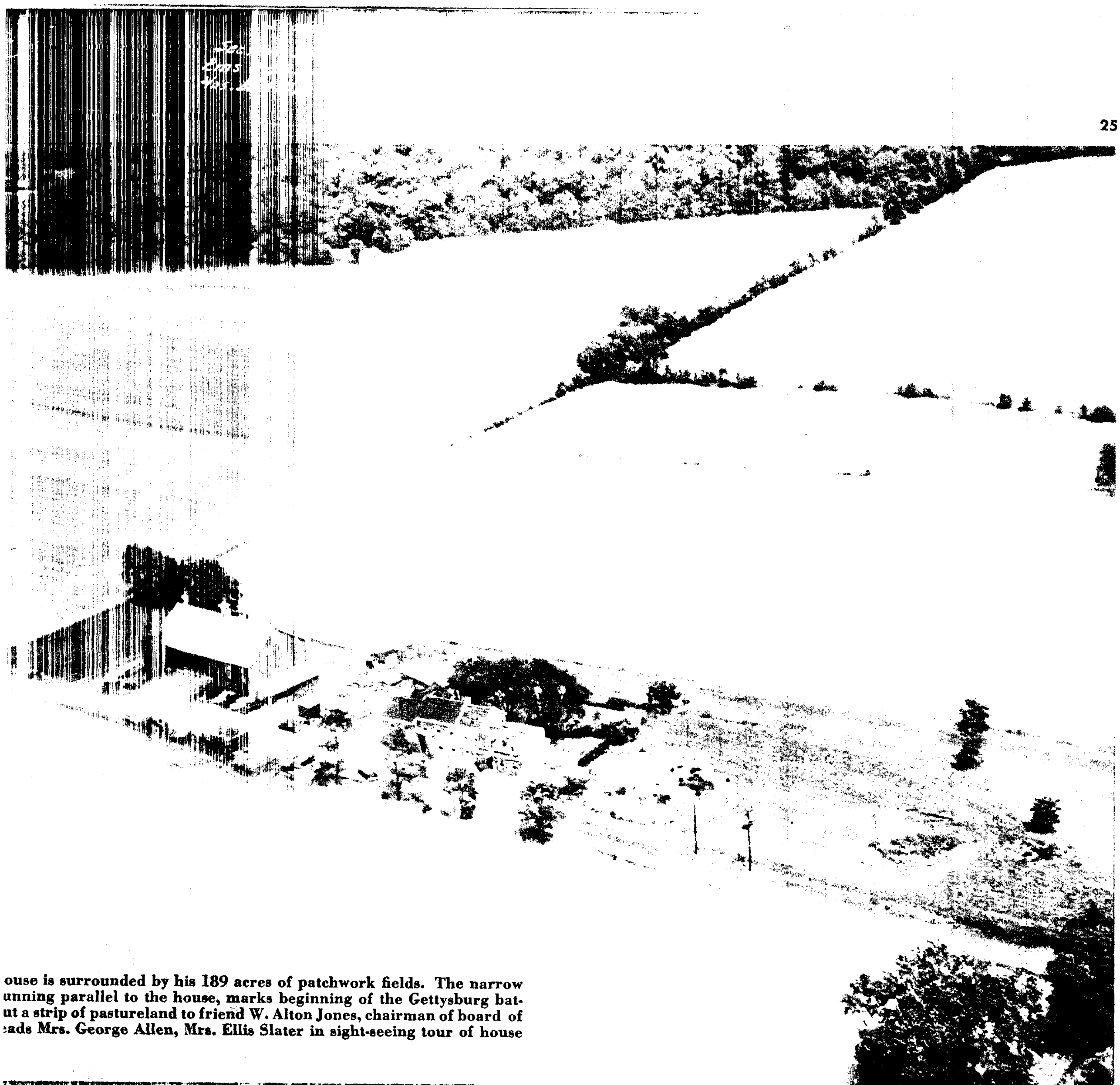
By now, much of the old atmosphere has been blueprinted out of the farmhouse. Still, a luxurious, hospitable home is grow-





From the air, the President'
rim of trees in background
tlefield. Below, left, Ike point
Cities Service. At right, Mami





ouse is surrounded by his 189 acres of patchwork fields. The narrow unning parallel to the house, marks beginning of the Gettysburg batut a strip of pastureland to friend W. Alton Jones, chairman of board of ›ads Mrs. George Allen, Mrs. Ellis Slater in sight-seeing tour of house

ALTERATIONS
THE PRESIDENT & MR

Ike's neighbors are proud—and sympathetic. When

Marble mantel, originally from White House, was given them as a 38th-anniversary gift. "Not a chip in it," Mamie observed happily

ing on the old Redding land, with modern and traditional effects skillfully blended. The original building contained nine rooms in three wings. Only the center wing, a narrow brick section built before 1850, has been left standing. Under the direction of Washington construction engineer Charles H. Tompkins, two new wings have been erected—brick on the north side, fieldstone on the south. The present house is 100 feet long by 40 feet wide, with eight bedrooms, seven baths, both a downstairs living room and an upstairs sitting room, a well-equipped kitchen, a dining room, a laundry, an office for the President and another for his secretary, and, in the attic, a studio where Ike can paint.

The old porch where Mr. Eisenhower visualized himself rocking of a summer's eve is gone, sheared off by an architect's blueprint. There is, however, a flagstone patio. And in the garden there will be a barbecue where Ike can grill the steaks he now cooks up in the somewhat less rustic atmosphere of the White House kitchen.

"That whole garden area's being leveled off," said Julian Estep, who works for a local light and heat company. "Mrs. Eisenhower told me they'd level it so guests wouldn't be tripping over one another at lawn parties."

Old Dutch Oven Now a Fireplace

Estep has been out to the house once to check heating arrangements. "They'll have all-gas heat," he said to me. "Two stoves in the kitchen wing, and two refrigerators, I hear. A lot of appliance manufacturers have been pestering them to take stuff free, but Ike told one of the contractors he didn't want anything he couldn't pay for."

"Be any air conditioning, Julian?" asked a bystander. "Gets pretty hot out here."

Estep nodded. "Terrific setup. About ten separate temperature controls, I think. And they got three nice fireplaces, too. That fancy white one in the living room" (a marble fireplace, removed from the White House during the administration of Chester A. Arthur and presented to the Eisenhowers last July on their 38th anniversary by the White House staff), "and another marble one in the master bedroom, and that big Dutch oven where the Reddings used to bake bread."

The Dutch oven is in Ike's office, in the south wing of the house. A brick hearth has been built around it, and twice rebuilt, according to masons who did the job, to get the "100-year effect" Mamie wanted. "First it was regular fireplace brick," one of them said. "Then some different textured stuff that Mrs. Eisenhower didn't like after we put up a sample strip. We ended up using brick from the old house. Can't blame her, though. My wife was the same way when we built our place.

"Of course, I got a little fed up with it, the way a man will, and"—he grinned—"I guess Ike did, too.

"One time, Mrs. Eisenhower looked at some crated bathtubs and said they seemed a little short. Ike just said, 'Well, you said you *wanted* them short.' Another time, she said she thought the kitchen was a little small—it's nine and a half by fourteen—and Ike looked straight at her and said, 'It's big enough.' That's all he said.

"She had some changes made in the roof. Ike stood there, watching one part of the roof come down and another part go up, and he said, sort of wistfully, 'I'd have been satisfied living in the old house just as she stood.' "

Property to Have Town Water Supply

Mamie has said she will do her own decorating; her dressing room and bath are already tiled in her favorite pink. She hasn't talked much about the rest of the *décor*, and workmen are quite rightly reticent regarding whatever plans they may know about. I *did* ask one carpenter about a rumor that Mrs. Ike now wants to cover the house—fieldstone, brick and all—with white paint. He studied my face. "Indeed she will," he said. "Unless she don't." (Most sources say she will.)

The precedent for the carpenter's terse comment may have been set by Ike's farm manager, Ivan Feaster, a local farmer whose own place is about a mile down the road. There is a picturesque windmill water pump south of the house, but the Eisenhowers have had a 1,360-foot pipe put in, connecting the house to the town water system. Feaster was asked not long ago whether the new tenants planned to tear down the windmill tower or keep it—perhaps for a TV antenna, or just for decoration. He thought a moment. "Been some talk about tearing it down," he said at last. "Then again, been some talk about leaving it up."

In the dozen or so times the President has visited his farm he has impressed people with his agricultural savvy. He has walked along with Feaster, inspecting the golden fields of wheat and corn, occasionally stopping to grab up a handful of the red soil and sometimes stopping to talk to the men who drive the tractors and balers across the peaceful meadows. "He talks crop rotation," one man said, "as if he'd been a farmer all his life."

Through Feaster, the President has checked the needs of his land with the local office of the Federal Soil Conservation Service. Chief Conservationist Richard Long has visited the farm often to plot out a program of operation with Feaster. "Never talked to Ike myself," he said, sitting in his office in Gettysburg, "but I understand they're going to sell the herd of cows they have now, about twenty head, and get all beef cattle—white-faced Hereford. They'll just keep that big Brahman bull; Feaster told me that first time the President saw it out in the barn, he grinned and said: 'Now, *there's* a beautiful animal!' "

On Long's desk lay a detailed area map, showing, among other features, Ike's farm. I pointed to a small oval area marked out in blue. "What's that?" I asked.

"Artificial pond Ike built," Long answered, "about 400 feet from the house. He's got it stocked with bass and bluegill. Some pretty good small-game hunting on his land, too—rabbits, squirrel, pheasant. And Leroy Winebrenner, the municipal engineer, told me that he's seen deer come scooting out of the battlefield and right across the farm."

South of the President's land, a farm was outlined on the map. In every other direction his borders were at least 500 yards from the house, but the farm on the south looked no more than 100 yards away. I asked who lived there.

"Used to be the Brandons," Long replied. "A dairy farm, 124 acres. But General Nevins bought it last July. At least, that's what the papers said . . ." He ran a pencil line the short distance from one farm to the other. ". . . but everyone in town figures he really bought it for the Eisenhowers, so Ike won't have strangers sitting practically in his pasture."

Retired Brigadier General Arthur Nevins, who served with Eisenhower in Europe and is now one of his closest friends, lives near Gettysburg. Feaster, back on the farm, wouldn't comment on the Nevins transaction; but all of Ike's immediate neighbors—most of them members of the Redding clan—do believe that the Brandon farm was bought for the President. Mrs. Raymond Redding commented: "He had to pay some price for that land, too—$55,000, the papers said, for a farm the Brandons bought for less than $20,000, just six years ago." She clucked her tongue. "That's how it goes," she said. "President buys a farm and makes land prices go up, then the President buys another farm and he's the first one to have to pay through the nose!"

On the whole, the people of Gettysburg are delighted that the President and his lady are to be their neighbors. "Oh, sure, it'll be a bother in some ways," said Russell Rohrbaugh, whose farm is a half mile down Water Works Road. "Even now, this little road is like a main highway on Sundays, with tourists asking the way to Ike's place. But we figure it's a great honor to have the President here. We don't aim to pester him with any 'good-neighbor' foolishness, though. There's no reason for the President of the United States to associate with us, and we'll leave him in peace."

"Of course," said Mrs. Rohrbaugh hesitantly, "if they show they *want* to get to know us . . . well, some of the ladies were saying maybe we ought to go calling on Mrs. Eisenhower when they move in, just to make her feel welcome. I don't know whether that would be right. But Ivan Feaster said he thought they might invite the neighbors over for a sort of get-acquainted. I think that'd be lovely. Real neighborly . . ."

"We'll let *them* call the tune," her husband declared. "However they want it, that's how it's going to be."

Eisenhowers Join Local Groups

The Eisenhowers have done a great deal to show that they want it pretty informal. Mrs. Eisenhower is an honorary member of the Gettysburg Women's Club, and for the last two years she has sent $100 contributions to the Adams County chapter of the American Red Cross ("It was just so nice and *friendly* of her, sending her money directly to our fund like that"). The President has joined the local Rotary and the 200-member Gettysburg Country Club, and holds an honorary position on the Gettysburg Times, extended to him by editor Paul L. Roy.

It was Roy who best summed up the way the local folk feel about their new neighbors. "This is the only piece of America Ike owns. We're busting our buttons with pride to have him. But unless he asks for more, we'll treat him like a private citizen, just like anyone else." He grinned.

"When he and Mamie come down on visits, why, we'll just say in the social notes: 'Mr. and Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, of Water Works Road, arrived here today from their business residence in Washington to spend the weekend at home, down on their farm."

▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S B

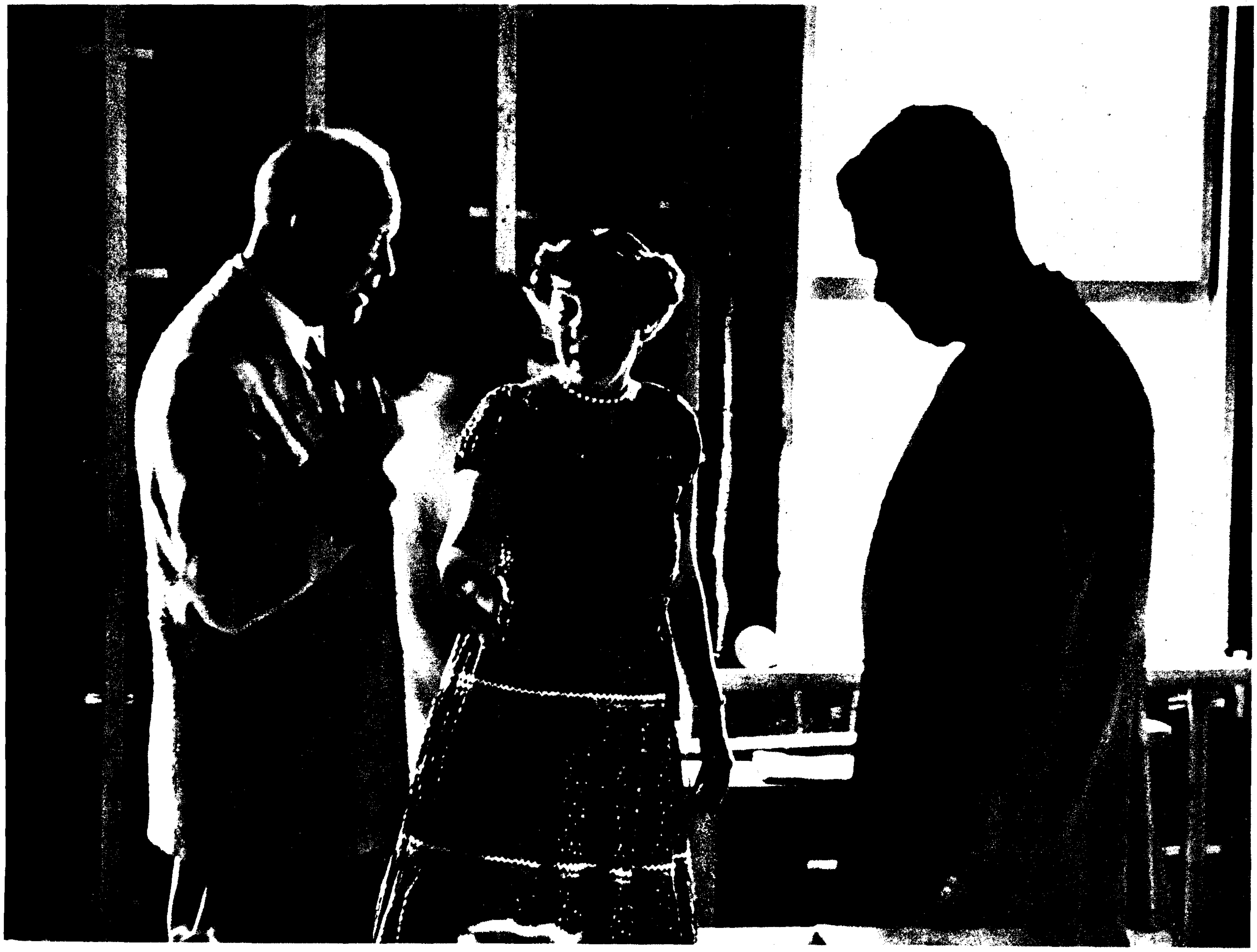
President builds his house, they know, he's got the same troubles as any other man

Mrs. Russell Rohrbaugh: "I hear we'll be invited over to say hello. Real neighborly of them—we could talk farm talk"

Mr. Clem Redding: "Sure, we're mighty proud to have them. But we don't get all excited over it—I guess we're just too busy"

Mrs. Raymond Redding: "Ike has a nice farm there—just laid out so perfectly—and they have one of the best views hereabouts"

Mr. A. R. Durboraw: "It's great, but we won't see them. If I was welcome there, why wouldn't a few thousand other people be?"



Checking crated bathtubs as White House staffer looks on, Mamie said: "They look small." "Well," said Ike, "you said you *wanted* them short"

MARVIN KONER AND WALTER LANE

I Do as I Please

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

I went back to my old home town to kiss it good-by—forever. And what did I find? Crooks and pretty girls. I had to stick around

A NEW THREE-PART SERIAL

Barbara turned from the sink and looked at Eddie's eye, sort of amused. "I bet you were messing with somebody's girl," she said. I just stood there feeling guilty

As FAR back as two years ago—when I was in Korea—I used to wonder if the new dam back home had been completed yet, and if the lake it would form had flooded the valley where I grew up. Sometimes I'd daydream about me and my future wife being out on Tawkella Reservoir in our own little skiff, fishing for black bass, having fun. But after my future wife sent me the Dear John notice—and I had the skiff all to myself—I stopped thinking about anything remotely related to the lake, including the town of Squaw Valley and the Sand Kitchen hill country in Oklahoma.

In the days I'm talking about, the Army didn't have those nylon vests, and some aching months after the Dear John deal I caught part of a mortar burst in the chest. After a long stay in several hospitals I wound up with a Purple Heart and my second discharge from the U.S. Army. I hoped they meant it this time, and it looked like they did—they were about to sign the cease fire.

Go home, Sarge, they told me. But I didn't go home. My kid brother, Eddie, and our stepfather, Emil Zollernback, were all the family I had; and they were busy raising Hereford cattle on the slopes of Squaw River Valley. We hadn't ever been what you'd call a close-knit group anyhow, and I couldn't see them aching over my absence. And I wasn't in any hurry to get home because my ex-sweetie and her husband were also living back there, and I needed some time to adjust to the idea of Mr. *and* Mrs. George Hanley.

I wanted to go back, understand. I was homesick for the hills and the river and my friends, for my old way of life. But I was afraid to go back—partly afraid of what I might do to George for stabbing me in the back, but mostly afraid of what coming face to face with Myra, his lovely bride, would do to me.

After a good deal of painful thought, I wrote Floyd Ross, my friend and partner, that I wanted to sell my half interest in our farm-equipment business. I had gathered from his skimpy and infrequent letters that he'd been plowing all the profits back into the business, moving to a new location above the water line, expanding, remodeling, really digging in and getting established. So I was a little surprised and offended at the low offer he made for my share. But I accepted it, as well as his idea for paying me off in semiannual installments.

Then I settled down in Oklahoma City and started waiting for time, that touted panacea, to fix what was wrong with me. But a year later, on a stormy July night when my kid brother, Eddie, cold-trailed me to an alehouse called Zambzi's Copper Cabana, time hadn't cured anything so far as I could tell.

I hadn't seen Eddie for three years. He was five years younger than I and we had been incompatible for as long as I could remember—and all because of our stepfather. Eddie called him Pop; I called him Mr. Zollernback. From time to time, since Eddie was fifteen and even then meatier than me, Eddie had attempted the difficult feat of teaching me proper respect for my elders, without success. We hadn't ever been friends, Eddie and I; but now, seeing him again after the long separation, I started hoping that maybe we could get to like each other at long last. He was twenty-two now, he wasn't a hotheaded kid any more. We were adults.

"Eddie, boy," I said, shoving out my hand.

He ignored my hand. "I figured I'd find you in a beer joint," he said, sneering a little.

Okay, I thought, so he's still a kid, still the same intolerant, hotheaded, pugnacious Eddie. He was wearing a T-shirt that hugged his big sunburned arms and stretched taut across his deep chest. He was bigger than me in every way; his face was square, with a short nose and a wide mouth and a big chin. His hair was short and crisp, and his eyes were a cold, baleful blue.

"You found me," I said. "Why did you?"

"You're needed at home," he said gruffly.

"Why?" I asked, and he scowled and muttered: "Some dirty so-and-so is stealing our calves."

I shouldn't have laughed, but I couldn't help it. It sounded like a line out of a Randolph Scott movie.

"Go ahead, laugh," he said. "Pretty funny, huh?"

What was I supposed to do about the rustling—get my horse? And I still didn't like his attitude. "After three years you won't shake hands," I said, "but you don't hesitate to ask favors."

"I'm not asking favors," he said, tight-lipped. "It's your duty to come home when you're needed; you *owe* it to Pop after all he's done for you." His face was red now. He was really hot. "You been out of the Army over a year and you haven't even come home just to say hello, just to show you cared that much about Pop. You might as well slapped him in the face. But I might of expected it. It's how you've treated Pop for twenty years, like he was dirt, you ungrateful—"

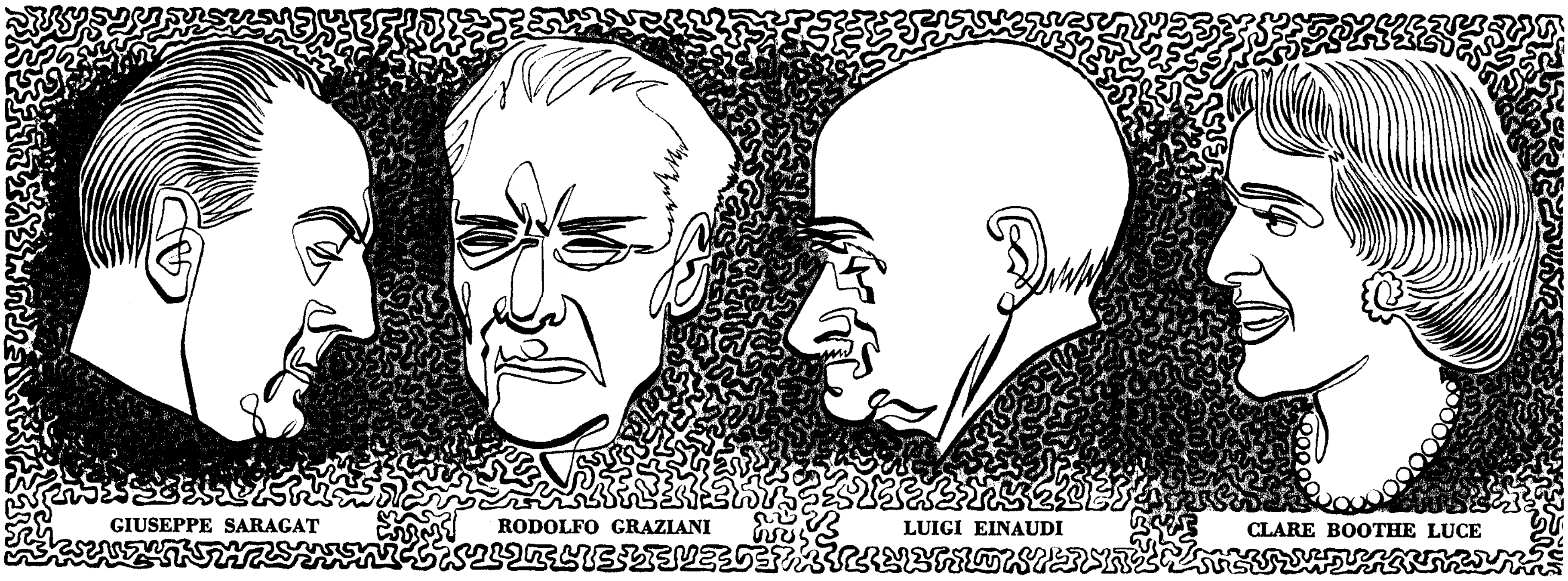
"That's enough, Eddie," I said. "You've said plenty, boy."

"I'm not through yet, Mike," he said. "Damn you, I'm not asking you, I'm telling you! You're gonna come home and help him out when he's in trouble, or else I'm gonna knock your block off!"

Here we go again, I thought, regretfully. "You give me no alternative, kid," I said, getting off the bar stool. "Let's step

(Continued on page 46)

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF



Can ITALY Be

The U.S. has poured three billion dollars into Italy—but the country is now one third

By [illegible]

[illegible]

Rome

SUMMER camouflages Italy with so much beauty, buries it so deep in flowers and growing crops, that it's hard to remember long the mood in the Genoa foundry where several hundred Communist laborers stared at me, a visiting American reporter, with all the affection that embittered lifers show a passing warden. Driving through the green Tuscan hills, I almost forget the powder-keg atmosphere of Rome's Chamber of Deputies where I looked down from the gallery on ranting, hate-filled Fascists who ache to take up machine guns against the Reds, on equally strident and hate-filled Communists who will storm the barricades whenever Moscow says go.

But after talking with some of our diplomats in the handsome U.S. Embassy on lovely Via Veneto, I recapture the old fears—the same chill feeling I also had when the Communists took over Czechoslovakia, when Red legions occupied all of China. The diplomats remind me that Italy is already one third pro-Communist; in the last national election—in 1953—Red candidates won 37 per cent of the seats in the Chamber of Deputies. They need capture only 3 to 8 per cent more seats in the still unscheduled next election, these diplomats say, to force their way into the Italian cabinet, perhaps even to demand the premiership.

U.S. Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce and other members of our diplomatic corps are concerned over Italy's future. Many feel that the bridled passions, repressed violence and pent-up discontent that lie beneath the surface beauty of the country will one day explode—probably ignited by a Communist bid to grab power. An attempted Red coup, one attaché told me, would touch off a convulsive, powder-burning month from which Italy would emerge as the first postwar Fascist nation. Others think the Communists would take over the country before the Fascists and other anti-Reds could mobilize. Still others fear something in between—no victory for either side, just years of civil war.

What's gone wrong in Italy? Have the more than $3,000,000,000 in aid that we American taxpayers have poured into the country been spent in vain? What is the outlook for the future? On assignment from Collier's, I have just toured Italy from the toe of the Italian boot to the Alps on the Swiss and Austrian frontiers. I have talked with government ministers and Communist politicians, with Roman nobility and sweating laborers, with Roman Catholic clergymen and poverty-stricken peasants, with U.S. Embassy experts and Italian businessmen. From what they told me and from what I saw, I've learned some of the answers.

My first revealing glimpse of the Italian political scene came unexpectedly during a lunch several other Americans and I were enjoying at the home of a member of the Chamber of Deputies.

Cristina, a powerful peasant girl who was serving us, handed a telegram to our host. He glanced at it, and handed it back. "It's for you," he told her. Shyly she held it out to him again. "Sorry," he said, "I forgot you can't read." He opened the message and read it aloud.

The telegram was from her parents in the Umbrian Hills north of Rome. It was brief and to the point: "The tax man gives us until Monday then takes the pig."

Cristina started, her face aghast, then burst into weeping. Our host arose and led her from the room. On his return, he explained that she was the sole support of her father, mother and sister. Eight of the ten dollars he paid her in lire every month went to them. Apparently they owned a little property, for the tax bill they could not pay amounted to about $16. Their only negotiable asset was their hog.

Cristina returned a few minutes later and went about her routine table duties with a fixed expression on her face—until one of the American guests slipped two American ten-dollar bills into her apron pocket. Then she exploded into tears again and rushed from the room.

"Ah! Here we have seen the Italian economy," our host mused aloud. "We have the American who casually hands out a large sum of money and so postpones, if he does not prevent, a calamity. You have seen a case where a family's total assets are one hog. Now, multiply this case by seven or eight million and you begin to understand Italy. . . . But let's not be depressing! More brandy?"

At a smart Florentine hotel, I got another glimpse of fundamental Italian fact from the doorman. This liveried servant, Enzo, told me he never had been outside Italy, but he noticed visitors from other countries treated him and other working people with more respect than his Italian employers did.

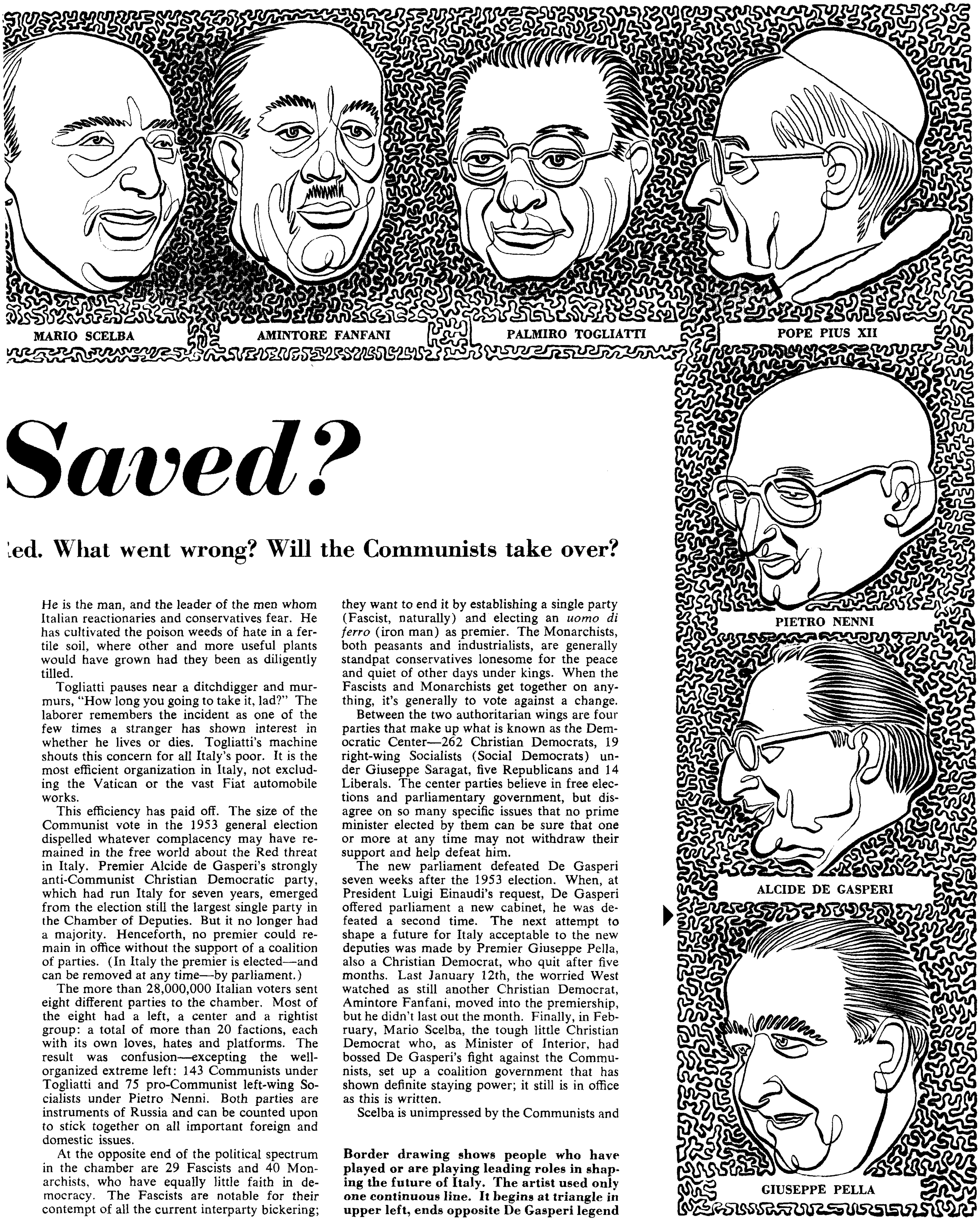
"Over here," he said, "men with money believe they are entitled to the little bow. They like servility. They think we people of peasant stock should stay in our place, dress like we are supposed to and all that. Once my wife bought a hat instead of sticking to the black veil of the peasants. The manager of this hotel laughed with scorn when he saw her with her hat. . . . My priest keeps telling me to trust in the Lord, that everything will come out right, but I can't forget that man's scorn for my wife and her hat. . . . The party understands things like that."

Enzo meant the Communist party, and in a sense he was right. The Communist party does understand—but what it understands is how to use for its own ends Cristina and Enzo and millions of other Italians who are finding life less than satisfying.

No Italian government ever has shown much concern for the poor, but the nation's number one Communist, Palmiro Togliatti (alias Ercoli, alias Correnti, alias Bianchi), exudes concern at every pore. This boss of the largest European Communist party outside the Soviet Union, this Moscow-trained Italian who ranks perhaps only after Russia's own Georgi Malenkov and China's Mao Tse-tung in the world Communist hierarchy, promises land to the landless, jobs to the jobless, more pay to the underpaid, revenge to the revengeful, blood to the bloodthirsty.

He is a master organizer in a country long ripe to be organized by somebody with a program that promises better living for the impoverished masses.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS



Border drawing shows people who have played or are playing leading roles in shaping the future of Italy. The artist used only one continuous line. It begins at triangle in upper left, ends opposite De Gasperi legend

Saved?

ed. What went wrong? Will the Communists take over?

He is the man, and the leader of the men whom Italian reactionaries and conservatives fear. He has cultivated the poison weeds of hate in a fertile soil, where other and more useful plants would have grown had they been as diligently tilled.

Togliatti pauses near a ditchdigger and murmurs, "How long you going to take it, lad?" The laborer remembers the incident as one of the few times a stranger has shown interest in whether he lives or dies. Togliatti's machine shouts this concern for all Italy's poor. It is the most efficient organization in Italy, not excluding the Vatican or the vast Fiat automobile works.

This efficiency has paid off. The size of the Communist vote in the 1953 general election dispelled whatever complacency may have remained in the free world about the Red threat in Italy. Premier Alcide de Gasperi's strongly anti-Communist Christian Democratic party, which had run Italy for seven years, emerged from the election still the largest single party in the Chamber of Deputies. But it no longer had a majority. Henceforth, no premier could remain in office without the support of a coalition of parties. (In Italy the premier is elected—and can be removed at any time—by parliament.)

The more than 28,000,000 Italian voters sent eight different parties to the chamber. Most of the eight had a left, a center and a rightist group: a total of more than 20 factions, each with its own loves, hates and platforms. The result was confusion—excepting the well-organized extreme left: 143 Communists under Togliatti and 75 pro-Communist left-wing Socialists under Pietro Nenni. Both parties are instruments of Russia and can be counted upon to stick together on all important foreign and domestic issues.

At the opposite end of the political spectrum in the chamber are 29 Fascists and 40 Monarchists, who have equally little faith in democracy. The Fascists are notable for their contempt of all the current interparty bickering; they want to end it by establishing a single party (Fascist, naturally) and electing an *uomo di ferro* (iron man) as premier. The Monarchists, both peasants and industrialists, are generally standpat conservatives lonesome for the peace and quiet of other days under kings. When the Fascists and Monarchists get together on anything, it's generally to vote against a change.

Between the two authoritarian wings are four parties that make up what is known as the Democratic Center—262 Christian Democrats, 19 right-wing Socialists (Social Democrats) under Giuseppe Saragat, five Republicans and 14 Liberals. The center parties believe in free elections and parliamentary government, but disagree on so many specific issues that no prime minister elected by them can be sure that one or more at any time may not withdraw their support and help defeat him.

The new parliament defeated De Gasperi seven weeks after the 1953 election. When, at President Luigi Einaudi's request, De Gasperi offered parliament a new cabinet, he was defeated a second time. The next attempt to shape a future for Italy acceptable to the new deputies was made by Premier Giuseppe Pella, also a Christian Democrat, who quit after five months. Last January 12th, the worried West watched as still another Christian Democrat, Amintore Fanfani, moved into the premiership, but he didn't last out the month. Finally, in February, Mario Scelba, the tough little Christian Democrat who, as Minister of Interior, had bossed De Gasperi's fight against the Communists, set up a coalition government that has shown definite staying power; it still is in office as this is written.

Scelba is unimpressed by the Communists and their threats. American diplomatic observers believe he has a program and ideas that could pull Italy out of its poverty. He has plans for rough treatment of tax evaders, especially the wealthy; for putting vast new acreage into cultivation; for increasing industrial production and, hence, exports.

But guts and intelligence aren't enough for an Italian premier today. He must command a parliamentary majority even to change the picture on a postage stamp. Italy's parliament, relatively quiet at the moment, is still a sleeping volcano, capable of erupting at any time. And waiting on the side lines to exploit every difference among the democratic parties, watching for the right moment to launch their bid for power, are the Communists, whose party is the second largest in the chamber.

Seeking to find out how the Communists built their present strength, I spent an afternoon with De Gasperi not long ago. Although he since has died, the Christian Democratic party still reflects his ideas and he remains a symbol of anti-Communism in post-war Italy. Before his death in mid-August, he had been considered almost certain to succeed Einaudi as president in 1955.

The frail, bespectacled Christian Democrat leader said the secret of the Reds' success lay in their ability to adapt Communism to fit the Italian situation. They have made themselves look and sound reasonable, he said. Elaborating, he went on (he asked not to be quoted directly): The Communists have stolen the copyright on reform; they have convinced millions that they have the only real concern for the poor. They have dropped their wild-eyed, bomb-throwing revolutionary tactics; they preach moderation. They urge "sensible" tax laws and no longer rave about the rich. Their deputies make speeches on land reform that sound like kindly advice from wise uncles. When a government agency grants a wage increase, the Communists claim the credit for getting it. They pose as the only party fighting for popular education, redistribution of land, new housing and labor reforms. They sound plausible when they explain the alleged absurdity of a destitute nation spending millions for guns for "this American thing called NATO [the North Atlantic Treaty Organization]."

De Gasperi's remark that Togliatti has adapted Communism to Italy also explains how the Reds have been able to make such giant strides in a country which is the seat of the Roman Catholic Church, a militant foe of Moscow. The party line in Italy is: Communism doesn't care what gods you worship. The policy is hands off the church and, during Pope Pius XII's illness last spring, no Italian newspaper carried more solicitous bulletins about the state of the pontiff's health than the Communist organ L'Unita.

A Deeply Devout Ritual Described

One of our diplomats in Milan told me how this paradox works in practice: "In Asti recently, I watched a Sunday-morning procession, a ritual in which church laymen carry the statue of the Madonna through the streets. It's as deeply devout a rite as Catholicism has. Around noon, the ceremony over, the women hurried home to attend to cooking and the men dropped into a *cantina.* I followed them and heard a philosophic and rather alcoholic discussion about whether it would be sedition to refuse to bear arms against Russia. The fellow hollering loudest for Russia was one of the four who'd carried the Madonna all morning."

But just who are the great bulk of Communists? Are they laborers? Servants? Intellectuals? The glib reply is frequently, "The poor." But that isn't entirely true, because by American standards a large majority of Italy's population is poor, whereas the Red vote is only 35 per cent.

I asked the question of an editor of Osservatore Romano, the official Vatican newspaper. "They might be anyone," he replied. "In a country where one person in every three votes Red, you can queue up at a post-office window and, by simple arithmetic, the man in front of you or the man behind you is probably a Red. You even find them among the rich. It's amusing how many industrial tycoons with big families have one son who argues for Marx and makes himself annoying at the dinner table scolding his tired old dad for being an exploiter of factory hands.

"You find Communists in uniform also. The other day I was in a crowd watching a noisy to-do caused by perhaps a hundred young Communists climbing into buses for some rally. Like kids everywhere, they were boisterous and loud. A seedy old gent standing by glanced at me, shook his head, and muttered, '*Canaglia*' (rabble). A policeman turned, looked the man up and down, and said sarcastically, 'You won't have to put up with us much longer, *vecchio*' (old man)."

However, many Italian editors and a few members of our Rome Embassy believe that most Italians who vote Communist aren't Reds at all; they simply vote for the Communists as a protest against the *status quo.*

Exactly what are the voters protesting against? I asked men of almost every political stripe.

Field Marshal Rodolfo Graziani, tough, unreconstructed Fascist of the African wars, replied: "They are protesting against a parliament they know to be corrupt almost to the last member, a chamber that looks more like cattle milling in a corral than a legislative body. The people want order —and, not finding it, they turn to Communist mountebanks."

Aldo La Tour, one of Italy's Young Turks and an energetic young businessman, said: "They are protesting against cynicism, against the belief that nobody in parliament cares for anything except his own career, against deputies who figure a term in office is necessary to a lush law practice later on."

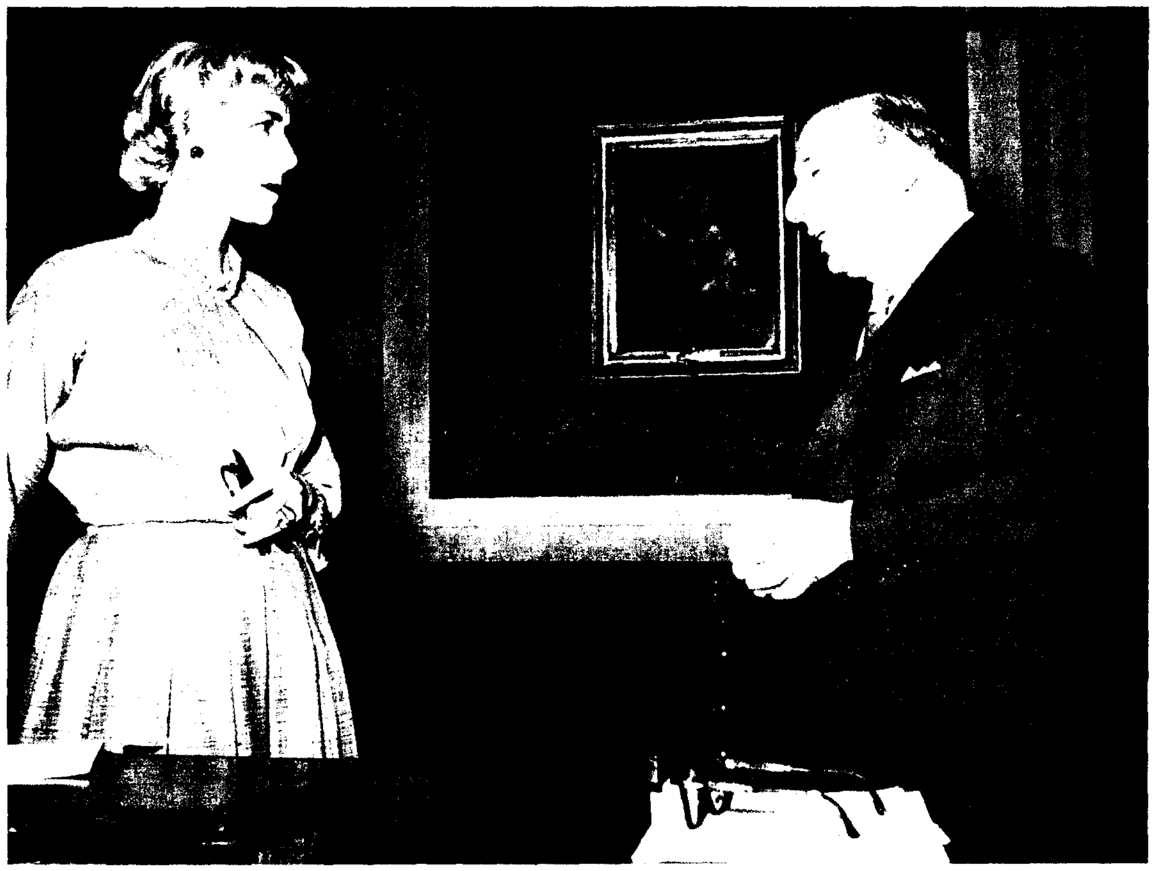
Pietro Nenni, leader of the quasi-Communist Socialists, answered: "They are protesting against the fact that no party to the right of the Socialists offers any warmth, or friendliness, or comradeship for their fellow men. Why, the simplest peasant feels through his pores that none of the center parties cares about his schooling, health, welfare, anything. . . ."

An officer of the U.S. Foreign Operations Administration, who was stripping his apartment to prepare for reassignment to Asia after three years in Italy, told me wearily: "They're protesting against everything in the book: against history, against all the wars, against class distinction, against the calloused, arrogant upper classes. They're protesting against the fact that, under Monarchy, Fascism or Republic, few of them will ever own anything in a lifetime. Of course, they don't seem to get the point that under Communism they wouldn't own anything either. They don't understand the technique by which the corporations dodge taxes. But they know all about the dodging; it's a national joke. They're protesting against stillbirths and the fact that no government ever seems to come through with a midwife, let alone hospitals."

My own observations and inquiries in Italy convince me that most voters who cast pro-Communist ballots are men who think the future offers nothing, who figure that the church, industry and government have stopped trying to do anything for them. The Reds have convinced millions that Scelba and the rest of the Christian Democrats are tools of the Vatican in league with the moneyed classes, big industry and aristocracy—with the enemies of reform who want nothing changed.

Many conservatives and, incidentally, our State Department, hold the opposite view. They regard the Christian Democrats as the only force that can save Italy for the West, the only men who can impose peace on the factions that were and are still willing to plunge Italy into a civil war like that which ravaged Spain.

It's true that the Christian Democrats are em-



INTERNATIONAL

American ambassador Clare Boothe Luce talks with Premier Mario Scelba. He is a militant foe of Communists, and his program, the author says, could pull Italy out of its poverty

to survive. The result: Landless, disillusioned millions have turned to the Communists

phatically Catholic. De Gasperi's headquarters in Rome's Piazza del Gesù had a churchly hush. The wall behind his desk had a single fixture—a crucifix. But actually the Vatican exercises only a remote control. It doesn't instruct because it doesn't have to; it seldom needs to express an opinion on the Atlantic Pact, taxes or land reform, because the party leadership knows its views.

Unfortunately, it's also true that all Christian Democrat premiers have been supported by—in fact, have been forced to rely on the support of—a strong coalition of extreme conservatives in parliament who don't want reform and will wreck any administration that tries to force it on them. They're against reforms that would force them to pay taxes, that would break up their landed estates, that would make them modernize factories, that would end the cartels by which they divide the nation into little sales areas in which they can overcharge, by American standards, 50 to 200 per cent for their products.

Redistribution of Land Advocated

Probably the most explosive issue of all in Italy today is redistribution of land. Communists and both left-wing and right-wing Socialists are strongly in favor of breaking up big landed estates and parceling them out in small lots to peasant-farmers. Christian Democrats, Republicans and Liberals are split on the subject. Most Fascists are chilly toward the idea. Most Monarchists loathe it.

To their credit, Italy's post-war premiers have tried to institute some land reforms despite the parliamentary chaos. Altogether, the government has taken over nearly 1,500,000 acres and sold more than half of it to peasants on long-term credit. But good intentions have been spoiled by bad planning. The impoverished treasury has paid for the expropriated land with bonds whose redeemable value causes laughter, and bad management has compounded the fiasco.

One evening at the bar of the Scacchi, an exclusive men's club, I listened to one of Rome's urbane and witty princes relate how bad management was wrecking a farm project on several hundred acres which had been taken from him to be sold to peasants. "Gentlemen," he purred, "those government imbeciles made every mistake those stupid British Socialists made in the peanut fiasco in Africa, plus a few more." (He was referring to one of the most publicized farm failures in history, the futile attempt of a British Labor government to obtain a new food source by starting peanut plantations in Kenya.) "Now," the prince went on, "everybody is starving. Just hold on and we'll have the land back in five years."

Many peasants are equally cynical. Changing trains at Milan not long ago, I walked into a shabby bar jammed with men who were drinking second-run wine (water run through grape mash after the first wine has been run off), the cheapest alcoholic beverage in Europe. Communist posters were plastered on the walls.

Speaking softly, as becomes a man wearing coat and tie who might be tossed through a window as a slumming capitalist, I asked a part-time truck driver if he figured to buy any land under the government's land distribution scheme. The wine-laden man laughed bitterly. "Yes, sir, my family owns land—two meters [six feet] in a cemetery," he said. "We bury our dead on top of each other because we can't afford enough land to bury them side by side. My grandfather never owned land. My son won't. Who do you think you're kidding?"

Italy's industrial setup is as antiquated as its feudal land system. The villain here is the Institute for Industrial Reconstruction (IRI), a monster created by the late Benito Mussolini in the thirties when hundreds of factories were about to close and throw workers into bread lines.

The frantic Duce kept rescuing companies with loans until huge enterprises like Alfa-Romeo, the auto firm, were hopelessly in debt to the government. Mussolini set up the IRI to take over the factories, and through the years it has become one of the world's rustiest bureaucracies.

NALDONI—PIX

A sheepherder tells author Vogliotti about life in Italy. The American-born Vogliotti was educated in Italy and worked with Marshall Plan administrators there after World War II

Today IRI operates along almost medieval lines 50 per cent of Italy's steel mills, 90 per cent of its shipbuilding yards, and assorted percentages of almost every other industry in the country. It pays low wages instead of trying for high volume and low profit, and is unable to compete abroad for the earnings that could help revive Italy. IRI leaders lobby their own tariff barriers and divide up the Italian market to suit themselves. Rightist manufacturers love IRI because it rescues them from the energizing spur of competition. They also love the high interest rate that IRI has persuaded banks to charge because it prevents new enterprises from starting. And they love their country's tax system because it has so many loopholes that they can avoid most of the taxes they are supposed to pay.

I talked recently with an official of the government-owned Banca d'Italia. When I asked him if there had been any improvement in the cartel system, he laughed. "Don't be silly," he said.

"Is the interest rate still fifteen per cent?"

"Naturally."

"Is anyone paying taxes?"

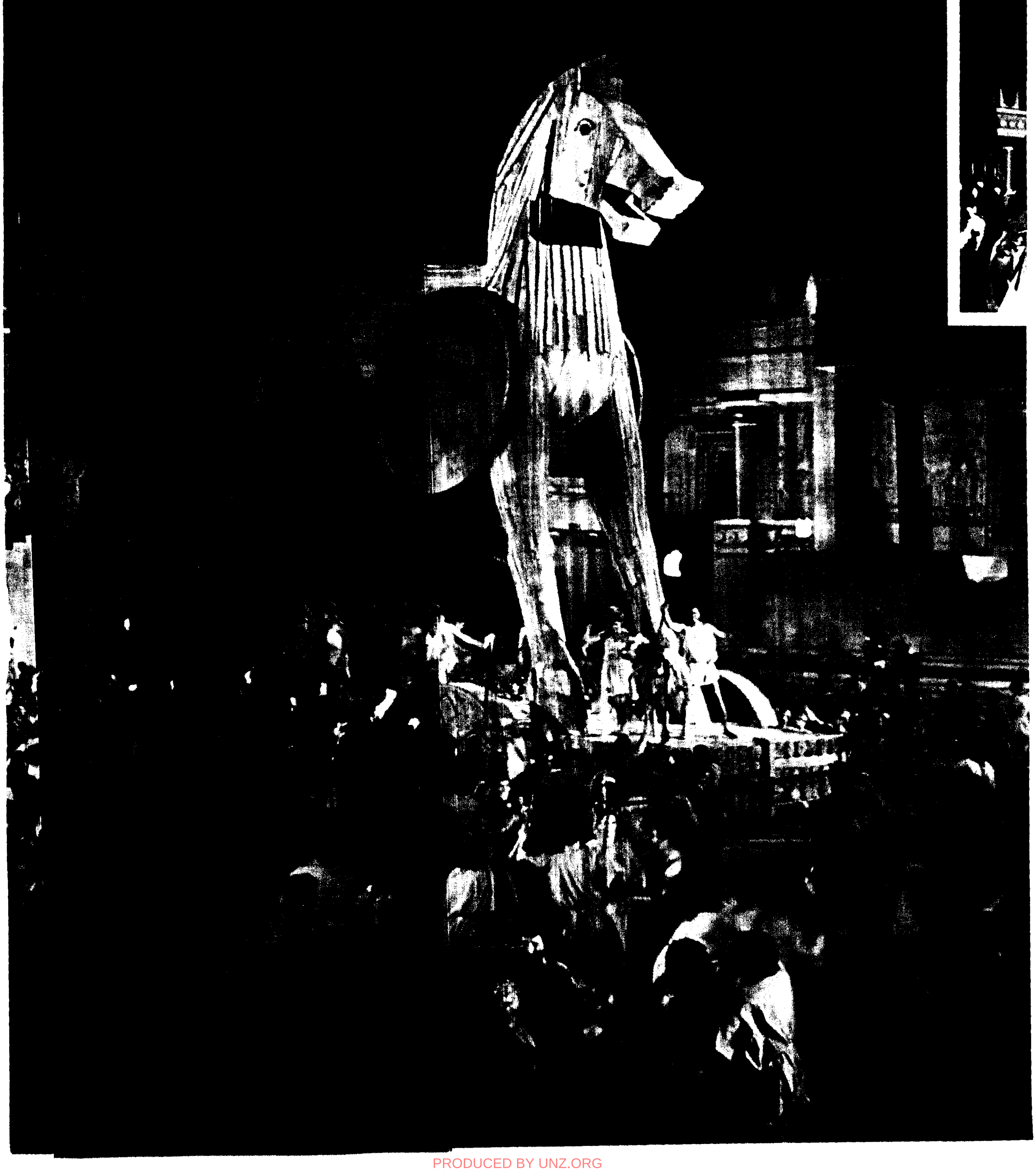
"Yes, there's a story about a sheepherder in the Tirol who did."

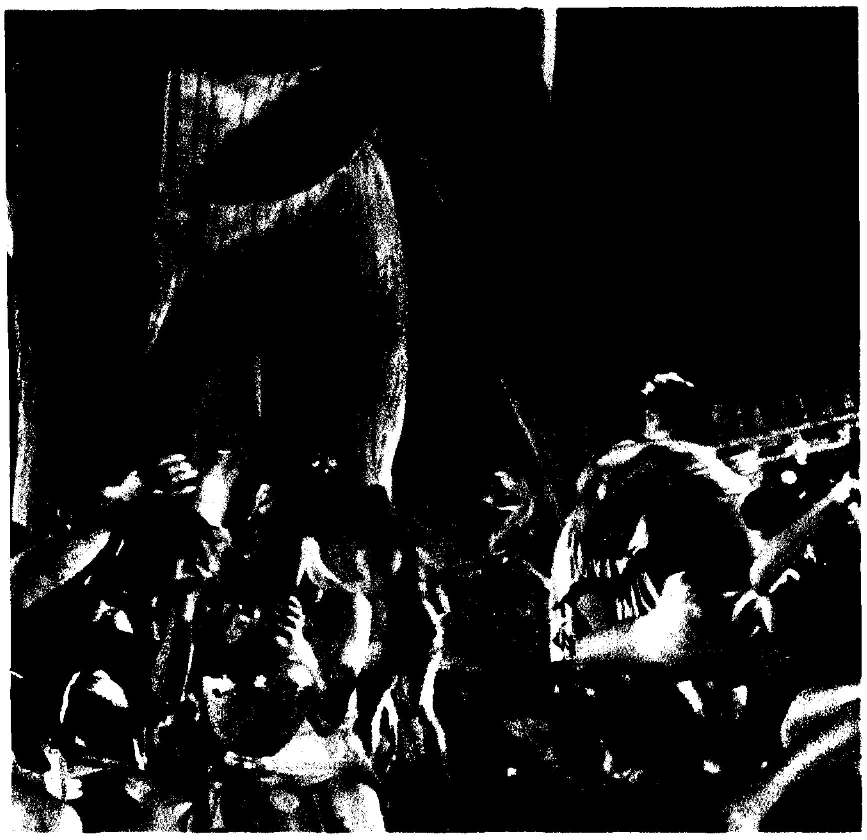
Julio Gracchi, a wealthy and liberal Italian, wrapped up the Italian situation this way in a conversation I had with him: "This miserable peninsula hasn't had leadership in 50 years, the very years when the economic problems were growing. The kings were so busy hunting that they paid little attention to what was going on outside their estates. Their premiers never made the slightest attempt to keep up with things happening in Manchester or Pittsburgh as the world moved ahead. Since the war, the only big overhaul ideas, the only serious proposals, were made by foreigners—by Americans who came over here to help administer Marshall Plan funds. The brutal fact is that not a single party in the parliament ever took the proposals seriously. And now your Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, wonders if the country is going Communist. It won't because the Fascists won't allow it—but there's still no economic leadership."

I agree with Signor Gracchi, both as to the cause of the trouble, and that Italy will not go Communist. The moderates, the Rightists, everybody but the Leftists, would go for the guns before submitting to a Communist dictatorship. And even among the Leftists are many who are not pro-Communist—merely against present conditions. Although they want something better, I doubt that they would kill their brothers to achieve it.

Western civilization often has produced the necessary leaders at critical moments in history. Western mankind has a way of doing what must be done to survive. Will it happen in Italy? I hope so, but at the close of this tour of study I have but little evidence that it will happen soon. Yet there seems to be no doubt that Premier Scelba is taking a firm grip on Italy's problems. He is a bold, tough man. If Scelba or someone else like him can light the torch of leadership, a new group may arise to save Italy. ▲▲▲

THE GREEKS HAD A HORSE FOR IT





After dragging gift horse into city, left, carousing Trojans celebrate false victory over Greeks with night-long bacchanal

Love affair of Paris and Helen started 10-year war chronicled by Homer, Virgil

The Trojan horse, all wood and four stories high, steals the show in a new film about Helen of Troy

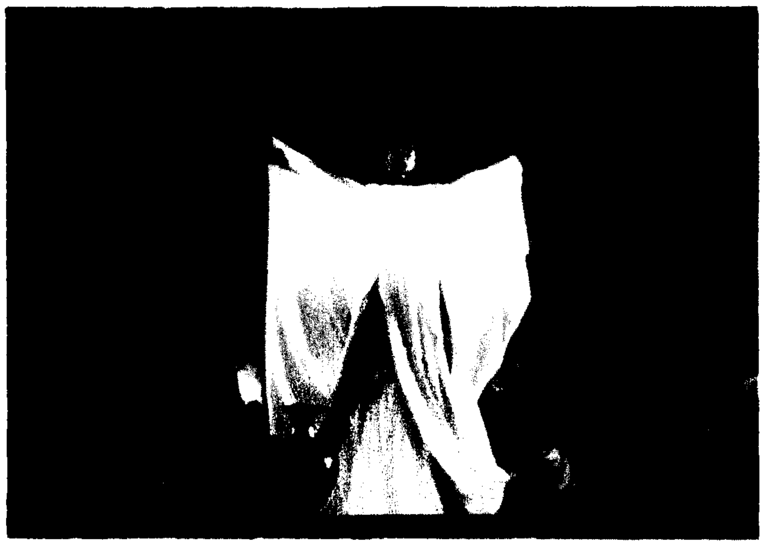
EVERY epoch has its ultimate weapon, from burning oil and cannon balls to nuclear explosions. The Greeks had a wooden horse.

For 3,000 years, schoolboys and scholars—and theatrical producers—have warmed to the legend of Helen, the Spartan queen whose abduction to Troy by Prince Paris caused the Greeks to launch a pursuing armada which besieged the Trojan city for 10 years. Now Warner Brothers is taking a whack at the tale (last filmed in 1927). The movie, Helen of Troy, shot in Rome, has a cast that's predominantly European. It stars Italian beauty Rossana Podesta, as Helen; French film actor Jacques Sernas, as Paris; and Britain's Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as Priam, King of Troy. Thirty thousand extras from modern Rome swarm over palaces and plains as fighting, carousing Trojans and avenging Greeks. But the re-creation of the gigantic gift horse ostensibly left as a peace offering by the Greek armies stops the show. Hub of the action from the moment it's dragged inside the walls, the horse sets off a boisterous bacchanal celebrating false victory, and sets up the sack of Troy.

Because Homer and Virgil, who first recorded the elements of the story, were more poetic than specific, the studio had to spin a few mythological trimmings of its own in re-creating the mammoth figure. The steed had to be roomy enough to hold a contingent of warriors, yet not too tall to clear Troy's gates. Stagehands built the wheeled platform; a Rome shipyard, the body. Made of hand-weathered pine, beech and poplar, the horse weighs in at 20 tons, has eight-foot wheels, 29-foot legs. It's big enough (60 by 20) to carry 50 men riding sidesaddle, tall enough (60 feet) for those men to peer in a fourth-story window. And there's an air-conditioned cavity in its belly which holds 15 invaders (all established actors) who finally swing through the trap door and slide down a rope ladder to help demolish the city.

But even ultimate weapons aren't, it seems, sure-fire. At the key moment, the giant prop's rain-soaked exit door stuck. What if the first Trojan horse had been caught in a downpour? On such turns of fate history depends.

—EVELYN HARVEY

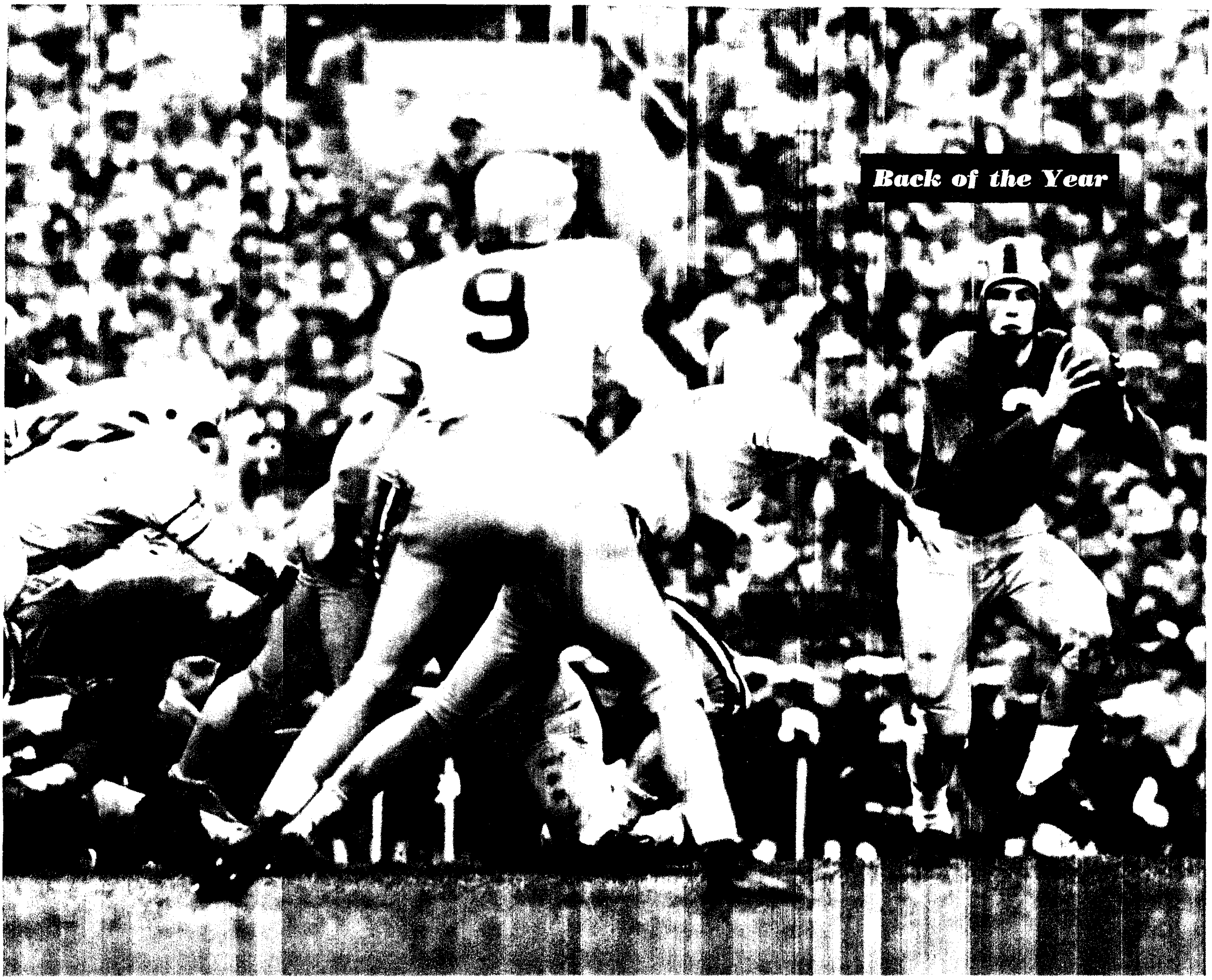


The Trojan king's demented daughter Cassandra (British actress Janette Scott) warns jubilant citizens of impending doom

Horse stands guard; Greek warriors inside wait for last of the celebrants to trail home. Entire sequence was filmed at night

Sack of Troy, sparked by horseborne warriors, ends with Paris' death. Film, in CinemaScope and WarnerColor, will be released early in 1955

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SANFORD ROTH



A master at the option play, split-T-quarterback Ralph Guglielmi—who's also silhouetted on our cover—sparks Notre Dame's mighty offense

FRANCIS WALLACE'S 15TH

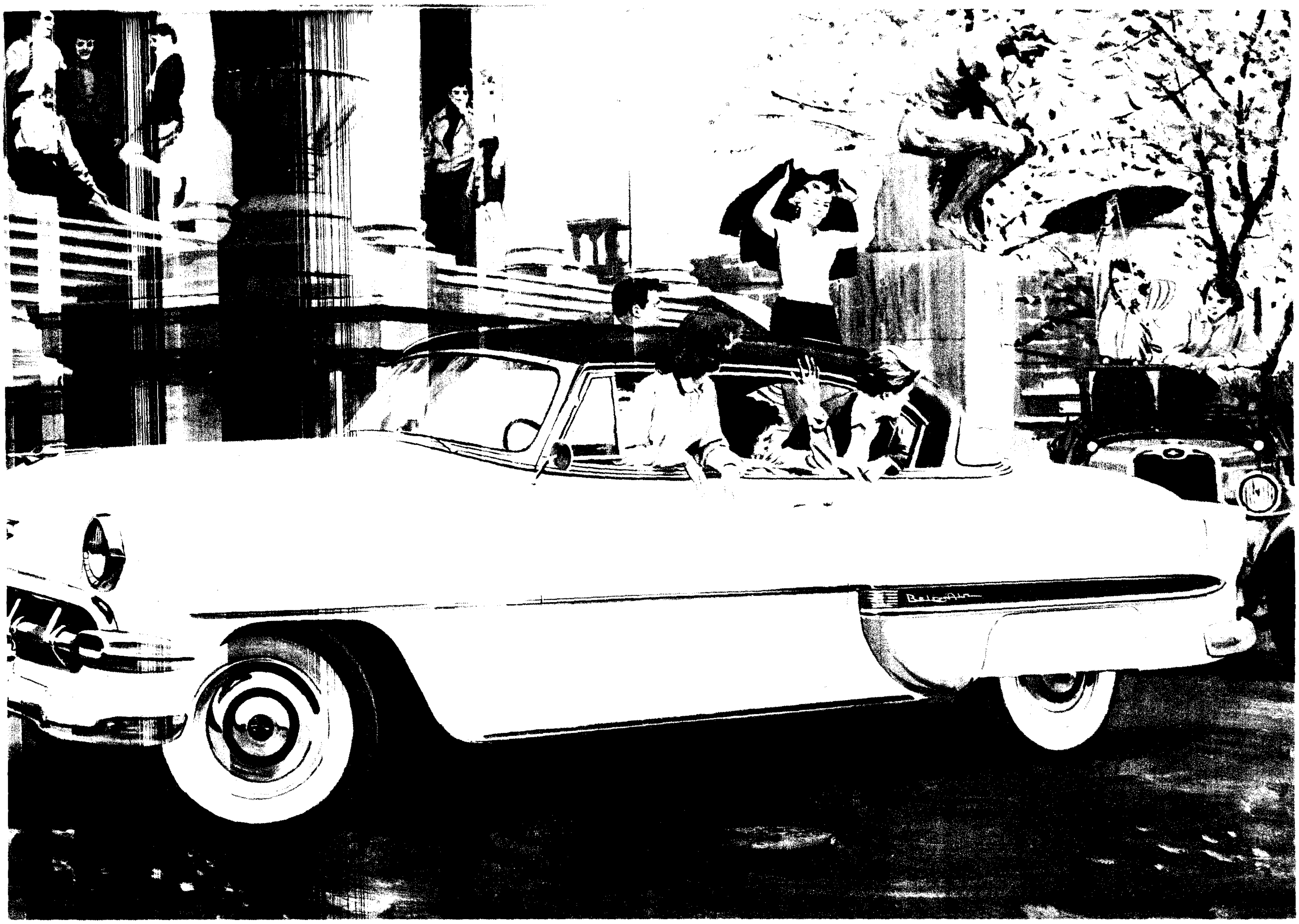
FOOTBALL PREVIEW

Coach of the Year

John Vaught, Mississippi

MAY I say, I told you so? Last year at this time I predicted enthusiastic acceptance of the new substitution rule which ended two-platoon football and forced a return to the traditional system requiring gridmen to play both offense and defense. Now, after a season's trial, the invaluable 186 helpers who participated in my fifteenth Football Preview voted this way: only 22 would return to the two-platoon; 93 are for the present rule, which prohibits a man from returning in a period in which he has played, except during the final four minutes of each half; and 71 plugged for liberalization, usually to the extent of permitting a player to return once in each quarter. (My information is that this last proposal missed by only a 10-7 vote at the last meeting of the Rules Committee; so you can expect it next time.)

Actually, despite the volcanic dissent which followed its unexpected adoption, the new substitution rule went into effect smoothly. Coaches were gradually converted to the conversion as they got into the necessary job of teaching fundamentals. With little time, they swung en masse to the split-T,



Ever see a prettier car than the Chevrolet Bel Air Sport Coupe? And this is just one of a great line of Chevrolet beauties. Best choice in the field.

You're only young twice!

Once when you take your first battered old jalopy to your heart . . . and once again when you put your first brand-new Chevrolet on parade! After that—your motoring life is young for good! You've discovered the Fountain of Youth on wheels.

WHAT'S CHEVROLET GOT THAT YOUNG PEOPLE GO FOR?

First of all: It's smooth! Real cool! It looks as a car ought to look that's loaded with youngsters who love the feel of a spirited pick-up and the power of broad-shouldered brakes. Chevrolet is the only low-priced car in the world with a Fisher Body.

And what a pleasant surprise to discover that you can run the new Chevrolet with the kind of money that fits a young man's budget. And, of course, everybody knows that Chevrolet's original cost is less than any other line in the low-price field. Two good points there that are hard to beat.

And it's the only low-priced car with a full length box-girder frame for *extra safety*. A little more car under you is always nice assurance.

And if you're interested in those new automatic power features a family car ought to have, you'll find that Chevrolet offers them all—optional at extra cost if you want them.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH IN FUN, TOO!

When you put your money in a Chevrolet you're putting it into the closest thing there is to a savings bank on wheels! And you'll get your money's worth in fun all its long life.

Why don't you drop around to your dealer's and take a ride in a new Chevrolet? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

SAFER STOPPING, TOO! The going's great and so is the stopping! Those broad-shouldered Chevrolet brakes are actually the largest in the low-price field. That's to give you easier stops and safer control—anywhere, any time!

YEAR AFTER YEAR MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

SYMBOL OF SAVINGS
CHEVROLET
EMBLEM OF EXCELLENCE

Preseason All-America Eleven

MAX BOYDSTON, Oklahoma	*End*	Muskogee, Okla.
DAN SHANNON, Notre Dame	*End*	Chicago, Ill.
SID FOURNET, LSU	*Tackle*	Bogalusa, La.
HERB GRAY, Texas	*Tackle*	Baytown, Texas
CALVIN JONES, Iowa	*Guard*	Steubenville, O.
JIM SALSBURY, UCLA	*Guard*	Los Angeles, Cal.
LARRY MORRIS, Ga. Tech	*Center*	Decatur, Ga.
RALPH GUGLIELMI, Notre Dame	*Back*	Columbus, O.
J. C. CAROLINE, Illinois	*Back*	Columbia, S. C.
ALAN AMECHE, Wisconsin	*Back*	Kenosha, Wis.
GEORGE SHAW, Oregon	*Back*	Portland, Ore.

Back of the Year	**RALPH GUGLIELMI**	Notre Dame
Lineman of the Year	**LARRY MORRIS** (c)	Georgia Tech
Coach of the Year	**JOHN VAUGHT**	Mississippi

The All-America Squad

(Does not include All-America Eleven)

ENDS– Pyburn (Aub.); Intihar (Corn.); Walker (Md.); Garrity (Penn St.); Brubaker (Ohio St.); Clarke (USC); Gilliam (Iowa); Duckett (Mich. St.); Hair (Ga. Tech.); Dickerson (Miss.); Schriewer (Texas); Loudd (UCLA)

TACKLES- Ellena (UCLA); Smith (Baylor); Boggan (Miss.); Grier (Penn St.); Lansford (Texas); Youngelman (Ala.); Varrichione and Palumbo (ND); D'Agostino (Aub.); Bosley (W. Va.); Walker (Tex. Tech); Morze (BC)

GUARDS- Bettis (Purd.); Lemek (ND); Smid (Ill.); Brooks (Ga. Tech); Chesnauskas (Army); Paul (Rice); Bullough (Mich. St.); Stensby (Wis.); St. Pierre (BC); Shugart (Yale); Birchfield (Duke); Lamone (W. Va.); T. Roberts (Mo.)

CENTERS- Hazeltine (Calif.); Easterwood (Miss. St.); K. Burris (Okla.); Pheister (Ore.); Irvine (Md.); Tatum (Texas); Cunningham (S. Car.); Vargo (Ohio St.)

BACKS- Moegle (Rice); Larson (Calif.); Bolden (Mich. St.); Calame (Okla.); Dupre (Baylor); Quinn (Texas); Heap (ND); Dandoy (USC); Tharp (Ala.); Davenport (UCLA); Bielski (Md.); Broeder (Iowa); McCool (Miss.); King (Clem.); Moore (Penn St.); Vann (Army); Womack (Texas); Barger (Duke); Freeman (Aub.); Teas (Ga. Tech.); Kirpatrick (Tex. Tech); Uebel (Army); Hardy (Colo.); Starr (Ala.); Flippin (Prince.); Lalla (Colg.); Wade (Tenn.); Borton (Ohio St.); Matsock (Mich. St.)

Top Twenty Teams

National Champion: MISSISSIPPI 10-0

2.	MARYLAND	10-0	12.	OREGON	8-2
3.	NOTRE DAME	9-1	13.	ARMY	7-2
4.	TEXAS	9-1	14.	IOWA	7-2
5.	OKLAHOMA	9-1	15.	DUKE	8-2
6.	UCLA	8-1	16.	CALIFORNIA	7-3
7.	ILLINOIS	8-1	17.	PENN STATE	7-2
8.	WISCONSIN	7-2	18.	TEXAS TECH	9-1
9.	MICHIGAN STATE	7-2	19.	RICE	8-2
10.	OHIO STATE	7-2	20.	AUBURN	8-2
11.	GEORGIA TECH	8-2			

POSSIBLE BREAK-THROUGHS: Alabama 8-3; Southern Cal 8-3; Cornell 7-2; Colorado 8-2; Baylor 7-3; Tennessee 7-3; Michigan 6-3; West Virginia 6-2; Yale 7-2; Marquette 7-2; Boston College 8-1.

Bowl Prospects

Rose Bowl
ILLINOIS over OREGON

Sugar Bowl
MISSISSIPPI over ARMY

Cotton Bowl
TEXAS over GEORGIA TECH

Orange Bowl
MARYLAND over COLORADO

Gator Bowl
TEXAS TECH over MARQUETTE

OTHER BOWL POSSIBLES: Penn State, Rice, Auburn, Boston College, Baylor, Alabama, Tennessee, Missouri, West Virginia, Duke.

Back on top in the East, the Army may b

a strong running formation; and usually added enough single wing or straight-T (both good passing formations) to prevent defenses from overloading against the running game. This mixture, with its many variations, adds up to what is called the multiple offense and will be the popular maneuver this season. The net result has been stronger emphasis on the running game and on players who can star on offense *and* defense. Actually, as the '53 season ended, alert college coaches were moving toward a new two-platoon system which calls for two teams of two-way stars, thus incorporating the best of the old into the new.

The Rules Committee pretty much decided to let last year's regulations ride. They did approve some new hand signals for officials. And an "off-the-bench" tackle hereafter will be penalized by disqualification of the offender. Also "interpretive information" was sent to all member groups to discourage sucker shifts and other false starts, reported on the increase despite an attempt to tighten up last year. And a strongly worded resolution, rather than specific legislation, is being relied upon to check the faking of injuries to stop the clock—the stratagem so effectively used by Notre Dame against Iowa. But the majority of my correspondents, while approving the objectives, doubt that the ingrained practices against which these steps were taken can be so easily stopped. The newly created coaches' Ethics Committee will work on such matters.

Meanwhile, football on the field will be easier to watch and understand than ever before; and TV set owners will also get a much better home show—partially because of a business war between the colleges themselves, and also because of the alliance between pro football and those TV networks shut out of the monopoly created by the four-year-old NCAA program which controls telecasting of college games.

Here's the situation:

- The college telecasts, to be presented by ABC this year, ran into trouble when sponsors finally developed resistance to an expensive package from which some of the more attractive games were withheld by the NCAA, whose policy seeks to spread TV's financial and prestige benefits over the country at large. Somewhat improved coverage has resulted.
- The colleges will have direct opposition on Saturday afternoons from Canadian pro games, to be carried by NBC, which had previously handled the NCAA program.
- The American pros, whose national telecasts will be handled by Du Mont, this season will play eight Saturday-night games, two on Saturday afternoons (after the end of the college season) and one at noon on Thanksgiving Day. The colleges fear that the pros may be moving toward full-time Saturday play and recognize at least the possibility that their TV problem could be settled in a manner none of the colleges wants—by eventually being shut out entirely from the major TV market.

Up to now the NCAA TV program has been solidly supported at the annual meetings; but there are strong indications that the present policy will get powerful opposition at the New York convention next January. It is the present intention of a bloc of conferences, led by the Big Ten, to seek "controlled television within regional boundaries."

And if an open fight should develop between the major conferences and the smaller schools, there might also be a showdown at last between the idealists and the realists over the question of de-emphasis.

That just about covers the grown-up stuff. Now let's move in the general direction of the boys on the field, pausing en route for a partial checkup on last year's selections. The little gridiron gods who use broken bones and funny bounces to plague pigskin prophets were kind again. I missed on Notre Dame as national champion, and Red Sanders of UCLA as Coach of the Year; but each finished second. (The winners—Maryland and Jim Tatum—had been my '52 selections and were merely delayed a year.) Six of my first eight top teams finished in the final top eight of the Associated Press ratings; and 11 of my 20 in the AP 20. I had six of eight sectional leaders, and five of eight bowl teams. Of my 11 Preview All-Americans, five made the official Collier's eleven, seven the consensus eleven, and every lad made *somebody's* first team. A sampler of team will-win-and-lose predictions: against the AP top ten—two were picked on the nose; and the Preview was no worse than one game off on the first six; there was one big miss, Illinois by 2½ games. And this is a good spot to point out that all team rankings are made on the basis of severity of schedules, which is why you will sometimes see a squad poorly placed despite a superior estimated record. Where no estimated records appear, information from far-off sectors was insufficient.

So now to the fields of friendly strife, viewed—you will note—as if through a TV lens darkly; observe how our candid camera reveals more problems than joys this year.

EAST

The current secret word on all college programs is—*Conference;* because these days you almost have to belong to a conference to share in TV or bowl money. Various new Eastern alignments have been suggested, but the big effort is being made to corral Army and Navy for a nucleus that would also include Pitt and Penn State. After that the talk spreads out to a super-duper national group which could also involve

Notre Dame, Penn, Georgia Tech, Oklahoma, Maryland and others who are big enough to televise and fill their stadiums, too. Fantastic? Not quite, though such a revolutionary new setup would obviously depend on many earlier developments, including the crumbling of the existing TV restrictions. It isn't just talk because there have been talks; but discussions were suspended pending personnel changes at key spots.

My investigation of the Army reveals that Earl Blaik is prepared to cope with the best of such a national conference, even this year. His backfield, effective as four Boston lawyers, should ring merrily with Tom Bell and Pat Uebel, accompanied by Peter Vann as the T-engineer and my Sophomore Back of the Year, Bob Kyasky, a flash back and punter. Blaik is pardonably pessimistic about his line, which must polish up some new links rapidly before meeting Michigan on October 2d—especially since Captain Bob Farris, potential All-America tackle, is side-lined by medicos after an eye operation. But guard Ralph Chesnauskas might make fellow townsman Rocky Marciano move over on his pedestal up in Brockton, Massachusetts, before the season ends.

Nor would Penn State need apologies in any big-time group, as even Illinois may learn in this season's opener. At the Nittany Lions' football banquet last winter I met three of their All-America candidates: spring-legged halfback Lenny Moore; pass-catching end Jim Garrity and tackle Roosevelt Grier, a 6-4, 245-pound Bunyanesque performer. All coach Rip (Van) Engle needs to develop is a classy passer.

I went overboard last year on Navy, where the backfield resumes intact—but only two regulars return in the line; so, no stars aloft at Annapolis, though you can expect the usual good go against anybody who crosses the bow. Pitt has its customary porcupine schedule, but reports more speed and experience in the key spots and needed backfield fortification from an undefeated frosh squad.

Even the Ivy League has heard the conference whispers and formalized its previous informality. This group is antibowl but interested in television. Cornell has the men this year, including Stan Intihar, a tremendous end, and might even go all the way—though the absence of spring training will not help them digest Rice at Houston on the night of October 2d. The no-spring-training gimmick will not help Penn's new coaching staff either in its opener with Duke; but Steve Sebo should have the Quakers ready with the Michigan State-type dervish offense in time for the four big games which wind up the schedule.

Uncertain is the word from Princeton; but junior back Royce Flippin may make it tough for anyone to hold that Tiger. Lloyd Jordan has 19 letter men at Harvard. Jordan Olivar will have an undefeated freshman outfit, with a fine runner, Dennis McGill, and an ace quarterback in Dean Loucks to sharpen the Yale Bulldog's teeth. Tuss McLaughry may have his best passing team of recent years at Dartmouth. Lou Little will have some solid sophomores at Columbia; so quarterback Dick Carr, who played every minute of the '53 season, may get the feel of the bench now and then. Brown expects to hold its own.

Syracuse, Holy Cross, Boston U. and Colgate followed the Ivy League lead in abandoning spring practice, which may hurt the first three in stiff early games against squads which had spring work. Colgate has an Ivy schedule and Dick Lalla, an All-Eastern quarterback they say should be All-America. Bill Smithers is a touted soph triple-threat back at Holy Cross. Boston College could go all the way to a bowl game behind three excellent linemen: tackles Frank Morze and John Miller, and guard Vin St. Pierre. Fordham will be back at the Polo Grounds for its home games with an interesting schedule which the man power may not match. Rutgers expects to rebound from its first losing season since Harvey Harman took over in 1938. Villanova has added a new coach, Frank Reagan, to a green squad.

The fighting Blue Hens of Delaware will again be spurred by Don Miller, a potential Little All-America quarterback. Lafayette looks the best of the smaller Pennsylvania colleges, though Bucknell, Temple and Lehigh all expect improvement. Rhode Island is given the Yankee Conference edge over New Hampshire and Connecticut because of the presence of its great halfback, Pat Abbruzzi, already drafted by the Baltimore Colts. Sid Watson of Northeastern is another bright backfield jewel in a small setting. Amherst and Williams should fight it out for the championship of the Potted Ivy group in their November 13th finale.

MIDWEST

We need a giant 30-inch screen to picture the quiz show in this section. The star-studded cast includes six national championship contenders and five Preview All-Americans. The big question—and the big story—of the season goes like this: How will young Terry Brennan do at Notre Dame? My scouts pick him on top; Notre Dame opinion of Brennan ranges from traditional pessimism to comparison with Rockne. Terry himself is highly intelligent, determined and realistic.

He inherited a seasoned squad which includes quarterback Ralph Guglielmi, halfback Joe Heap, guard Ray Lemek, tackle Frank Varrichione, and the "defensive" end who caught the two pressure passes which tied Iowa, co-Captain Dan Shannon. Brennan should have no trouble figuring out what's his line, and he has a fine soph quarterback in

Max Boydston, Oklahoma, End

Dan Shannon, Notre Dame, End

Herb Gray, Texas, Tackle

Sid Fournet, LSU, Tackle

Jim Salsbury, UCLA, Guard

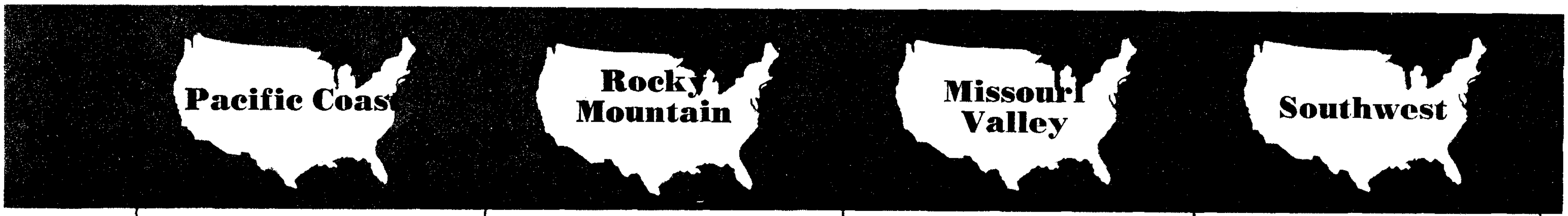
Calvin Jones, Iowa, Guard

L. Morris, Ga. Tech, Center

J. C. Caroline, Illinois, Back

Alan Ameche, Wisconsin, Back

George Shaw, Oregon, Back



First Flight

UCLA 8-1 California 7-3
Oregon 8-2 USC 8-3

Second Flight

Washington 5-5 Oregon State 4-5
Stanford 5-5 San Jose 7-3
Wash. State 5-5 Col. of Pac. 6-3
Idaho 4-5

First Flight

Wyoming 8-2 Utah State 8-2
Utah 8-3 New Mexico 7-3

Second Flight

Denver 6-5 Idaho State
Colo. A&M 5-5 Colo. Col.
Brig. Young 4-5 Colo. State
Montana 4-4 Mont. State
Colo. Mines

First Flight

Oklahoma 9-1 Colorado 8-2
Missouri 6-4

Second Flight

Okla. A&M 7-3 Iowa State 2-7
Kansas State 7-3 Detroit 5-4
Kansas 3-7 Wichita 6-4
Nebraska 5-5 Drake 3-6
Tulsa 6-5 Bradley 5-3
Washington U. 7-2

First Flight

Texas 9-1 Baylor 7-3
Rice 8-2 Texas Tech 9-1
SMU 6-4

Second Flight

Houston 6-3 Hardin-Sim. 6-4
TCU 5-5 Tempe 6-4
Texas A&M 3-7 West Tex. 5-4
Arkansas 4-6 North Texas
East Texas 7-3 Abilene 6-4
Arizona 7-3 McMurry 8-2
Tex. West. 6-4 S. W. Tex. 8-2
N. Mex. A&M

Paul Hornung. But the backfield panel lacks a power runner of the Lattner-Worden caliber; and the stiff schedule has a triple-tough opener against the potential national champion, Texas. Allowances must be made for an inexperienced coaching staff, the difficulty of following Frank Leahy, the special zest of all Notre Dame opponents. Terry could take it all—or lose four. My opinion: Notre Dame will summon all its spirit to beat Texas, then drop one or two along the way, probably to Michigan State and/or Iowa.

How will J. C. Caroline do at Illinois? This young man made the All-America in his sophomore year. With the element of surprise gone, Illinois's opponents are devising ways to stop him. But overloading defenses against Caroline will be a dangerous gamble because, in addition to Mickey Bates, now at fullback, coach Ray Eliot has two soph flashes as counterrunners, Abe Woodson and Harry Jefferson. Hiles Stout is a touted soph passer; and veteran Jan Smid a great blocking guard. As Caroline goes, so goes Illinois—maybe as far as the Rose Bowl.

How will Michigan State do after losing eight regulars and four coaches of the group which won 33 of its last 34 games, including the '53 Rose Bowl?

They'll do doggoned well. Duffy Daugherty, who moved up from line coach when Biggie Munn took over as athletic director, does have a green staff; and the great LeRoy Bolden is the only man left of the famed pony backfield; but there are 20 letter men on the Spartans' well-stocked shelves, hearties all, especially in the line. But the schedule has Iowa, Wisconsin and Notre Dame in the first month!

How now Iowa, which swarmed over the November screen like the scalping party in a shoot-'em-up and got all but the last hair of Notre Dame? Well, Big Chief Forest Evashevski will be back with almost the same cast of Braves, including those three wonderful warriors from Steubenville, Ohio, end Frank Gilliam, back Eddie Vincent and guard Calvin Jones. Evvy says he's shy a blue-chip back; and opposing coaches are devising means of stopping his deceptive "accordion" line shift, which worked so well last season. Don't fail to tune in for the return engagement of the Notre Dame thriller at Iowa City, November 20th.

Will fullback Alan Ameche, the Iron Horse, stampede Wisconsin to the Rose Bowl? And what's the explanation for Wisconsin, which never seems to be sprinkled with stardust yet always manages to be fighting for the Big Ten title on the last day of the season? The answer seems to be a superbly coached crew of unsung road-blockers, who, in addition to stopping Caroline from "turning the corner" last year, only twice let Iowa into Badger territory. And Ivy Williamson will have more depth this year.

Will Ohio State again be a campus of springtime hope and fall chagrin? Woody Hayes has 26 letter men, including passer John Borton, fully recovered from a '53 injury. Speedsters Howard (Hopalong) Cassady and Bob Watkins will be upholstered with three skull-cracking soph backs, any one of whom should plug the '53 fullback weakness. Lyal Clark will again be coaching the line, which is questioned only at the ends.

Is Michigan ready to return to the glory parade? Hardly, with 17 of the first 22 missing; but the Wolverines have talented sophs; might take Army early, and should get very tough as the season moves along. Indiana is better equipped for Big Ten bruising than usual but still very green. The Hoosier hope is sophomore Milt Campbell, Olympic decathlon star, who is also durable and dazzling in a football suit. He will get plenty of chances to be Sophomore Back of the Year.

Purdue could be the sleeper. Most of the vets who upset Michigan State last year will be on hand, with depth support from a dozen fancy sophs headed by quarterback Lenny Dawson. The Boilermakers get a dandy upset shot at Notre Dame the week after the Irish go all out against Texas. Tom Bettis, a great guard-line-backer, should be able to pick his own All-America backfield from guys he has tackled, so rough is the schedule.

Northwestern, lowly rated, has 24 letter men returning and could level a lot of pride. Minnesota, with Giel gone, is frankly building from ceiling zero under Murray Warmath. Marquette, on the Big Ten level in recent years, needs only ends to fell a few big ones en route to a possible bowl bid.

Cincinnati, which has lost only once in each of the last three seasons, is also looking for a conference. Miami, O., probable top team of the Mid-America group, has a pro prospect tackle in Tom Jones, who also happens to be the ace collegiate shot-putter. Ohio U. should give Harvard another good tussle. Fair Dayton material will get major-league coaching from Hugh DeVore and Joe Sheeketski. Xavier is still rebuilding.

Case, one of the four name schools which dropped football this year (Washington & Lee, Adelphi and St. Michael's are the others), will resume at a later date if plans for a "presidents' conference" of the other Cleveland colleges—John Carroll, Western Reserve and Baldwin-Wallace—go through. This group has neither bowl games nor TV in mind, merely de-emphasis.

SOUTH

Other members of the NCAA, before choosing sides between television profits and de-emphasis, might profitably study the smoke signals which have been rising over Tobaccoland ever since the Southern Conference split into two sections last year. The schools which retained the conference name and treasury and embraced the gospel of amateurism have backslid into two moves usually considered as overemphasizing: they okayed a Sugar Bowl bid for West Virginia; and have granted emergency permission to play freshmen this season, apparently to forestall what looks like a slow slide toward athletic apathy.

On the other hand, the secessionists who formed the Atlantic Coast Conference and took the Bowl road are flourishing. They now have an annual tie-up with the Orange Bowl (as predicted here). Maryland won the national title and seems headed in that general direction again, since it probably faces only one real challenge on its schedule (UCLA); but let me hasten to add that this is a tribute to the coaching and organizational talents of James Moore Tatum rather than any criticism of the nine other distinguished institutions on the Terp card. Maryland has, for the present, outrun its sectional field. There are no glamor boys among the 27 letter men and "best sophs since Tatum took over"; but Dick Bielski, a bone-crushing fullback and field-goal specialist, and center John Irvine are likely to emerge as All-America candidates.

Duke, the only Atlantic Coast member which could challenge the Terrible Terps, is not yet on the schedule. The Blue Devils lost only two games last season, by a total of four points; and coach Bill Murray has 20 solid letter men, also fortified by "some of the best sophs in the school's history." Quarterback Jerry Barger is the ace operator.

At the West Virginia all-sports dinner last spring, coach Art "Pappy" Lewis was on his feet with a fork at my back when I predicted his home-grown hillbillies would again lose only one game. So I'm discreetly conceding now that he might possibly drop two. Rex Enright, who annually does one of the better coaching jobs, will have another challenging group at South Carolina, spearheaded by

and the national championship to create headline players and a Coach of the Year

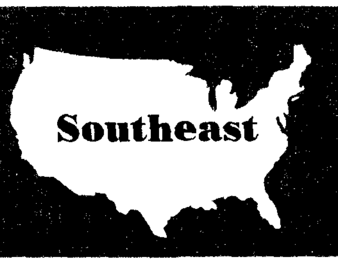
Midwest

First Flight

Notre Dame 9-1 Michigan St. 7-2
Illinois 8-1 Iowa 7-2
Wisconsin 7-2 Ohio St. 7-2

Second Flight

Michigan 6-3 Miami U. 6-3
Marquette 7-2 Ohio U. 6-3
Purdue 4-5 Dayton 5-5
Indiana 4-5 Xavier 5-5
Minnesota 4-5 Toledo 4-5
N'west'n 4-5 West. Reserve 5-3
Cincinnati 8-2 John Carroll
Kent



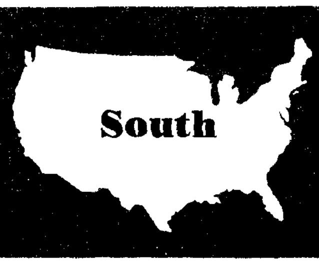
Southeast

First Flight

Mississippi 10-0 Alabama 8-3
Georgia Tech 8-2 Auburn 8-2
Tennessee 7-3

Second Flight

LSU 7-4 Georgia 5-5
Kentucky 5-5 Tulane 4-6
Florida 6-4 Vanderbilt 4-5
Miss. State 6-4 Miss. South. 7-3
Miami 5-4 Florida State 7-4



South

First Flight

Maryland 10-0 S. Carolina 6-4
Duke 8-2 N. Carolina 6-4
West Virginia 6-2 Clemson 6-4
Wake Forest 6-4

Second Flight

Virginia 5-4 VMI 5-5
George Wash. 5-4 Richmond 5-5
Wm. & Mary 5-5 Furman 5-5
Va. Tech 6-4 Citadel 5-5
N. C. State 3-7 Louisville 5-4
Davidson

East

First Flight

Army 7-2 Yale 7-2
Penn State 7-2 Navy 5-4
Cornell 7-2 Penn 5-4
Pitt 5-4 Syracuse 5-3
Boston Coll. 8-1 Dartmouth 5-4
Boston U. 6-3

Second Flight

Holy Cross 6-4 Fordham 3-6
Harvard 5-3 Rutgers 5-4
Princeton 5-4 Delaware 7-2
Columbia 5-4 Temple 4-4
Colgate 5-4 Lafayette 6-3
Brown 4-5 Lehigh 5-4
Villanova 4-5 Bucknell 3-6
Carnegie Tech. 4-4

NEW ENGLAND
(*Yankee Conference*)
Connecticut 5-4 Maine 4-3
Rhode Island 6-2 Mass. 4-4
New Hampshire 5-3 Vermont 3-3

Northeastern Springfield
Brandeis 4-4

Williams 6-2 Wesleyan
Amherst 6-2 Bates
Trinity Bowdoin 3-4
Tufts Colby

center Leon Cunningham, as good as the best. The same rating goes for quarterback Don King at Clemson. This triple-threat star has drawn raves from coaching opponents, and I'm happy to have had him on my '53 sophomore eleven.

George Barclay's improvement project at North Carolina has reached the stage where the Tarheels seem about ready to move to the winning side of the schedule. Wake Forest holds the middle road. Virginia will have a flock of welcome sophomores after winning only one game last season. Earle Edwards brings a match from Michigan State to light up North Carolina State, which was 1-9 in '53.

William & Mary's hopes for a brighter year depend importantly on the draft board's intentions regarding quarterback Charlie Sumner, one of the very few of the nation's better players not protected by student or ROTC deferments this campaign. Frank Moseley has the Gobblers of Virginia Tech back in the victory corn. George Washington, Citadel, Richmond and Louisville report modest improvement. Furman had important personnel losses after its "best season in 17 years."

SOUTHEAST

The majority down here is for national TV controls, but so sharply and traditionally against deemphasis that a minor "amateur" group was squelched during the winter by a threat to split the Southeastern Conference. There will be no tie-up (as rumored) between the Sugar Bowl and the SEC; but an agreement is likely whereby no conference team would accept any bowl bid until the last game of the season had been played.

Ole Miss should help itself to the Sugar Bowl after taking the conference crown since, by a unique schedule break, it does not meet the other four likely contenders. It has a slight edge on Maryland for the national title because it is a firm favorite against all opponents, while the Terps will have to get over the one big hurdle, UCLA. John Vaught, my pick for Coach of the Year, has a very good football squad that always excels in the running game. No name stars as yet, but then champions make names. Best bets to wear personal laurels seem to be Rex Reed Boggan, an all-service tackle returned for his senior year and Bobby (Slick) McCool, junior fullback.

The other toughies will have a merry time knocking one another about in a rollicking round robin. Georgia Tech has the line stars, with All-America center Larry Morris and Franklin Delano Brooks at guard. Halfback Bill Teas gives the offense plenty of potential. Alabama has one of the best backfields of the year, led by Corky Tharp, a snake-hip runner; if Red Drew can get the Crimson Tide off to a fast break, he might surprise.

All's happy, happy, happy at Auburn, which did surprise last year and now expects its "best season since the thirties." The Tigers have sharp coaching from Shug Jordan, several line stalwarts and a passing battery in quarterback Bobby Freeman and Jim Pyburn, a spectacular junior receiver. Tennessee has two fine tailbacks in Jim Wade and Pat Oleksiak; but two thirds of the squad are sophomores, which may mean a slow start and fast finish.

The customary LSU suicide schedule will give Sid Fournet, perhaps the best tackle of the year, a thorough two-way test. Florida, always soundly coached by Bob Woodruff, has the men to rebound from their unexpected "whodunit" season of '53. And speaking of which—Miami will again be lying in wait for unsuspecting tourists.

Three new coaches will enter here without necessarily abandoning hope. Blanton Collier, longtime Paul Brown backfield assistant in Cleveland, will make a sentimental return to his old Kentucky home; but it may be a jump from the Browns to the blues if there's truth in the Lexington lament about depleted material and a destructive schedule. Andy Pilney moves up at Tulane, where the Green really will be just that; but also enthusiastic. Darrell Royal, the first of the Bud Wilkinson coaching "get," will take over Mississippi State after an interim in the Canadian pro league. He will have a good squad topped by Harold Easterwood, who some sectional observers think is a better center than Larry Morris.

Wally Butts will have a young group at Georgia. Mississippi Southern, rudely jolted when halfback Laurin Pepper became a baseball bonus baby, still dreams of upsetting Alabama again. Art Guepe has 27 letter men at Vanderbilt, which seems about ready to start climbing. The revival at Florida State reports definite progress.

SOUTHWEST

I drove around Texas for two weeks last fall and spring, after which they told me I'd maybe covered one third of the state. At Austin they have a tall tower which lights up in various colors for various triumphs; and which would undoubtedly startle the sky with orange should Texas lead the national hit parade. The Steers do doelike swoons at the mere suggestion; but this news is from their own feedbag: "22 of 34 letter men back; seven regulars; 13 of 16 backs; 62 per cent of the ball-carrying strength; 71 per cent of passing; 62 per cent of scoring. Best two tackles any one team—Buck Lansford and Herb Gray. Halfback Delano Womack may be greatest threat in conference. Billy Quinn shifted to fullback. Team started to click last fall when Charley Brewer took over at quarterback."

But . . . the schedule opens with LSU, which upset them last year. Then Notre Dame away. Two weeks later Oklahoma. After which the six conference games—and no Southwest champion has gone undefeated since 1947! On the other hand, the Longhorns are ready, while both Notre Dame and Oklahoma will have early-season problems; and only two conference squads seem to have a chance with them—Rice, which won in the last 55 seconds last year; and Baylor, which lost by a point (20-21).

Rice lost most of its magnificent line; but it is always superbly coached by Jess Neely and his Wise Men, who will have a flock of promising sophs and a potential All-American, senior Dicky Moegle, who rambled 265 yards for three touchdowns against Alabama in the Cotton Bowl. The squad should be polished for Texas after intersectionals with Cornell and Wisconsin. Baylor expects better depth with a flock of breakaway backs, James Ray Smith anchoring the line at tackle, and important help from an undefeated freshman squad. If soph quarterback Doyle Traylor is as good a passer as advertised, the Bears might come up to the televised November 6th Texas struggle undefeated.

Texas Tech looks stronger than any on its schedule except, perhaps, LSU and should drive home another strong argument in its persistent attempts for a berth in the Southwest Conference. Junior Jack Kirkpatrick is one of the better T-engineers,

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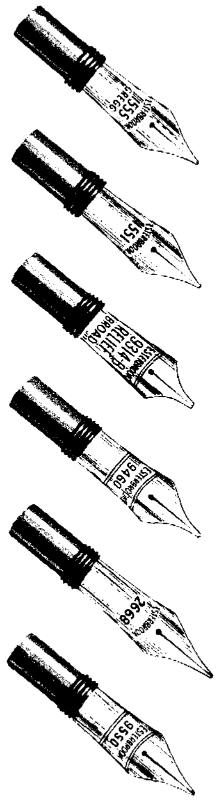

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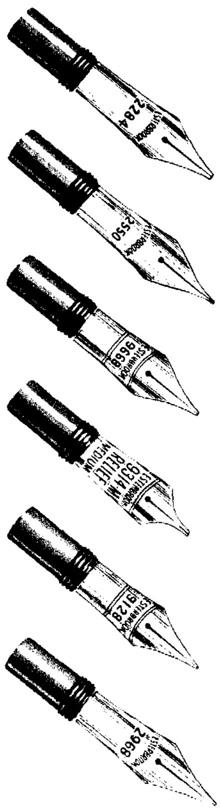

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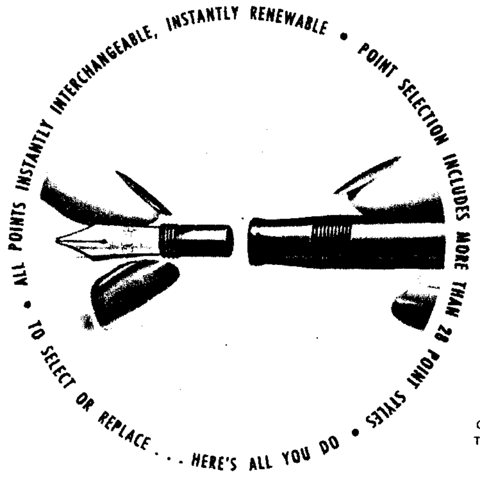
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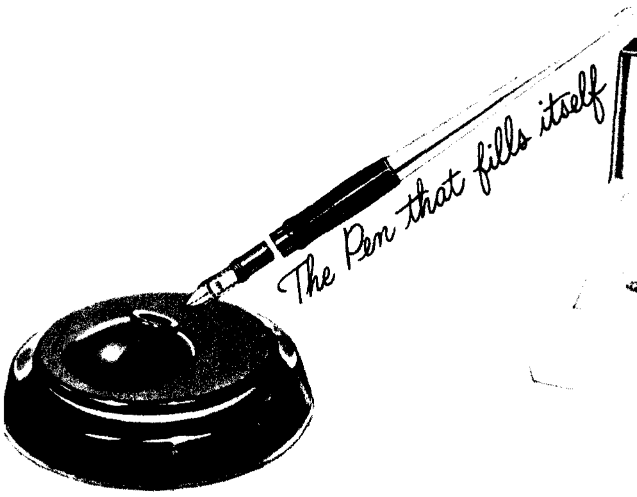
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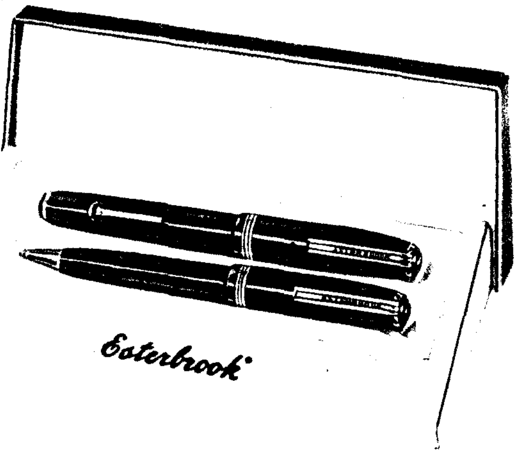
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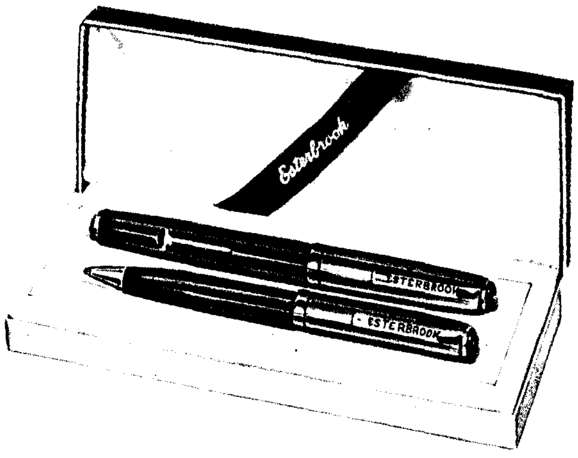
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Sophomore Squad

The All-Americans of 1956. (Capitals indicate soph eleven)

ENDS—PETERS (Rice); PEARSON (Okla.); Stillwell (NW); Wilkins (Ga.); Kramer (Mich.); Cruze (Tenn.); Lopata (Yale); Janes (LSU); Ridlon (Syr.); Howard (Wis.); Johnson (Army); Walton (Pitt); Bennett (Miss. St.); Michael (Ohio St.)

TACKLES—HOBERT (Minn.); VEREEN (Ga. Tech); Cox (Duke); Gray (Okla.); Strugar (Wash.); Wharton (Md.); Thomas (Yale); Sandusky (Md.); Tremblay (Colum.); Boudreaux (Tulane); Bilich (NCU); Till (Wash.); Owens (Miss. So.)

GUARDS—WOODSON (Texas); DAVIS (Md.); Sharp (Prince.); Sullivan (Miss.); Mehrer (Mo.); Scorsone (Pitt); Lovely (BU); Thomas (Wich.); Suter (Corn.); DeSimone (Clem.); Blake (W. Va.); Weenig (Brig. Young)

CENTERS—SUCHY (Iowa); Glass (Baylor); Stephenson (Army); Hatcher (Ariz.); Tubbs (Okla.); Alderton (Md.); Bowman (Prince.); Livingstone (SMU); Berger (Mich. St.)

BACKS—KYASKY (Army); WOODSON (Ill.); ARNETT (USC); TRAYLOR (Bay.); Hornung (ND); Campbell (Ind.); Dawson (Purd.); Miller (Wash. St.); Shinnick (UCLA); Cox (Wash.); Blaney (Duke); Bobo (Ohio St.); Rotenberry (Ga. Tech); McDonald (Okla.); Jurgersen (Duke); Scott (Colo.); Simpson (Fla.); Villarreal (H-S); Bosseler (Miami, F.); Leyva (N. Mex.); Mitchell (Ga. Tech); Deutschmann (LSU); Loucks (Yale); Stout and Jefferson (Ill.); McGee and Crabtree (Ore.); Salvaterra (Pitt); Hyland (Penn); Smithers (HC); Brodsky (Fla.); Hermsen (Marq.); Donlan (BC); Yohe (W&M); Divers (Va. Tech); Burkstrand (Minn.); Majors (Tenn.); Callahan (Penn); Luppino (Ariz.); Throckmorton and Harris (Rice); McMullen (NCU); Hower (Navy); Vicic (Ohio St.); Tamburello (Md.); Nussbaum (Ohio St.); T. Barr (Mich.); Sosenko (Corn.); Thomas (Miss.); Bass (Duke); Westfall (Ore. St.); Broeker (NW); Zucco (Wayne); Ploen (Iowa); O'Brien (Wyo.); Costanzo (Mich. St.); Prickett (S. Car.); Levenhagen (Wis.); McGill (Yale)

Soph Back of the Year	**BOB KYASKY**	**Army**
Soph Lineman of the Year	**BEN WOODSON (g)**	**Texas**

Unsung Squad

(A token roster of boys from major schools shut out from the All-America flight by our lack of space, estimated team records or better-publicized men from their own squads)

ENDS—Allison (Okla.); Matz (ND); Locklin (Wis.); Crouch (TCU); Tuminello (LSU); Bravo (Tulane); Stewart (Stan.); McDonald (Miami, Fla.); Papetti (W. Va.); Amyett (Bay.); Holleder (Army); Nix (SMU); Diener (Mich. St.); Bilyk (Fla.); Kerr (Purd.); Castle (Penn); Dugger (Ohio St.); Beagle (Navy); Crawford (Rice); O'Malley (Ga.); Corpeny (Mo.); Schwert (Syr.)

TACKLES—Fouch (USC); Bartholomew (WF); Knotts (Duke); Barron (Miss. St.); Oniskey (Corn.); Brown (Okla.); Walker (Mich.); Krupa (Purd.); D. Curnutte (Ky.); Borden (Ind.); Kelley (Tulsa); Reeve (Ore.); Da Re (USC); Schrecengost (Mich. St.); McCord (Tenn.); J. Maultsby (NCU); Palatella (Pitt); Miller (BC); Hilinski (Ohio St.); Hall and Swedburg (Iowa); White (Clem.); Sazio (W&M); Mason (Ala.); Bull (Mo.)

GUARDS—Bolinger (Okla.); Sardisco (Tulane); Monlux (Wash.); Shoemaker (Ga. Tech); Mincevich (S. Car.); Cureton (UCLA); Meinert (Okla. A&M); Bowersox and Palahunik (Md.); Atkins (Aub.); Salerno (Colo.); Dierking (Bay.); Knowles (Kan.); D'Angelo (NC St.); Suber (Miss. St.); Johnson (Ore. St.); Patera (Ore.); Reichenbach (Ohio St.); Buonopane (HC)

CENTERS—Trautman (Penn); Leachman (Tenn.); Bixler (Kan.); Szymanski (ND); Broussard (Tex. A&M); Messner (Wis.); Palmer (Duke); Damore (NW); Slick (Syr.); Helgeson (Minn.); Locklear (Aub.); DeLaTorre (Fla.); Pitts (TCU); Henn (Prince.).

BACKS—Mastrogiovanni (Wyo.); Debay (UCLA); Bates (Ill.); Wyant and Marconi (W. Va.); Burkett (Iowa St.); Carr (Colum.); Lutz (Duke); Schaefer (ND); Cassady and Watkins (Ohio St.); Monroe and Lederman (Wash.); Vincent (Iowa); Jenkins (Colo.); Lunsford (Okla. A&M); Branoff and Baldacci (Mich.); Morrall (Mich. St.); McIlhenny and O'Brien (SMU); McNamara (Minn.); Clinkscale (TCU); Wetzel and Perkins (Syr.); Eidom (SMU); Miller (Wis.); Ford (Pitt); R. Burris (Okla.); Meade and Bedrossian (Corn.); Thompson (Brown); Terrasi (BU); Waller (Md.); James (Aub.); Blair (Miss.); Hardy (Ky.); Brewer (Texas); Doggett (LSU); Crow (USC); Bernardi (Colo.); Taylor (Kan. St.); Turner and Beagle (Dart.); Craig (Navy); Villanueva (UCLA); Lauter (NW); Hettinger (HC); Hammack (Fla.); Patterson (Houst.); Luna (Ala.); Dorn (Stan.); Oleksiak (Tenn.); Sarno (Wash. St.); Norris (Calif.); Helinski (Ind.); Krol (Dart.)

Unsung Heroes	**ED SCHMELTEKOPF**	**SW Tex. St.**	***Back***
	BOB COONEY	**Holy Cross**	***Lineman (g)***
	DON FAUROT	**Missouri**	***Coach***
	JIM CROW	**Baylor**	***Asst. Coach***

Pro Scout List

(A token list, as good as the best but out of the publicity sun)

ENDS—Probert (Brig. Young); Dillhoff (Cinc.); Nellestein (Utah); Williams (Col. Pac.); Christensen (Rich.); Morgan (Abilene); McKenna (Brandeis); Lauben (Wms.); Tyson (Cit.); Duffy (Amh.)

TACKLES—Stapler (McMurry); Wengrzyn (Carn. Tech); Hartman (E. Tex.); Cunningham (Conn.); Jones (Miami, O.); Henderson (Utah); Lewis (Ariz.); Kragthorpe (Utah St.); Preas (Va. Tech)

GUARDS—Kemp (E. Tex.); Herrmann (Miss. So.); Belluso (Det.); Hemmer (Rutg.); Shafor (Dayt.); Golden (Maine); Ashnault (NH); Oniskey (Chatt.); McGinnis (Wofford); Chironna (Buck.); Polzer (Va.); Blackstone (Houst.); Marciniak (Kan. St.); Tomanek (Colg.); Hess (Ida.)

CENTERS—White (N. Mex.); Marshall (Villa.); Walker (H-S); Marfizo (W&M); Jankans (Tempe); Hedden (Laf.); Hunter (Clem.)

BACKS—Abbruzzi (RI); Ulm (San Jose); Jacobs (COP); Drzewiecki (Marq.); Goist (Cinc.); Robinson (Temple); Danz (GW); Hussey (Wofford); Carroll (W-R); Popson (Furm.); Sumner (W&M); Lee (N. Mex.); Head (Iowa); Iannucci (Rutg.); Pappas (NH); Brabham (Newberry); Shockey (Marq.); Mahaffey (Denv.); Dunn (Wash. U.); Watson (NE); Payne (McMurry); Miller (Del.); Thacker (David.)

UCLA can't return; California's schedul

and Jerry Walker a superior tackle. Houston, the other strong outsider which keeps banging at the conference door, will have ample opportunity to prove its class against Baylor, Ole Miss and Texas Tech—and might beat any of them.

Southern Methodist might be the sleeper. Chalmar Woodard has a flock of unsung but seasoned men to throw into a barbed-wire schedule that starts with Georgia Tech and works up to a televised finale against Notre Dame. Abe Martin showed a lot of offense in his first year at TCU but lost too much scoring power to be more than troublesome on a rough journey which adds Oklahoma, Penn State and Southern Cal to a full conference card. Bowden Wyatt, facing the same sort of going at Arkansas, will invest sophomores toward a brighter future. Bear Bryant begins a full test of his coaching talent at Texas A&M, where center Fred Broussard is the only one of 17 letter men who impressed my scouts. But Bear, something of a scout himself, did not leave that long contract at Kentucky just to inhale the Texas dust.

There's a sophomore center named Paul Hatcher who Arizona coach Warren Woodson says is ready for the All-America after being All-Navy for three years. And a fella named Sammy Baugh, now helping out at Hardin-Simmons, is looking for, of all things, a quarterback, to take the ball from Sam Walker, a 170-pound center who has already made All-Texas—which is a lot of all.

Among the smaller schools (if you can use a word like that about Texas) East Texas State, of the Lone Star Conference, now boasts (you can use that word) the nation's longest winning streak—29. McMurry has the number one rusher among small colleges in Elroy Payne. And Abilene Christian has an end the pros might investigate—Von Morgan.

MISSOURI VALLEY

There's bad news tonight for those who wonder when something is going to be done about breaking the strangle hold Oklahoma has on the wrestling country. Bud Wilkinson has a new home in Norman and every intention of winning the prize I've offered to the first coach who actually finishes one of those ten-year contracts. (He has eight years to go.) On my visit I learned the Oklahoma secret—every keg-legged kid in the state dreams of playing football for the university. You'll see a lot of them September 18th, on the kick-off game of the TV program, when the Sooners travel to Berkeley to play California.

There's center Kurt Burris, who'll be challenging for top honors; quarterback Gene Calame, who picked the Sooners up after the first two games last year and took them to the Orange Bowl; end Carl Allison, who has twice made Notre Dame's All-Opponent team; a unique lightweight tackle, Don Brown, and Max Boydston, whom I've picked for All-America end despite the fact that Oklahoma doesn't pass much. He's the Sooner the pros would sooner have.

There'll be no bowl for Oklahoma this year—by a conference ruling which bars its champion from playing two straight years—a fact which may be much discussed around the day the cat stomps (New Year's, remember?). Assuming that each will lose to Oklahoma, the gateway to the Orange Bowl probably will be the Colorado-Missouri game at Columbia on November 6th. As of now it looks like Miami-or-Bust for the boys from near Pikes Peak. And there's even the possibility they might go as the champion by beating Oklahoma. If they should, mark down tailback Carroll Hardy as an All-America candidate.

Missouri? It couldn't happen to a more deserving gentleman than Don Faurot, the inventor of the split-T, who annually performs coaching miracles, and who this year has some material you can even see. But if he should beat Colorado—games with Oklahoma and Maryland (a TV game on Thanksgiving) follow. A bad beating by either, but particularly by Maryland, the probable Orange Bowl foe, would be embarrassing to all concerned—including Bud Wilkinson and Jim Tatum, who learned their split-T from Papa Don. Kansas State, improving fast, might have a say in the holiday plans. Chuck Mather, who jumped from Ohio high-school ranks (Massillon) to the Kansas U. coaching chore, will tickle the alumni if he even wins four; but just give Chuck time. Vince DiFrancesca has undertaken a similar construction job at Iowa State.

A trip to Honolulu to play Hawaii at the end of the season may be just the thing to make Nebraska's Cornhuskers forget a winter of discontent. "Ole Whit" (dignified name J. B. Whitworth) still moves along nicely at Oklahoma A&M, where Fred Meyers, who once played quarterback for Army as a freshman, is expected to round out a fine backfield. Tulsa is soph-happy, and has five regulars returning, too. Wally Fromhart succeeds Dutch Clark at Detroit, for which you can tab a better future. Jack Mitchell might have a spoiler at Wichita. Carl Snavely should have another winning season at Washington U. of St. Louis. Drake will play freshmen to relieve a man-power shortage.

ROCKY MOUNTAINS

They were hot and bothered in the Rockies last June, a time you'd expect folks in the altitudes to be cool. A representative of one school reported "mutual mistrust, rule violation charges and other discord" threatening to break up the Skyline Conference. Meanwhile, the loop's football is expected to be the best since the war.

Wyoming's heterogeneous Cowboys include dudes from Dixie, a fireplug back from Brooklyn, Joe Mastrogiovanni, and a backfield diamond in the rough—very rough—Joe O'Brien from Briarcliff Manor, New York. Everybody concedes the title to this "transplanted Tennessee"—everybody, that is, but Utah, which sees itself sophomore-strong. Confidence leaps from crag to crag as Utah State, Denver, Montana and New Mexico view happiness ahead. New Mexico will still have Larry White, a great unsung center. Brigham Young and Colorado A&M modestly report mild progress; but the smaller schools must all have been out prospecting. No news.

PACIFIC COAST

The Coast has taken de-emphasis rather seriously in the last decade, which some people say is what has been wrong with its football. Next—spring practice will be eliminated after 1955. One observer says recruiting already has been stepped up to ensure getting better-developed athletes. (It is because of such maneuvers that athletic departments consider so much of the de-emphasis program "impractical.")

UCLA returns a strong line, led by guard Jim Salsbury and tackle Jack Ellena; and although no star replacement is slated for Paul Cameron, talented men are available and the Bruin passing may be even better. The Maryland battle should be an old-fashioned banging of crunching lines and battering backs. Since UCLA cannot return to the Rose Bowl, the representative probably will come from California, Oregon or Southern Cal. The Bears will be favored, even though touted sophomore passer Ronnie Knox made a summer switch to UCLA, where he will sit out a season. Pappy Waldorf still has quarterback Paul Larson, who led the nation in total offense last year; and an adequate replacement in Sam Williams. The Bears open with Oklahoma and travel to Ohio State two weeks later—games which may make or break them.

Oregon, low-scoring but stoutly defensive, returns most of its first 25, with the big back being versatile George Shaw, a swami with the swine-skin who established a pass-interception record as a freshman and has since done all backfield chores in high-grade fashion. The Ducks would be hurt by injuries to key men like Shaw, center Ron Pheister or guard Jack Patera; but there are no intersectional behemoths to encounter. The Trojans have their usual ample man power, with a strong tailback in Aramis Dandoy and a replacement for him—Jon Arnett—who "might be the Caroline of '54" and is rated as a cinch All-American later.

Stanford is not supposed to have much; but last year at this time nobody was saying much about passer Bob Garrett, either, and he went on to be a standout and the pros' number one pick. Washington will have fine backs but will be shy on line experience. Washington State has another schedule arranged by See America First. College of the Pacific will be led by a very good quarterback, Bill Jacobs; and Notre Dame would find it easy to fill its fullback gap if it had Joe Ulm of San Jose.

The Coast is loaded with soph hotshots, any of whom might turn the sectional season upside over. Washington's Bob Cox is a puissant passer. Oregon will be aided by backs Jasper McGee and Tom Crabtree. Bob Miller, a big triple-threat, is the key to Washington State.

THE STANDOUTS

Now let's peek behind the scenes for some why, wherefore and what happened. For example, you have to be practical rather than realistic in this part of the football business, too. So my selections are not necessarily always either the men or the teams I think best. My job is merely to guess how the experts are going to guess at the season's end.

My Back of the Year is a fairly simple choice. Ralph Guglielmi has been boss man of the Irish since his freshman season. The poised job he did in the Iowa game, when he engineered pressure touchdowns at the end of each half, was forgotten in the clamor over faked injuries. Alan (the Horse) Ameche will also be starting his fourth terrific year; and J. C. Caroline is a must. But that fourth backfield pick—Shaw over Larson, Moegle and Calame—was a real toughie. I'd be very happy to settle for just what I got last year—the first three backs on the nose and in order: Lattner, Giel and Cameron.

Placing the face of the Lineman of the Year has always been a puzzler. Last year I missed J. D. Roberts of Oklahoma, though I did have him on my first All-America eleven. Larry Morris, my third choice, finished second. So this year I'm picking Morris on top, followed by Calvin Jones of Iowa and Sid Fournet of LSU. I don't know how they'll finish, but I do know they are three terrific football players.

Coach of the Year shouldn't be too tough. The coaches have never yet named the same man twice but laudably tend to pass it around to some deserving fellow who may never have another chance. I've already told you why I'm chancing with John Vaught of Mississippi.

My Unsung Heroes are chosen to represent all those players and coaches who keep the show going but are never called out to take a bow. My Unsung Coach is Don Faurot and, again, I've already told you why.

Now, if you'll pardon me, I have to rush up the street and pose as a radio expert for ABC on Friday and Saturday nights during the coming season. I'll be doing pregame predictions and post-game alibis, including a weekly checkup on these Preview selections. Just save this copy of Collier's and sit by your radio. Should be fun—for everybody but me. Bless you all, especially my fine helpers, and have a good fall. ▲▲▲

47
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Lineman of the Year

Film strip of Larry Morris, Georgia Tech's 200-pound captain and center, in action last year, shows why he's rated a tremendous line-backer. Here, Morris (No. 47, light jersey) battled past two blockers to recover an Auburn fumble ▶

I Do as I Please

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

outside." I started walking toward the door, taking my shirt off.

It was raining outside, a thin rain with a lot of lightning and thunder. I walked on around to the parking lot and turned to face him in the gloom, wishing it weren't necessary, wishing he'd talked to me instead of delivering ultimatums that brought my own stiff-necked and no doubt foolish pride into it. Too late now for words, I thought.

"This time it's gonna be different, Mike," he said.

I guess it was a little different, but not much. He was bigger and stronger than last time, and more experienced, but he still did his fighting country style: wide open and spraddle-legged, throwing roundhouse haymakers he had to reach behind him to get, and hissing uppercuts that started at his shoelaces. I left-jabbed and stayed away from his wildly flailing fists and sometimes I hooked with my right. I tried to take his punches on my arms and shoulders and concentrate on his face with my own, but sometimes he got through my defense, and sometimes I slipped momentarily on the wet concrete and took punches I would ordinarily have ducked.

But the slick footing worked both ways, and Eddie slipped and went off balance just as I caught him solidly alongside the jaw with a hard right. He went down and his head cracked against the paving. He wasn't knocked out, but he was through for the night. He started to get up, groggily shaking his head; then he tried to stand up, groaned, and fell back down again, squinting up at me in the flashes of lightning. His face was puffy and bruised and his nose was bleeding.

I STOOD there in the rain, breathing hard, and then suddenly my stomach knotted up and I felt sick at heart. That's a big deal, beating up your kid brother. I'm sorry, I thought. I'm sorry, Eddie. I didn't want to fight you.

"I slipped," he panted. I thought: I know it, Eddie, I saw it. "Twisted my ankle," he said bleakly. "I guess you win again, Mike."

Nobody wins, kid, I thought. We both lose, and Emil loses too.

"You can't always be lucky, Mike. There'll be another time."

"All right, Eddie," I said glumly. "Maybe next time you'll say what you want before you make threats."

"Okay, I got sore," he said. "Six months ago, I thought maybe you and me—well, never mind that. I guess I shot my mouth off." He got gingerly to his feet, testing his ankle, wiping blood from his chin and looking at his hand. "I guess you know all about your partner, don't you?"

"What about Floyd Ross?" I said.

"Oh, nothing," he said. "I'm no gossip, but I'm glad he's not *my* partner."

"He's not mine either," I said, but Eddie had turned away and was limping across the parking lot. I picked up my shirt and went over to my car and got in it and drove home. Floyd? I wasn't going to waste any time worrying about Floyd. I just felt sick about us, about Eddie and me.

In my rented room I looked at the picture on the dresser. It was of our father, Joe Linden, but it could have been a picture of Eddie in a high stiff collar and sideburns. I turned the photograph face down; I couldn't look at it. Then I examined my face in the mirror. All I looked like was a wet hoodlum with a split eyebrow. Then I thought of our mother, Mrs. Emil Zollernback, rest her soul. I won, Mom, I thought, and I wanted to bawl like a baby.

I was only seven when our mother married the big, kindly, middle-aged infuriating Dutchman. I still remembered my real father too vividly and sadly to accept a substitute, and I didn't forgive my mother for what I considered a terrible betrayal of my dead father until she died too, when I was thirteen. Now I remembered her soft voice saying, "I'm sorry, Mikey. I thought I was doing what was best for us all. It was a mistake." And I choked up and said: "It's okay, Mom."

But it hadn't been okay, and now I was in a cheap rooming house a long way from home doctoring cuts and bruises I had got from Eddie because I never wanted any part of Emil Zollernback. But Eddie had grown up knowing no other father. Eddie *was* a Zollernback, now.

When I woke up Thursday morning, it was just another day to drive a truck. But all day, hauling gravel in the sticky heat, I grew more and more restless. And when I took the dump truck to the yard at quitting time, I asked for my pay. The boss said he was sorry I was leaving, but he knew how it was. He didn't know how it was. I didn't even know myself. I only knew that Eddie had spoiled Oklahoma City for me and I couldn't stay there any longer.

BEAUTY PARLOR
hoff

COLLIER'S "Elsie, is that you?" SYD HOFF

There was a letter for me at Zambzi's when I stopped off to tell the bartender I would write to him to let him know where to forward my mail. The letter from Floyd was no coincidence; it was long overdue, and it did not contain the check it should have contained. There was only a brief, scrawled note saying that it would be a couple of weeks before he could send me the first semiannual payment on my half interest. The letter was a trifle vague, mealy-mouthed, not at all like my long-time friend, and then I remembered Eddie's broad hint that all was not well with Floyd. It began preying on my mind: Did Emil's trouble and Eddie's mission have anything to do with Floyd?

Feeling aggravated, I went to my room and began stuffing my gear into my foot locker and loading everything into my car. I knew where I was going. I was going to Alaska; I was going to get as far from Oklahoma as I could. It was going to be a long trip, and so I decided to sleep a few hours and then start out while there was no traffic on the highways. I stretched out on the bed and tried to feel good about Alaska, but I kept wondering what was going on over around Squaw Valley, over by the new lake.

IT WAS a little after midnight when I left my room and headed east out of Oklahoma City, knowing I wouldn't be back. I was going to Alaska, land of adventure, and east wasn't the right direction, of course, but Squaw Valley wasn't much out of the way and I needed to satisfy my nagging curiosity. I needed to find out what in the hell was the matter over there. I needed the money Floyd owed me. And my conscience told me the least I could do was go by and say hello to Emil Zollernback. He'd always tried, in his clumsy, blunt way, to be decent to me. The least I could do was give him one day out of all the rest of my life. But no matter what his problems were, they didn't concern me.

East of Seminole I hit rain that slowed me considerably. July rain was good for the corn, but it cut my speed so that it was gray dawn when I came to the sign beyond Cherokee Springs that informed me the old road across the valley to my home town—now only a ghost town—was closed permanently. I could either go north and cross through Arrowhead, or south, by way of the new dam. I turned south and got to the dam an hour after daybreak.

The road to Arkansas went across the top of the high concrete wall and the government had thoughtfully provided parking space at the west end so us tourists could stop and admire the splendid new reservoir, a part of the flood-control project. It was a pretty awesome sight. Wind swept the surface far below me, wrinkling the water like crumpled tinfoil, and the lake stretched off into the blue mist so far I couldn't see the other shore. Squaw River had been stopped in its tracks; it was flooding up over its banks and across the valley floor. My birthplace, abandoned to the lake, might already be covered by that cold emerald water, and I got a sudden panicky feeling about it. Maybe I had come too late. Staring down at the water, I wanted urgently to see it just once more: the yard where I had played, the house where Mom and Dad and Eddie and I had lived until my father was killed in a sawmill accident—before Emil Zollernback came into my life, an awkward, inarticulate intruder.

I drove on across the dam and turned north, past a sign that read: *NEW SQUAW VALLEY 13 MI.* Three miles south of the new town I should have turned left, toward the lake, to go to the ranch. I kept going straight ahead. I knew I was going to have to go into town sooner or later to see Floyd, and suddenly I had realized how ridiculous and adolescent it was to be afraid of facing Myra after three long years. The best way, maybe the only way, to get Mrs. George Hanley completely out of my system was to see her again. I had built her up in my mind in Korea, imbued her with physical attributes she couldn't possibly have. She was just a girl, a blonde—and married.

THE town was built on a treeless meadow that had once been part of old Sam Hanley's farm; a dozen raw new business buildings bordered an east-west street of gravel, almost but not quite commanding a view of the valley; a handful of houses, mostly frame ones moved up from the old town, and two or three new small ones were scattered haphazardly about. It was a squalid, self-conscious, gloomy, unconfident kind of town that in no way resembled its predecessor. Old Squaw Valley had been a friendly, drowsy village of seasoned buildings and huge trees and comfortably shabby homes.

Turning onto the main street, the first building on the left was the *New Squaw Valley General Store, Sam Hanley, Prop.*—and George Hanley, nonexpendable clerk, I thought. When the Army had sent me the notice that they were holding an Old Grad reunion in Korea, I had been somewhat bitter about it; I had thought: Let the virgin cannon fodder fight this one; guys like Eddie, who likes violence, and like George Hanley, who doesn't. But Eddie had a football knee, a calcium deposit or something, and George had a conveniently ill father—he had to stay home and watch the store. But he didn't have to stay home at night. At night he was busy stealing my girl. Now the sight of the building George worked in was like a kick in the ribs. It was a square box of gray concrete, unpainted, with a tin-roofed porch across the front, and gas pumps, and a tin-roofed shed at the back. I stopped

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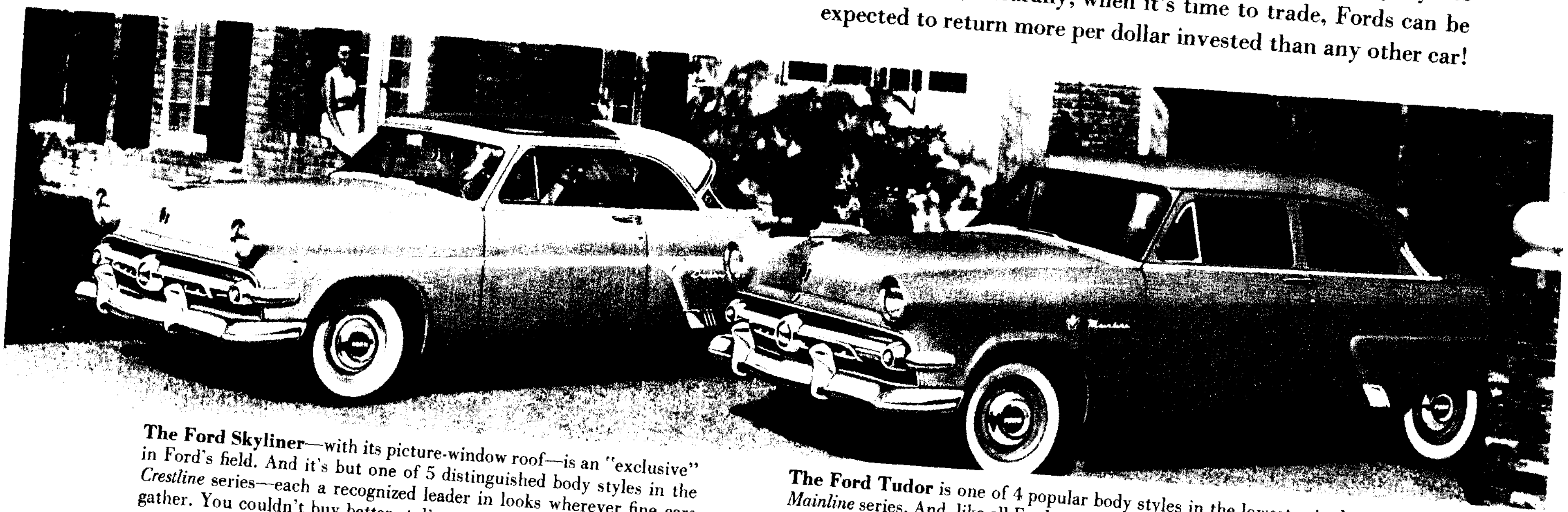

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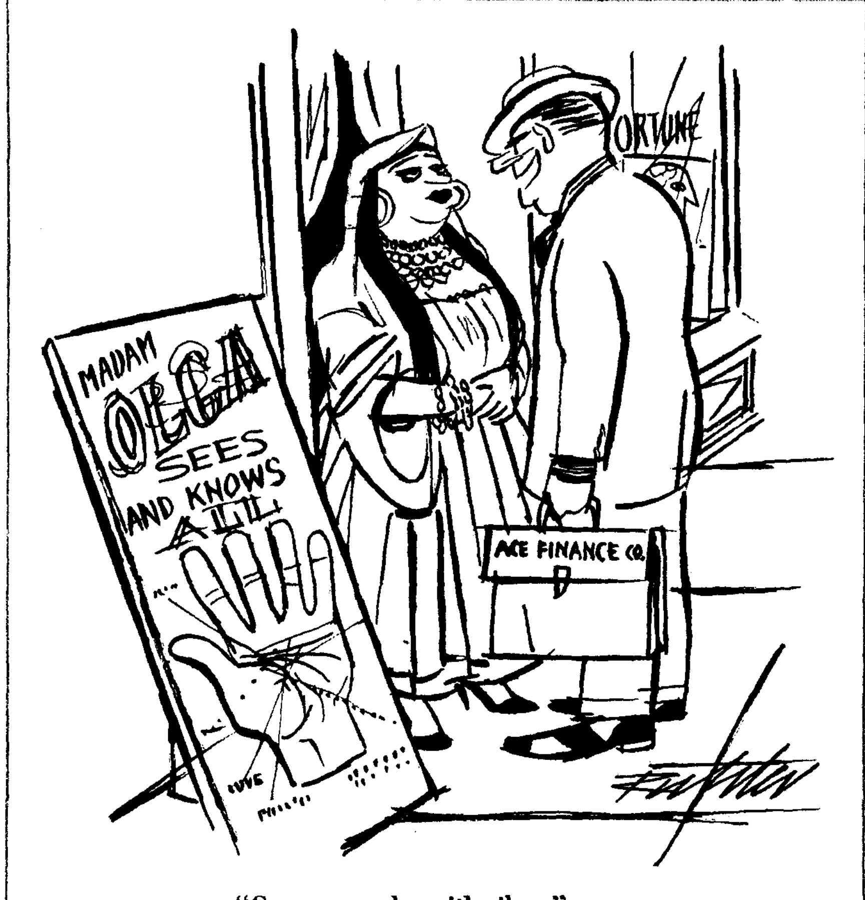
MADAM OLGA SEES AND KNOWS ALL
ORTUNE
ACE FINANCE CO.
LOVE

COLLIER'S **"Cross my palm with silver"** MISCHA RICHTER

there by the pumps, shivering a little.

It wasn't seven o'clock yet and the street was deserted except for a prowling dog. It was a gaunt and gloomy Friday with the rain blurring and smudging the landscape. I got out of the car and stood on the store's porch looking at the dreary town and listening to the rain thrumming forlornly on the tin roof over my head. I felt tense and resentful, and I kept fighting an impulse to get back in the car and go away from there fast. I had to stay. I had to have some gas, didn't I?

AND then a muddy sedan came rattling down the main street and stopped in front of a building with a neon beer sign in its window. A tall man in a slicker got out of the car and unlocked the front door and went inside. Somebody might want beer for breakfast, I thought. A day like this, a man might want to start drinking early.

Restless, I walked back to the end of the street and stood looking out over the weed-grown lots at the schoolhouse, sitting at the edge of the blackjack woods. I turned then and looked at Floyd's store across the street; it was made of concrete blocks like the rest, with a tin shed at the side. Two doors farther down was the beer joint. I cut across the street and went in there.

My crepe-soled loafers made wet sounds on the concrete floor, but the gaunt, lank-haired man behind the bar was so absorbed in taking bottles from a case and putting them into a cooler that he didn't hear me. I leaned on the bar and looked at the place. Except for a lot of stuffed birds and animals, and an ornate jukebox, there wasn't much decoration. The place wasn't very homey; it wasn't jolly.

I cleared my throat—and the man crouched and whirled, looking startled and dangerous.

"What's the idea?" he said. "Sneakin' up on a man like that?"

"I didn't mean to startle you, buddy," I said. He looked vaguely familiar. He had small, fierce dark eyes set too close to a big, crooked nose, and bushy, jutting brows and a sallow face.

"Don't never sneak up on me again," he said. "Don't never come pussyfootin' around like that again, mister."

"Okay, I'll watch it," I said, and ordered a beer. I couldn't place him.

He gave me the bottle but no glass, and he leaned on the bar watching me.

"Now," he said, "I like to know who people is in this town. I'm Goober Yarboe, this here is my bar, and I'm the law in this town—deputy sheriff. Who're you?"

"Mike Linden," I said. I knew him now, and knowing him gave me a strange chill. "Joe Linden was my father," I said. "I was just a kid when you left the valley."

He sucked his teeth and stared at me. "When I got sent to the pen, you mean. Ain't that what you mean?" And then he said: "Ain't you kin to Eddie Zollernback?"

"We're brothers," I said. "His name is Eddie Linden."

His face got uglier then. "He's one of them smart alecks," he said. "Thinks he's tough. He ain't tough." I remembered our fight, but I didn't say anything. "You ain't been around since I come back here, Linden. How come you're here now?"

"I have been in the Army," I said.

He gnawed on a toothpick and watched me intently, and then he said: "Hell, you're here on account of the cattle stealin'. You don't have to act shut-mouth with me, Linden. I'm the law, I'm workin' on the case. Took a prowl down there last night in fact—that's why I'm jumpy this morning. No sleep. That's how it is when you're the law."

The thought of him being the law jarred me. He wasn't exactly the type, somehow. I finished my beer and put the bottle down, and he studied my face and said: "Looks like you was in a little fracas, maybe."

"Well, you know how it is when you have a couple drinks," I said.

He nodded very solemnly. "Man shouldn't let drink get a hold on him," he said piously. "Some men can't handle it. You aim to stay sober while you are here?" It sounded like a warning.

"I'll try, Goober," I said. "If you think I should."

"If you're like your brother, I'd say you ought to stay sober," he said.

I went out then, taking with me a nagging sense of alarm: an ex-con practically running the town, or at least wielding a lot of authority. I couldn't believe Goober had been rehabilitated sufficiently to hold such a responsible office. I wondered what Goober had against Eddie. And then I wondered if Goober was connected with Eddie's urgent demand that I come home. It seemed like I ought to be able to add all this up and get something.

I WENT back to the Hanleys' store and got under the tin roof again. I was on my third cigarette when a panel truck came rattling into town and stopped at the side of the store. A man wearing dirty coveralls and a baseball cap got out and opened the truck doors and began tossing big catfish onto the wooden ice dock. He wore a hunting knife on a web belt around his chunky middle. He was George Hanley. He *needed* a knife, to stab backs with.

Leaning against one of the porch posts, I watched him, wanting to hit him until I was too exhausted to hit him any more. But at the same time I realized he wasn't entirely to blame. He'd had an accomplice: Myra had helped him do it.

He had glanced at me when he got out of the truck, and now, having closed the truck doors, he turned and came onto the porch and gave me another flicking, disinterested glance. And this time I registered. He froze in his tracks, staring.

"Big old hairy surprise, isn't it, George?" I said.

"Yeah," he said, hooking a thumb in his belt, near the knife, his face wary. "Long time no see," he said lamely.

I grinned, but it was work. He was only twenty-four, but he had a good start toward getting as fat as his old toad of a father. You could call George handsome—but I was prejudiced. Even if he hadn't needed a shave, even if his eyes hadn't been red and hostile and worried and evasive, I wouldn't have considered George good-looking. I found him unattractive.

"You look tired or something, George," I said.

"Fishin' all night," he said. "You don't look so hot either."

"I'm a little hot, George," I said. "Why are you so nervous?"

"Nervous?" he said. "Why should I be nervous, Mike?"

He could have thought of a reason or two. I watched him, remembering that under the baseball cap he had a lot of curly black hair the girls used to go nuts over. Maybe it was the curly hair that got Myra, I thought bitterly. But the honeymoon must be over if the bridegroom could spend his nights fishing.

"Where'd you catch the catfish, George?" I said, stalling, waiting to see what I intended to do about him. He said he got them from the new lake. I said: "I didn't think it was open for fishing yet." He said only for commercial fishing, they wanted to clean out a lot of the rough fish so the bass and crappie fishing would be better. He said he had a commercial license.

It was like him to fish for money instead of pleasure. I said: "You fish nights, is that it?"

He frowned. "Yeah. Why?"

I grinned. "That's what I mean. Why nights?"

He watched me intently. "Have to work in the store days."

It was logical. He started to go back to his fish, and I said: "I need some gas, George. Regular. Where you living, George?"

He turned reluctantly toward the gas pumps and said: "In back."

"In back of the store, you mean?" I asked. He nodded, beginning to unscrew the cap from my gas tank, and I thought: She was back there all the time I've been out here! "George," I said, "would Myra be up yet?"

He looked over his shoulder at me and I grinned. Finally he said: "The gas pumps are unlocked. That means she's up. You want something from the store?"

"Want to say hello, George," I said. "Haven't seen Myra in a coon's age. The store open for business this early?"

"The door's unlocked," George said gruffly. "Go on in."

The screen door was unlocked, all right, even though the lights inside weren't on. I looked over my shoulder and caught a savage, worried expression on George's face. "Check my oil, George," I said. "And the tires too, if you don't mind."

AS THE door closed behind me a bell tinkled faintly in the back of the store; I stood there in the gloom and waited, having an attack of stage fright. A sliver of light showed back there and somebody came through a doorway.

"George?" she called. "Is that you?"

"No," I said, feeling cold, wanting to escape now.

"Oh—good morning," Myra said briskly. "I thought it was my husband."

She still didn't know who I was; she came walking toward me with the gray light from the street on her face, and I ached, I began to hurt about it. She looked so lovely, so cheerful and desirable and married, that my throat ached.

"I got your letter," I said. "I thought you'd like to know."

She stopped and her face drained of color. Her big brown eyes looked almost black against the pallor. "Mike?"

"Mike Linden, right," I said. "Remember me?"

"Mike," she said weakly. "This is a—surprise."

"Mrs. George Hanley," I said. "Good morning, Mrs. Hanley."

"Don't," she said faintly. "Don't be mean. Please, Mike."

"Okay," I said. "I just wanted cigarettes."

She went behind the counter and got the cigarettes—my brand—and looked at me with a desperate, unhappy expression in her eyes. I didn't care; I wanted to hurt her.

She began biting her lips. "Mike, why did you come back?" she asked me, and I got the crazy idea that there was fear in her voice. She was fright-

Beauty and the Beasts

That women and elephants never forget
He admits, but insists on enlarging:
A commoner trait that we share, so he says,
Is the talent we both have for charging.

—MARY ALKUS

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Creamy liquid that quickly relieves surface congestion and minor soreness associated with colds. Gives more pleasant relief than greasy ointments because it penetrates deeper. Non-greasy, easier to apply and won't stain clothes. May be used in steam vaporizer. 2-ounce bottle ......**79¢**

Rexall
LOZOTHRICIN
THROAT LOZENGES

REXALL LOZOTHRICIN
Cherry-menthol flavored lozenges that soothe and help relieve coughs due to colds. Contain both aspirin and Tyrothricin. Aspirin relieves pain and eases soreness, while the antibiotic action of Tyrothricin inhibits the growth of many bacteria. 12 lozenges.........**69¢**

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Cara Nome Special Dry Skin Cleansing Cream is especially recommended for dry or thin skin. Cleanses and lubricates thoroughly but gently. Mild and safe for most sensitive skins.

Cara Nome Cleansing Cream liquefies readily, cleanses quickly and effectively. Pure, mild; tissues off easily—*no* heavy rubbing is required.

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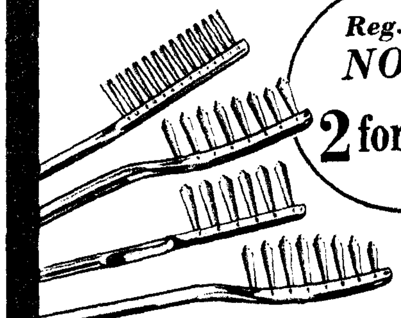

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MOUTH WASH
ANTISEPTIC-ANTIBIOTIC

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REXALL CHERROSOTE COUGH SYRUP
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REXALL ANAPAC
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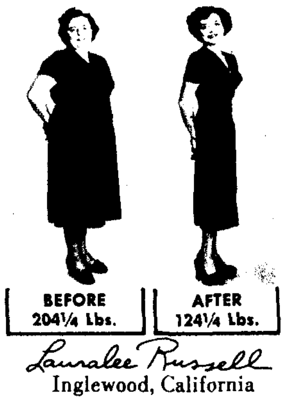

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Ann Delafield Lipsticks stay on long, yet stay creamy! 5 rich colors...**$1.25**

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ened because I was back home again.

"I needed a clean shirt," I said. "Did you think I'd stay away forever just to spare you this awful embarrassment?"

She gave me a haggard look. "Oh, Mike," she said helplessly.

That's when George came in. He had gassed and checked my car in a hurry. Glancing suspiciously from me to Myra, he said, "The gas came to a dollar eighty." He turned to Myra. "Is breakfast ready?" he demanded.

"Not yet," she said.

"Well, I'm hungry," he said. He looked at me. "You gonna be around long, Mike?" It was clear that he hoped I wasn't. So I said I might decide to settle in New Squaw Valley, and he said sulkily: "Guess I'll see you around, then."

Myra laughed sort of nervously. "If you're going to see George," she said, "you'll have to catch him in the afternoon. He fishes all night and sleeps days. George *never* gets up until after two o'clock," she went on, "and you couldn't waken him if the building was on fire. Not until *after* two o'clock."

Okay, I get it, I thought. I read you, baby. *Before* two.

"What time does Floyd open for business?" I asked, and George said sourly, "Whenever he feels like it."

"Floyd lives in the back of his store," Myra told me. "Like us. We're all poor folks here now, Mike."

George scowled. "How about that breakfast?" he said.

WHEN I got outside I noticed his catfish were still lying on the ice dock. He wasn't worried about catfish. He was worried about me.

After I had knocked on Floyd's back door for a while, he opened it. But it wasn't the Floyd I remembered. This was a thinner, sickly and very untidy Floyd, a guy in a gray undershirt and wrinkled pants, a guy with bags under his red-rimmed eyes. Recognizing me, he took a step backward, looking a little alarmed.

"Well, hey-hey," he said weakly, his eyes avoiding me. "Michael, me boy." He didn't seem happy to see me.

I pushed past him and went in out of the drizzle. The kitchen was a mess. "Where's Kate?" I asked him, and he looked apologetically at the litter of eggy plates and dirty cups and coffee grounds and cigarette butts—and empty beer cans.

"Kate?" he said. "Why, she's visiting her folks. I'm batchin'. Sure looks like it too, don't it?"

"Yeah," I said, and walked on into the next room, a bedroom-living room combination. There were more beer cans and cigarette butts everywhere. It looked like Floyd had been having a ball while his wife was out of town, but remembering Eddie's dark hints about Floyd, I suspected there was more wrong than he was admitting.

The store itself wasn't much tidier, but it wasn't as offensive as the living quarters, just dirty. I sat on a counter and watched through the front window as George Hanley belatedly dealt with his catfish. It was a glum, doleful day—and town—and it seemed to me there was some brooding undercurrent here that might tie in with Eddie and his demand that I come home. Even the prospect of sneaking back to see Myra after George flaked out for the day didn't brighten me up much.

Floyd watched me anxiously. "Mike, about the money," he said. "I'll have it for you in a few days."

"All right," I said. "Has the new lake helped business much?"

"Not yet, but it will," he said. "Everything's been a little unsettled, but it looks good for the future. When the lake reaches its full level and people start coming in. Been kinda in-between lately. Lot of our old customers kept right on goin' when they got moved out of the valley, rather than pay the prices they're askin' for unimproved land up here on the flat."

I pointed across the street. "How is *he* doing?"

"Who, George?" Floyd asked and then laughed scornfully. "Hell, he just works for wages, Mike. Don't get more than thirty a week. Old Sam is the one gettin' rich; this whole town is on his land." He laughed again, unpleasantly. "Course, now, George might hit it rich as a fisherman, while Myra earns his store wages for him."

I didn't want to think about Myra.

"Old Sam will outlive us all," Floyd went on. "By the time George inherits anything he'll be too old to enjoy the money. Sam is as tight as the skin on a green puckball. What happened to your face, Mike?"

I gave him a cold stare. "I didn't ask about yours, Floyd."

He started to laugh, but coughed instead. I looked across the street and saw that George was washing out the panel truck with a garden hose. I thought: He was supposed to be so tired and hungry.

Floyd cleared his throat. "I guess you come home on account of the so-called rustlin,' huh, Mike?"

I looked at him. "You told Eddie where to find me?"

"Yeah," he said. "Didn't figure you'd mind, and he asked me."

"What about the rustling? Eddie seemed upset."

"Aw," Floyd said, "you know Emil. Probably lost two or three calves down in the valley, drowned or snake-bit or something, and he can't sleep about it. You wouldn't know the valley now. All grown up like a jungle, and Emil's herd is scattered all over the place. I don't even see how they'd know they lost any, for it's pure certain they can't keep a tally on 'em down there."

Across the street, George went in to breakfast, and I realized I was hungry myself—but I didn't feel like eating with grimy Floyd. I got off the counter. "How long has Goober Yarboe been back here?" I asked.

"Couple years," Floyd said, yawning. But his eyes watched me and the yawn was too elaborate. "Guess he's been outa the pen four-five years now."

"Well," I said. "I'll be getting on out to the ranch." And I thought: I may stick around a couple of days, after all.

THE ranch was about three miles from town. It consisted of some eleven hundred acres spread along the slopes on the east side of the valley. There were two houses, the big main house and a small tenant house, located among oaks and elms and walnut trees on a flat shelf about a third of the way down the valley slope. The main house was two-storied with fireplaces at either end and a long screened porch facing the valley. It was a scenic location for a house and I'd always liked it, even when I most resented it.

When I drove up and parked beside the house, I sat in the car for a while, looking at the well-remembered scene, but still feeling depressed about Floyd, the party boy, and that undercurrent of tension and strain I had felt in the town. I couldn't throw off the feeling that I had walked into some kind of unpleasant situation, and that it all tied in with Eddie somehow.

Presently I got out and went around to the back door, as I had done in the old days. Knowing Eddie and the old man, I assumed they would be hard at work somewhere at this time of day, despite the rain, and I wasn't expecting to find anybody in the kitchen. All I had in mind was to fix me some breakfast, and I was thinking about bacon and eggs when I pulled the screen door open and went in.

A girl was doing her nails at the kitchen table.

"Hi," she said without looking up. She cocked her head to one side and examined the paint job, and I stood in the doorway gawking at her. Then she looked at me with a pert smile, did a double-take, and scrambled to her feet with a squeak of surprise.

"Who are you?" she wailed. "What do you want?"

"I just want some breakfast," I said, a little startled myself.

"You go away," she said shakily, "or I'll scream."

She was so small that at first glance I'd taken her for a child, fourteen at the most, but now I saw that she was a woman, trim and shapely. She had black hair and smoky gray eyes; she wasn't wearing much make-up, but she didn't need any. And she looked very frightened, her eyes big and round.

"Don't scream," I said. "I'm Mike Linden. I'm harmless."

SHE had been edging toward the inner door and now she sighed and leaned against the wall. "My goodness!" she said, and laughed. "You scared me silly. You're Mike?"

"Yes. Eddie's brother," I said. "Who are you?"

"Barbara," she said. "I'm Barbara."

I said hello and then I asked, "Where's Eddie?" She said he wasn't back from Fort Sill yet, and I said: "What's he doing at Fort Sill?" I was aware that she hadn't missed my battle wounds.

"He had to take another Army physical," she said. "He thinks he'll be reclassified. His knee is all right again, he says. He's due back today. I thought you were him, in fact."

I thought I understood Eddie's urgency now. He wanted me to come home and work the farm for him while he was soldiering. It didn't appeal to me. I said: "Is that coffee I smell?"

"Yes," Barbara said. "Do you really want breakfast? I can fix you some in a jiffy, Mike."

"I can wait that long," I said. "Where's the old man?"

"Mr. Zollernback is fixing fence, down near the barn."

According to etiquette, I supposed I ought to go say hello before eating his food. I said: "I'll go tell him howdy."

She nodded. "That'll give me plenty of time."

She was refreshing, a delightful surprise after a morning of dull and depressing shocks. "How long have you and Eddie been married?" I asked her.

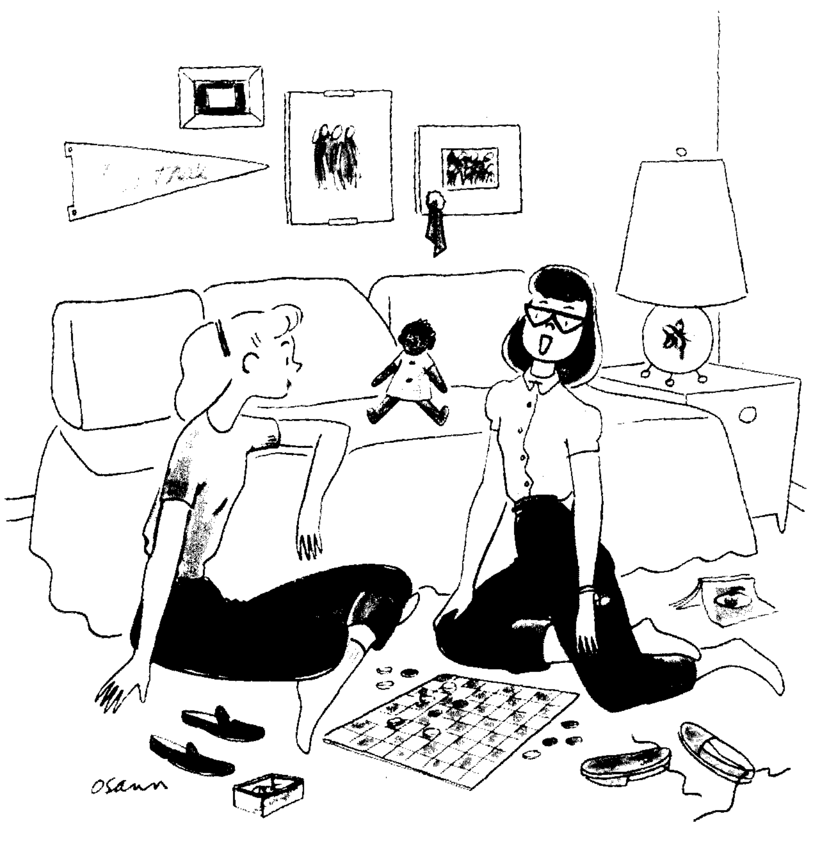
"What?" she said. "Who's married? I just work here." She stared at me curiously. "I just took it for granted they had mentioned me in their letters to you." I almost said: What letters? "I'm Barbara Heath," she said. "The hired man."

"Nobody tells me anything," I said.

"My mother and I live in the tenant house," she said gravely. "We used to live in Tulsa and I was a stenographer, but Mother was in poor health and needed better food and fresh air and stuff. So I ran an ad in the paper for housework, and Mr. Zollernback, who is a good and kind and sweet man, hired me." She stopped looking so lugubrious and grinned. "It's a far cry from hammering a typewriter. I feel like I wasted half my life, living in the city."

"You probably have a few good years left," I said. "I'll go check in

TIZZY



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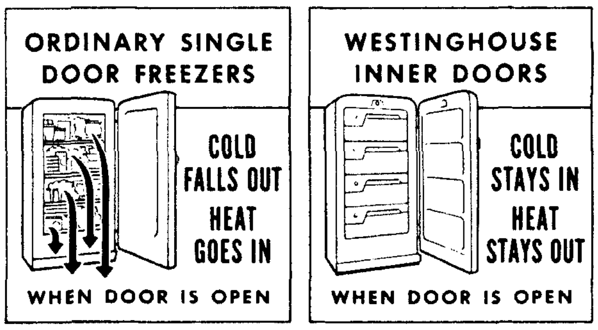
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with your boss while you do me some eggs. Okay?"

She said okay, and I went out and headed for the barn. So old Eddie was being drafted. I wondered if that could be the big reason why he wanted me at home, but thinking of what I'd seen in town, I had a hunch there was a better reason. Then I started dragging my feet, because after three years I was about to meet Emil again, and I felt very reluctant about it.

Emil Zollernback was a hard-working, careful, solemn man, very much in control of his emotions and his money; a kindly and soft-spoken man much admired and envied by his neighbors. And the idea of meeting him again gave me no joy, only a feeling of stiff awkwardness and uneasiness. And, buried underneath those surface feelings, something else that had roots deep in me: remorse, regret, a curious feeling of guilt and shame. After my first hitch in the Army, I wanted to knock down the wall between us, but I could never be the one to make the first move. I guess he couldn't either. It had been pretty much an artificial wall even then, but we kept it there, a barricade across which we fenced politely. The pattern was too set, our inability to make contact with one another a deeply grooved habit.

Eddie was on the other side of that barricade too. Very early in life he decided he had to choose between us, and it was an easy choice. But it hadn't helped matters any—it made them worse.

Emil Zollernback was nailing up loose boards on the corral fence behind the barn. He wore his usual working garb of faded overalls, gray work shirt buttoned at throat and wrists, battered cowboy boots on his feet, a tattered old straw hat on his bald head. A huge man, he was plodding and patient and he had tremendous dignity and self-respect. He had always seemed phlegmatic and aloof with everyone except Eddie. He loved Eddie.

NOW he straightened and his mouth stretched into his tobacco-stained grimace that was not so much a grin as merely an ambiguous acknowledgment of my presence. "Well, Mike," he said. His voice was high and raspy. "We've been expecting you a long time now."

"How are you, sir?" I said. There it was. Sir! Army stuff.

He rubbed his big brown hand on his overalls, cleaning it for me, and I shook the hand—and remembered my mother saying: "Shake hands with your new father, Mikey." Only now I didn't feel the wild childish hatred; I only remembered it and felt stiff and tongue-tied. I wanted to tell him now, right now, that I appreciated all he'd done for Eddie and me, tell him I was sorry I'd been a jerk for so long, tell him I was proud to have him for a stepfather. But his masking grin, his stony self-restraint defeated me—especially that idiot grin, behind which he kept his thoughts and feelings inviolate.

"You come home with Eddie?" he asked me, and I said Eddie was not home yet, I had driven my own car, and he said: "Eddie will be tickled to see you." The grin came and went. "Are you all recovered from the wound you got over there?"

"I'm fine now," I said. "Look, the girl up at the house is cooking me some breakfast. It's probably ready."

"Yes, yes, of course," he said, peering at me. "Yes. You go ahead and eat while it's hot. Well"—he took off the disreputable hat and grinned foolishly—"it's good to have you back, Mike. Been a long time."

"Good to be back," I said. "I'll see you later, sir."

Going around the barn, annoyed with myself, I remembered all the cows I'd milked, all the hay I'd helped put in the loft, all the manure I'd shoveled. I liked the smell of the barn. The work hadn't ever griped me the way it does some farm kids—and Emil had paid us regular wages during the summers, grown-up wages.

BARBARA had a platter of home-cured ham and eggs ready for me, and hot biscuits and hotter coffee. She served me and excused herself, and then I heard the sweeper going upstairs.

And a few bites later I heard a car door slam out front, and footsteps coming onto the porch and through the house. He stopped in the doorway, glowering his surprise at me, all tensed up. "What are you doing here?" Eddie asked huskily.

"You invited me," I said. "Have some coffee."

His face looked worse than mine because he had a shiner and it had reached that brilliant purple-green stage. A fine mouse, but I felt no stir of creative pride, seeing it.

Barbara came clattering down the stairs and burst into the kitchen. "Hi, Eddie," she said, acting happy to see him. "Are you hungry?" Then: "Eddie! What happened to your face?"

"Hi, Barb," he said. "Everything okay? How's Pop?"

"Don't change the subject," she said. "Did you have a wreck?"

"Yeah," he said, giving me a cold look, and I said: "How'd you make out with the Army? Pass the mental, did you?"

"I'm hired," he said. "Starting in about three weeks."

"Oh, no!" Barbara said, and he grinned fondly at her and said: "That's how it goes, monster. Fix me some chow, if you please."

He washed at the sink and then sat down at the table. "Talk to Pop yet?"

"Yeah," I said, and watched him stir sugar into his coffee. "Tell me about the rustling, Eddie."

"We're losing calves," he said. "We don't know how. Or who. We had a bad drought last year and overgrazed our pastures, and since there was all that good grass going to waste down in the valley, we turned the stock down there in March. But when the cows started calving, we couldn't brand them—and as near as I can tell, all we've lost so far have been unbranded calves, two or three months old."

"Floyd kind of thought you were upset over nothing, Eddie."

"Floyd!" he said. "How would he know? He's drunk half the time. He's lucky if he knows what day it is."

I wanted to feel my way slowly. "Why, I figured he'd been partying a little, while Kate was out of town, but I know Floyd too well—"

"She left him," Eddie said. "On account of his drinking. And his gambling too. He's turned into a crock, Mike."

"Well," I said, still feeling my way, "he did bring up a point. He said the valley is so grown up with brush he couldn't see how you could check on the scattered stock."

Eddie sighed and drank some coffee. "Look," he said. "We know which cows are supposed to have calves with them, and if we find one alone and bawling her head off, we're inclined to think the calf is gone. And if she happens to be tied to a sapling with a piece of baling wire, like has happened, then we wonder if maybe the calf tied her up and run off and left her, see?"

"Okay," I said. "But I wouldn't suspect the calf."

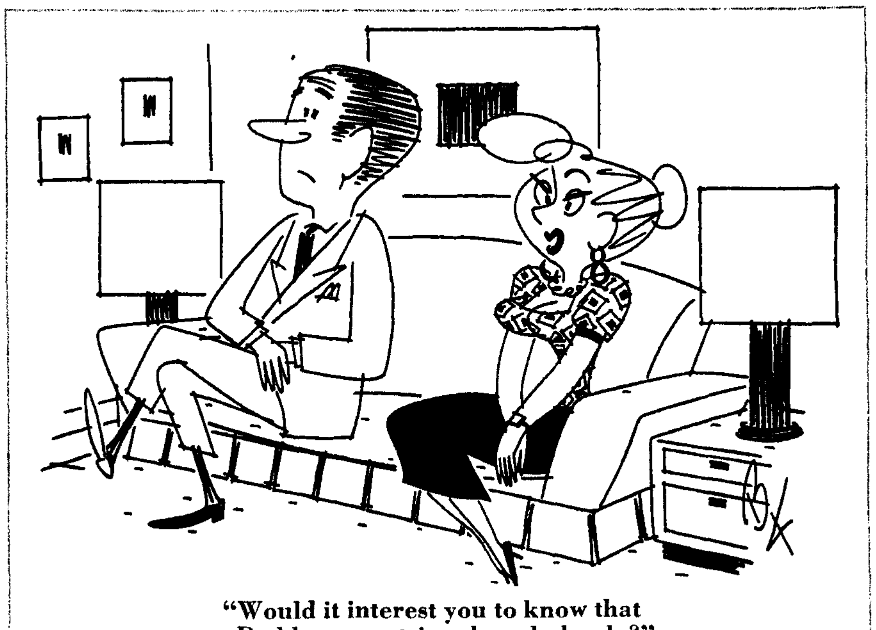
Barbara giggled, but Eddie was grim. "We don't, either," he said. "Whoever is doing it is pretty smart about it, even if they were dumb enough to leave cows tied with baling wire. We can't find any tracks or signs at all. And it's not just somebody taking a beef for meat, either. Too many unweaned calves are missing. It's got to be an organized deal—and they're only getting *our* stuff. So far, we've lost at least twenty calves."

I whistled. Twenty calves was a big loss, even with the price of beef on the hoof so low.

"They may have got more while I was gone," Eddie said. "I'll go down this evening and check around, maybe do some prowling down there tonight. You want to go along?" It was a sort of challenge.

"I'll go," I said. "Listen, what's Floyd's trouble, anyhow?"

Eddie was silent for a spell, staring at his coffee cup; then he sighed. "Mike, that's a sick town. The people have changed. I don't know what's wrong with the place, but something is wrong. You know who the leading citizen is now? Goober Yarboe. Remember Goober Yarboe?"



COLLIER'S

"Would it interest you to know that Daddy can get jewelry wholesale?"

BILL KING

I nodded. "I saw him this morning. He told me he was a deputy sheriff. Does that make Goober the leading citizen?"

"He's not a deputy," Eddie said. "He's only an honorary deputy. He hasn't got any authority—or didn't have until the sheriff lent him some. Anyway, that's just a handy kind of protection for the bootlegging and gambling he does."

Barbara put a plate of food before him and he scowled at it and began wolfing the food, still scowling. "What burns me up," he said between mouthfuls, "is the way everybody plays the rustling down. Take the sheriff—he figures bobcats and wolves are getting the calves, or else they die of natural causes somewhere. Since the old roads down through the valley are closed and he has to go around by the dam or through Arrowhead, he can't be bothered coming all the way over here. When we've made complaints, he's sent a deputy to talk and putter around down there for an hour and then go back. Now he's put Goober on the case. Isn't that great?"

"Maybe you got Goober wrong," I said, kidding Eddie. "All he ever did was kill a man. Incidentally, I got the impression he doesn't care much for you, Eddie. What happened?"

"We're rivals," he said, grinning a little, looking at Barbara. "We both got a crush on the monster."

"Oh, not that again," Barbara said. "Mike, one time at a square dance Goober was drunk and I wouldn't dance with him, and Eddie knocked him down. I was with another boy, but ever since then Eddie kids me about that awful Goober."

Eddie said, serious again, "Well, the point is, Goober is working on the case. So I figure if anything is done to stop the rustling before we lose all our calves, it's up to *us* to do it. But they work it so damn' slick! No clues, no tire marks or tracks, nothing. It's so wild down there now that you could be working right out in broad daylight, carrying the calves across their saddles. Or they may be using trucks or even airplanes, for all we know. Pop and me, we figured since they only take unbranded calves, it could be some neighbor, throwing them in with his herd. We'd never be able to identify them."

"Why don't we round up the herd and bring it back home?" I asked.

"When we turned them loose there," Eddie said glumly, "we knew we wouldn't be able to drive them home until autumn. We figured the lake would push the herd closer to home as it filled up. Until that happens, it would be impossible to round them all up and drive them home." He shook his head and slapped the table and said: "We got to catch the thieves at work, that is all."

WHEN Eddie finished eating and we got up from the table, Barbara turned from the sink and looked at his eye, sort of amused. "I bet that you were messing with somebody's girl, Eddie," she said.

"Go away, monster," Eddie told her. "Get lost."

"I can take a hint," she said haughtily, and wrinkled her nose at me and marched out of the kitchen, whistling cheerfully.

I said to Eddie, "Don't you even suspect anybody?"

"Hell, it's getting so I suspect everybody. Except Barbara, and I'm not even sure about her any more."

"She looks innocent enough," I said, and his manner underwent an abrupt change. "She is," he said. "And don't you forget it, see?"

"You're always trying to intimidate me," I said.

After a while he said: "There's one clue on the rustling: I figure one guy connected with it knows the valley as well as or better than we do." He left the thought hanging in the air.

I couldn't do anything with it, and then I said, "How long has Barbara been with you?"

"A year," he said, and went to the screen door and began twanging the spring like a kid. Then he looked back at me and said, "Get it straight about her. She's family, so far as Pop and I are concerned. No passes, Mike."

"What's the or-else part, Eddie?"

"Or else she'd probably wrap a chair around your head," he said, and went out and let the door slap shut. Over his shoulder he added: "If she didn't, I would."

I SHRUGGED and went out to my car and got my suitcase and went up to my old room. It was just as I'd left it, only tidier. I unpacked the bag and went downstairs again. Barbara was in the kitchen and I grinned at her, and she crooked a finger at me. So I stopped.

"Why didn't you come home sooner, Mike?"

"I didn't know *you'd* be here."

"Maybe it was because your girl friend ditched you and you didn't want to come back because she was still here, huh?"

"What are you talking about?" I asked, feigning bewilderment.

"People love to gossip," she said. "We've all been awfully anxious for you to put in an appearance. We hoped something very dramatic would happen. Are the sparks going to fly, Mike?"

"Naw," I said. "We're good friends, the three of us."

"I'll bet," she said. "Mike, what happened to your face?" She nodded at the adhesive tape over my eye.

"My razor slipped," I said. A truck motor started down by the barn and I edged toward the door. "See you later," I said.

"You and Eddie had a fight, didn't you?" she said. "Kind of funny, both of you being all battered up."

"Not funny, exactly," I said. "Amusing, maybe, but not funny."

"You did that to Eddie," she accused, and I sighed and said: "Okay. But he did do this to me, too, don't forget."

"I don't like you," she said.

"You'll get over it," I said, and went down to the barn. Well, I thought philosophically, a woman *should* resent somebody putting a mouse on her man like that.

The man with the shiner had already loaded three cows into the truck when I arrived. He said they were three of the most recent mamas that had lost calves, very young calves, and he was going to take them to the sale barn at Rockville, about fourteen miles northeast of New Squaw Valley. There was a livestock auction up there every Saturday.

"They won't bring much," I said. "And it wouldn't cost anything to pasture them until fall. Maybe the price will be up by then—or they might be in the family way again by then."

Mr. Zollernback had come up in time to hear my theory, and he tugged at his left ear and said well, he kind of agreed with me.

Eddie grinned. "You guys are dull

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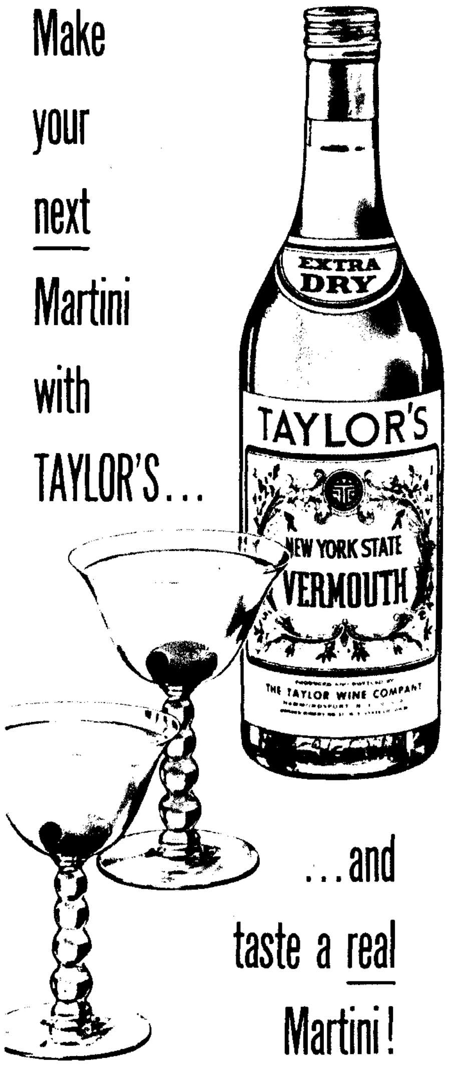

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this morning. Look at it this way. These were very young calves, and I doubt if the thief will sell them for vealers. So he's stuck with three calves he'll have to supply with milk. Nobody likes to bucket-feed calves. So what's his best bet, in a case like this?"

"Put them on a fresh cow," the old man said. "Tie her up and make her adopt the little critters, whether she likes it or not."

"Give the man a cigar," Eddie said. "So maybe the guy might be in the market for two or three fresh cows for wet nurses. Get it?"

"By golly, it might work at that," the old man said.

"Unless the guy is too smart to buy Zollernback cows," I said.

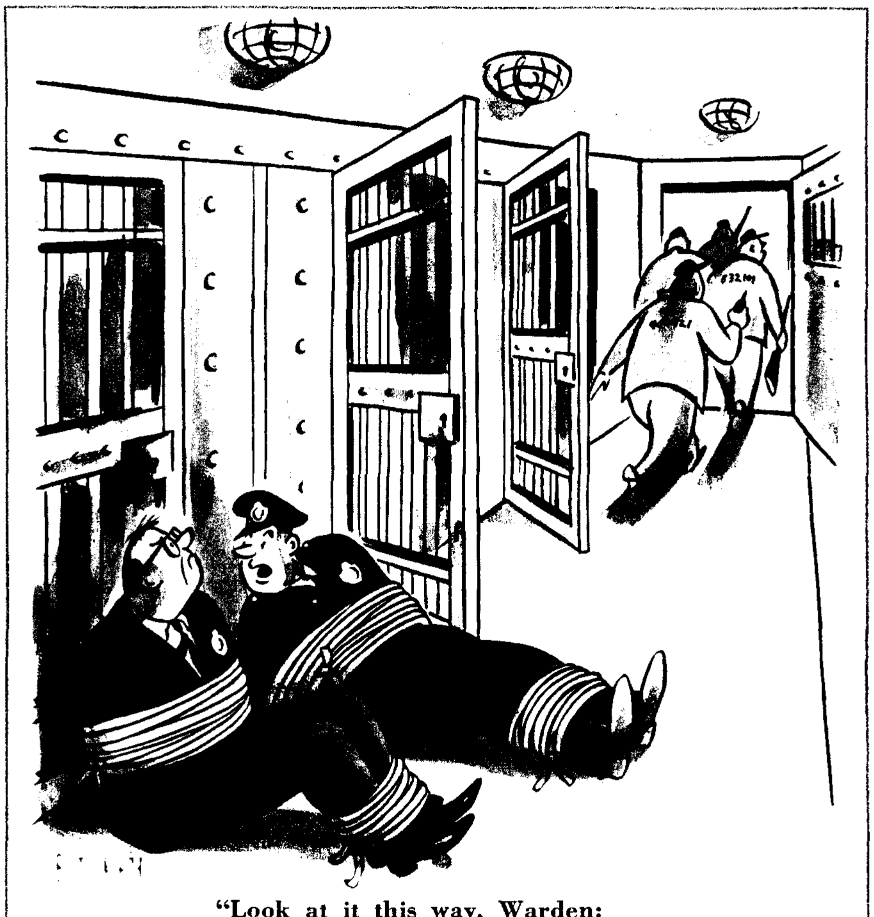
Eddie climbed into the truck. "Anyhow, it's worth a try. I'll stop in town and have a beer, and get a haircut, and kind of mention offhand about all this grade-B milk going to waste." He leaned out the truck window. "Say, Pop, did you get that salt to put out down in the valley?"

"Plumb slipped my mind," Emil Zollernback said guiltily.

Opportunity had knocked. Not that I needed an excuse for going to town, but it might come in handy. "I'll get the salt," I said. "I was going to town anyway."

Eddie nodded. "Take the jeep. Better get a dozen blocks—and ask Barbara if she needs anything from in town."

Barbara came to the kitchen door and said to wait a minute while she made a list. She was very distant when she handed it to me. I didn't care. I was feeling excited about seeing Myra again, without George auditing the conversation.



COLLIER'S "Look at it this way, Warden: we're rid of the troublemakers" BARNEY TOBEY

THE town was livelier at nine thirty than it had been at seven. Four or five cars were parked on the main street and a few women and kids and dogs were around. I parked the jeep in front of the store and went in—and had that stage fright again.

Myra was waiting on an old man, but I interrupted and said, "I need some block salt. Do you have any?"

She nodded and gestured toward a partition in the rear. "We keep it back in the feed room," she said. "I'll be with you in a minute." She spoke without tone or expression.

"I'll drive on around to the loading dock," I said and went on out. She didn't keep me waiting long. I sat in the jeep and lighted a cigarette, and the sliding door opened. I threw the cigarette away and went across the splintery planks and into the dusty-smelling room, with its sacks of feed piled around the walls and a pyramid of block salt in the center. It was a secluded spot, and my blood began to race a little. We were alone, Myra and me. She felt it too. She caught her breath when I looked at her.

"Mike," she said abruptly. "I've got to talk to you." I said go ahead, and she glanced over her shoulder and shivered and said. "Not here. Tonight. Will you meet me somewhere tonight, Mike?"

"All right," I said. "Where and when?"

"Let me think." She indicated the piled salt. "Which kind did you want, Mike? You did really *want* salt, didn't you?"

I nodded. It came in three lovely pastel shades: white, yellow and bruised pink. "The yellow, I guess," I told her, feeling callow and young. I started carrying the blocks of salt outside, and on the fourth trip she stopped me, acting agitated.

"The schoolhouse," she said breathlessly. "Nine o'clock?"

I picked up another block of salt. She was trembling and her eyes were a little glassy. "Mike," she said. "Do you hate me?"

"No," I said. "I guess I don't, Myra. I couldn't."

My glance slid past her strained face then. George was standing in the doorway to the store. I wondered how long he'd been there. He came stalking into the feed room, scowling. He had on a tight pair of khaki pants, and some moccasins and a cotton undershirt with a hole in it, and his body was a sickly white, and pudgy, and his face was the color of the bruised-pink salt.

"Okay," he said nastily. "Break it up, you two. Myra, go wait on customers."

She made a kind of helpless gesture and said: "George, don't be silly. We weren't—this isn't—" She sighed. "George, he just came after some salt."

"I know what he came after," George said viciously. "You dirty, sneaking little—"

I dropped the salt and covered the six feet between us in two steps, and I hit him just above the buckle of his belt, and he didn't finish the sentence. He said *Ooof!* and doubled over, hugging himself; Myra ran toward the inner door and stopped, her face white and terrified. It wasn't a nice situation. You read about it, but it doesn't happen to you. Except that it *was* happening to us. I didn't want Myra to be in on it, and I remembered the grocery list in my pocket. I shoved it at her and she took it as if she feared it was incriminating evidence or something.

"Grocery list," I said. "Fill it for me, please."

She looked worriedly at George, and he said furiously, "Go on, get out!" He was leaning against a pile of sacked feed; his face was a blotchy, greenish color and he was having trouble with his breathing. With a very small part of my mind I felt pity for him, a man humiliated in front of his wife, a man who couldn't sleep for his jealous suspicions, and who would stoop to spying on his wife—and who had nearly discovered that his suspicions were not without justification. When he stole her from me, he hadn't won a complete victory, obviously.

"Get out," he said. "Get out of here, Mike."

"Sure, after I get my salt," I said. "Help me load it, George."

HE HESITATED, but he got up and started carrying salt, loading it into the jeep. When it added up to twelve blocks we went back inside, and I helped him slide the door shut and turned to go on into the front of the store. I heard voices out there, and I knew them: Floyd and Goober. They were asking Myra if George was up. I guess George heard them too.

In closing the door, I had noticed that they used a long bolt in the latch, and that's what George threw at the back of my head. But some prickly, cold sensation at the nape of my neck alerted me; maybe it was the fact that he hadn't clicked the bolt into place. Anyhow I turned my head and saw his arm go up, and I threw myself sideways against the stacked feed as the bolt whistled past my ear and banged against the partition. Then I saw the quick panic in George's eyes as I drove into him. And I felt the consuming, murderous rage drive everything out of my mind as I began hammering my fists at him—too blind angry to be skillful, too enraged by his cowardly action to stand off and cut him down the way I would have wanted to. My knuckles slammed into his skull and his arms and flabby chest and belly, wildly but solidly.

Then something went wrong, something sharp and sudden and numbing went wrong, and I was falling, with the sick knowledge that someone had hit me from behind. Floyd? Goober?

—WILLIAM R. SCOTT

(This is the first of three parts)

TO DATE OIL HAS PAID OVER $300 MILLION TO OSAGE TRIBE

IO ONE KNOWS how much geological research lies behind poker-faced oilman's bid. His rivals wonder ›ut must win bid and drill a well to find answer.

IL COMPANY team makes its bid. Map shows hat lease being offered is considered highly promising y this company's geologists.

OO HIGH! Veteran oilman signals that bidding on tract has gone beyond his limit. Rival oilman now vins the bid. Yet he may never find oil on this lease.

OMPETITION at the auction is intense. Note that ront rows in tribal auditorium stay empty because very oilman tries to keep eye on rival bidders.

SAGE TRIBAL COUNCIL must approve sale. il has been good to the Osages—since 1900, leases and yalties have paid tribe over 300 million dollars.

COLONEL HOMER SAVAGE, who sounds like an old-style tobacco auctioneer, has run the quarterly Osage auctions for years. He's seen intense bidding for a section that never produced oil and he's seen oil found on leases almost ignored in the bidding. But no matter how remote the outlook, there's always at least one oilman willing to take the risk.

Oilmen Compete For Drilling Rights At Osage Indian Auction

Oilmen from all over America recently met in Pawhuska, Okla. to bid against each other in open auction for nothing but *the right to drill for oil* on lands belonging to the Osage tribe.

Competition was keen. The bidding was fast. The flick of a finger or the nod of a head could win or lose a lease costing 30 or 40 thousand dollars. But in spite of these casual signs, the bidders were in dead earnest: When bids on a certain lease run high, you know competing oilmen have already spent time and money exploring its possibilities.

But bidding for oil leases is only the start. The real big costs and risks occur when the oilman actually begins to drill on his lease. Only then will he find out whether he has an oil-producing well or whether he's one more oilman who's lost his entire stake in another dry hole.

In the search for oil there are far more failures than successes! Yet every day America's oilmen willingly risk huge sums of money on the possibility that oil will be found under any given piece of land. And the competition in this search is so keen that if one company won't take a chance on a promising area, a rival company surely will.

This is how our free enterprise system works in your favor—for as long as oilmen continue to take chances like this, you and your family are assured of ample oil supplies for the future.

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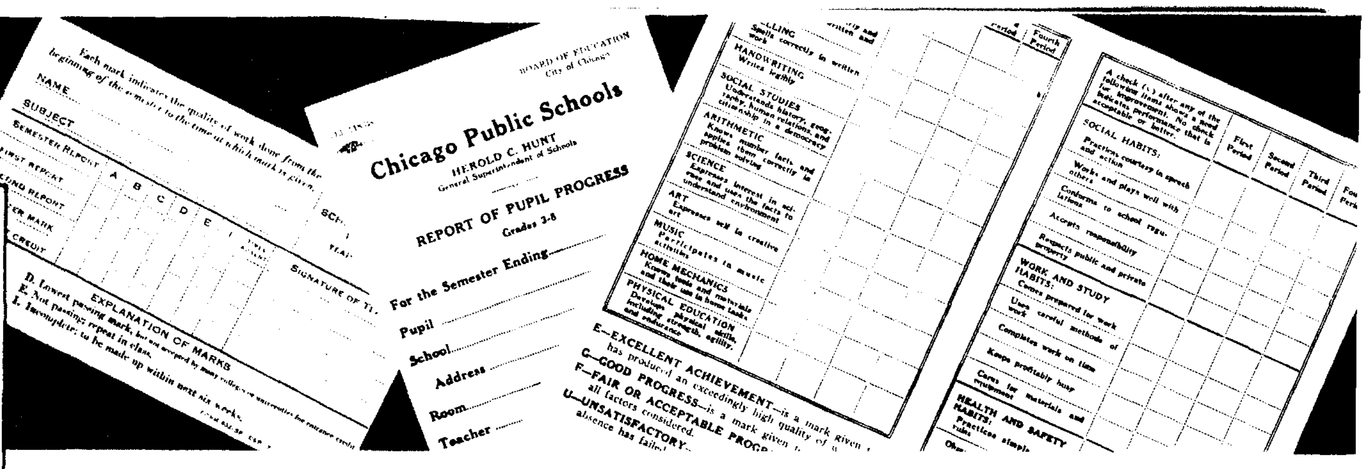
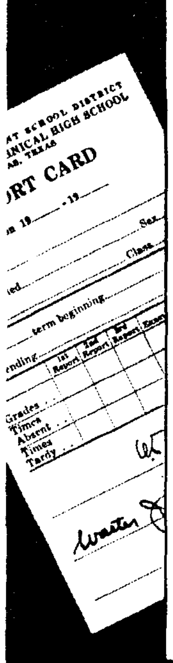
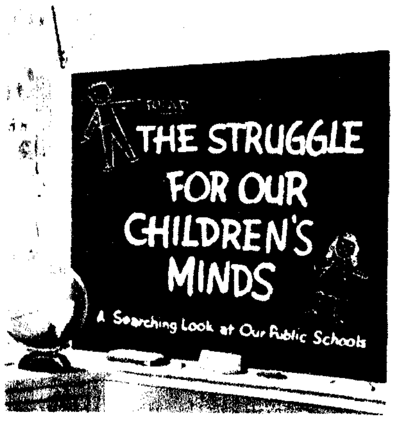

Chicago Public Schools
HEROLD C. HUNT
General Superintendent of Schools
REPORT OF PUPIL PROGRESS
Grades 2-8
For the Semester Ending
Pupil
School
Address
Room
Teacher
EXPLANATION OF MARKS

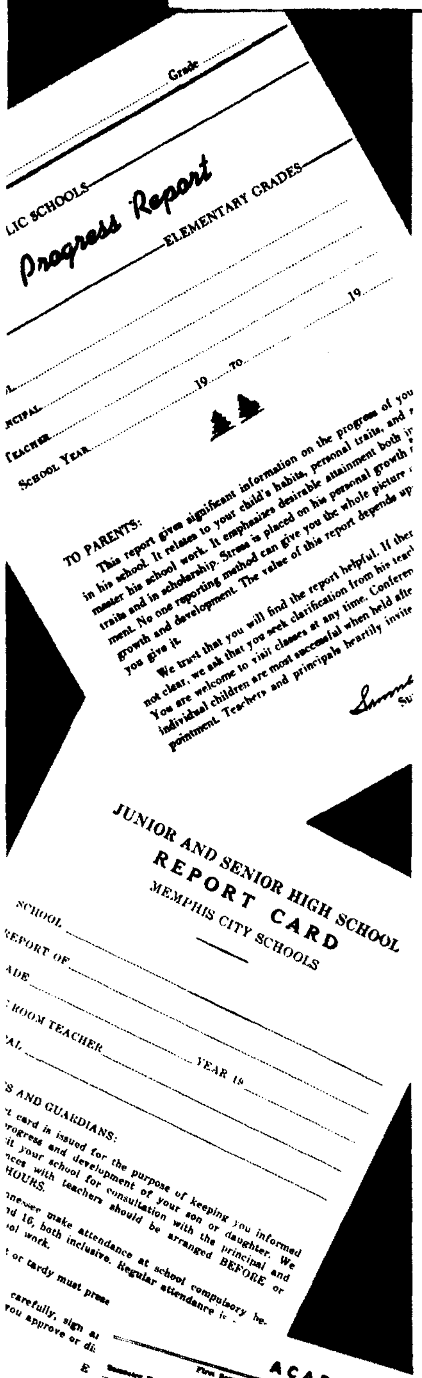



THE STRUGGLE FOR OUR CHILDREN'S MINDS
A Searching Look at Our Public Schools

This is the fifth article in a series by writer Howard Whitman on some of the major problems confronting U.S. public schools today. In each of the articles, Whitman reports on a single facet of the complex school situation. The next article in the series will appear in a future issue

Report Cards: EGFU,

Parents in hundreds of communities have rebelled against th


Progress Report
ELEMENTARY GRADES
TO PARENTS:
JUNIOR AND SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL
REPORT CARD
MEMPHIS CITY SCHOOLS

MORE new types of report cards have been introduced in our schools—particularly elementary schools—in the last ten years than in the preceding 300 years of public education. Some cards substitute check marks for grades. Some use S and U for "satisfactory" and "unsatisfactory" in place of a grade scale. Some mark "habits and social attitudes," using check lists which contain such items as "Seems well adjusted and happy." Some schools substitute a parent-teacher conference and eliminate report cards altogether.

You may say, "What's the difference what kind of reporting system the schools use, so long as the children learn something?" Probably most parents felt this way a few years ago, and undoubtedly many still do. Indeed, on the subject of report cards there would be hardly a ripple in our communities if the only question were what signs or symbols to use.

Yet in hundreds of localities some parents have come to the conclusion that changes in report cards may be evidence of fundamental changes in the philosophy of education and of life. Deeply concerned, they have tried to do something about it. Then the storms have broken.

"I never want to go through anything like it again. It's taken more out of me and my wife than anything else in our experience," said Fred Gray, a parent of two school children in Pasadena, Texas.

"It's been mighty rough on all of us," said Pasadena Superintendent of Schools Vincent Miller.

These two were the prime antagonists in a report-card controversy which swept their Texas town of 35,000 during the first four months of this year. Pasadena is an industrial community near Houston. Its people are mainly skilled workers and small businessmen; it is a family town of colorful bungalows and well-kept gardens.

Pasadena is one of a number of communities I visited while report card flare-ups were in progress. I have chosen its story to tell in some detail because, at least in the early stages of the dispute, it is typical of them all. Citizens in many other communities will, I believe, say to themselves as they read of Pasadena, "That's just about how it was in our town." Moreover, Pasadena finally put the matter to a public vote, one of the few communities to do so. I arrived the day the voting began (it lasted a week) and I left before the ballots were counted. Thus I could hear the arguments on both sides while the town's decision was still unknown.

The fight developed over SNUX (pronounced *snooks*) report cards.

The background: Before 1950, the elementary schools used the traditional ABC system (A—90 to 100, B—80 to 89, C—70 to 79, D—60 to 69, F—Failure). In 1950, the ABC system was eliminated and a new report card entitled "Growth Report" took its place. The marks were ESNUX, standing, respectively, for "Exceptional accomplishment," "Normal growth is taking place," "More effort should be made," "Unsatisfactory work" and "Needs special help." Furthermore, each child was measured only against his own ability rather than against the standard requirements for the grade he was in. In 1952, the E was dropped, leaving SNUX.

Gray, who is personnel director of a chemical plant, related, "I first became disturbed about this new report card when my daughter entered junior high, where the old ABC system is still used. She had been getting all S's in elementary school and now started getting B's and C's. My wife and I thought that was strange, since as far as we could see from her elementary-school card she had been getting the highest possible marks—all S's."

Other Pasadena parents became puzzled by the profusion of S's on report cards—solid blocks of 60 and 70 of them—and took a closer look at the new "Growth Report." What did S actually mean? The report card defined it for them: "Normal growth is taking place."

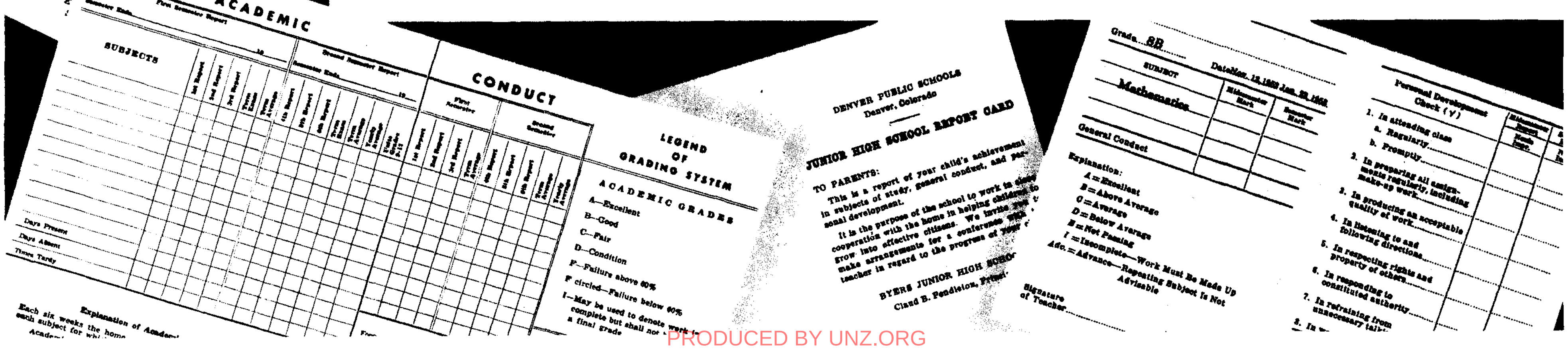
Report Cards Do Not Tell Entire Story

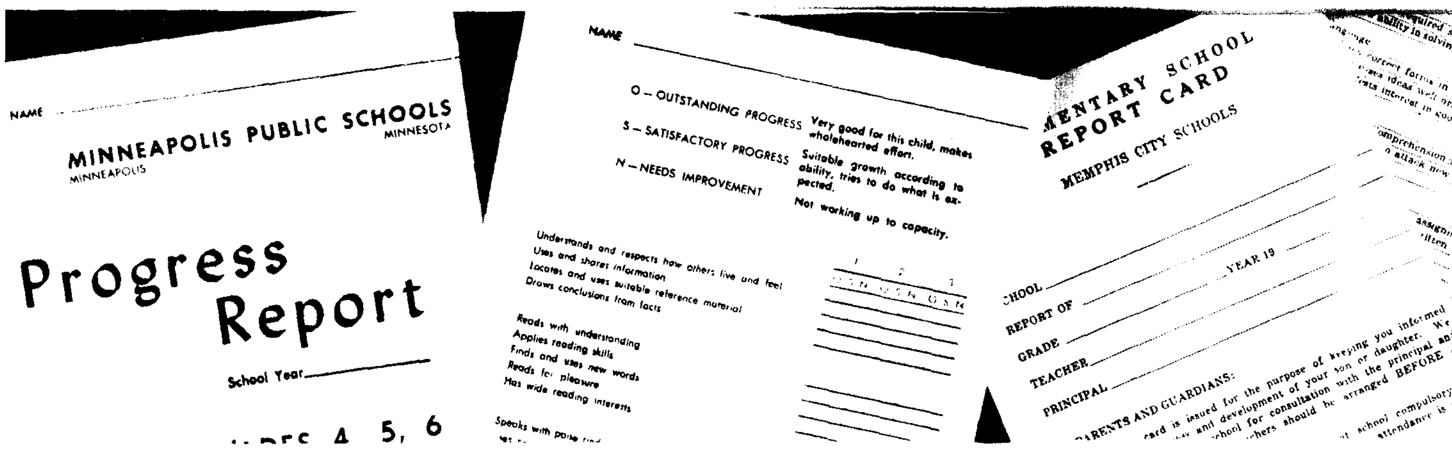
"But that doesn't really tell me how my child is doing in school," complained Ted Pasternak, proprietor of a supermarket. With him in his crate-jammed office was John Magruder, manager of a local power-and-light company. He added, "A child is inclined to take things easy, to try to get by. He may have good mental ability, but as long as he can get S's he's satisfied."

"What marking system would you prefer?" I asked.

"ABC's," Magruder replied. "That would let me know where my boy stands. Now I just know he's passing. I'd like to see where he needs to work harder—in what subject. Then, by a little encouragement I could help him do better."

"But many educators regard the ABC system as unduly competitive, not geared to individual differences," I pointed out.


ACADEMIC
SUBJECTS
CONDUCT
LEGEND OF GRADING SYSTEM
ACADEMIC GRADES
A—Excellent
B—Good
C—Fair
D—Condition
F—Failure above 60%
F circled—Failure below 60%
DENVER PUBLIC SCHOOLS
Denver, Colorado
JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL REPORT CARD
TO PARENTS:
BYERS JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
Claud B. Pendleton, Principal
Mathematics
General Conduct
Explanation:
Personal Development Check (✓)



NAME

MINNEAPOLIS PUBLIC SCHOOLS
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Progress Report

School Year

NAME

O – OUTSTANDING PROGRESS Very good for this child, makes wholehearted effort.
S – SATISFACTORY PROGRESS Suitable growth according to ability, tries to do what is expected.
N – NEEDS IMPROVEMENT Not working up to capacity.

Understands and respects how others live and feel
Uses and shares information
Locates and uses suitable reference material
Draws conclusions from facts

Reads with understanding
Applies reading skills
Finds and uses new words
Reads for pleasure
Has wide reading interests

MENTARY SCHOOL REPORT CARD
MEMPHIS CITY SCHOOLS

SCHOOL
YEAR 19
REPORT OF
GRADE
TEACHER
PRINCIPAL

PARENTS AND GUARDIANS:

SNUX or ABC?

By HOWARD WHITMAN

ew marking systems. Here's the story behind the controversies

"I prefer a competitive grading system," Magruder rejoined. "In the United States I hope a man will always be rewarded by what he is able to produce. And our children may as well learn that right now—in school. Otherwise it may come as a shock to them later on to find that the grown-up world doesn't operate on the SNUX system."

Again I interjected: "Another objection to ABC's is that low marks discourage and frustrate some children."

Pasternak replied, "I don't see how that could be tragic. If a child is doing poorly, why shouldn't his parents know it? Wouldn't they do more to help that child if they knew it?"

Later I met John Stalcup, manager of a retail department store and father of four children in elementary school. He told of one youngster who complained, "I got ten problems right and another girl got four right and we both got S. That isn't fair."

"Is it any wonder," Stalcup asked, "that when you tell children they should do better in school they say, 'Why should I, Pop? I don't get any better grade'?" He added, "To work, to compete, to strive—that's no part of our school system nowadays."

A Pasadena mother handed me her son's sixth-grade arithmetic paper with three problems right out of five. In percentage the paper would rate only 60, barely passing. Yet is was marked S, top of the SNUX scale.

"Not only that," the mother related. "We get sixth-grade composition papers with 'when' spelled 'ween' and no capital letters at the start of sentences—and they're marked S too. When I asked the teacher, she said, 'Well, he got his point across.' Then I asked her, 'What about errors?' And the teacher replied, 'I didn't want to make him unhappy.'"

The discontent boiled over in February. Gray's wife had gone to Superintendent Miller and been cordially received but could get nowhere with her complaints about the grading system. "I was told that these things were worked out by 'experts' and that I just 'didn't understand,'" Mrs. Gray recounted. Gray, a personal friend of the superintendent, had stopped him on the street one day and suggested that the SNUX system seemed more related to life in a welfare state than to the free-enterprise, incentive system. He got nowhere either.

Finally, on February 17th, Gray telephoned the school board and announced he would attend the next meeting and poll each board member on how he felt about the SNUX report card.

At the meeting Superintendent Miller offered a counterproposal: Why not appoint a committee to study the entire grading system? Gray fought to have the issue put to a vote of the parents but was overruled. Again the point was made, "The average parent doesn't understand." Gray contended that the parents understood plenty—and didn't agree.

Then Miller turned heatedly to Gray and demanded, "Are you saying that this is Socialism and Communism?"

"No," Gray replied. "I am saying this type of grading tends to condition the mind for Socialism and Communism."

The school board accepted Miller's suggestion that a study committee be appointed. Gray wanted the names drawn out of a hat, but again he was overruled.

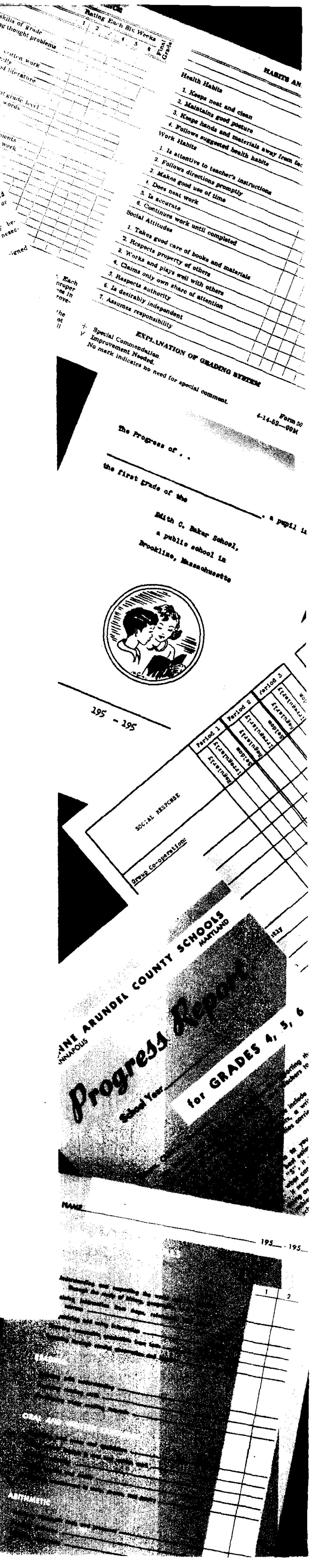
Public Meeting Was Held

A committee of 41—including parents as well as school people—was set up by the board, and the study began. But Pasadena had its dander up now, and for two months the town seethed. Some citizens rallied around Gray; others arrayed themselves against him. A public meeting was held. Petitions were circulated. Telephones buzzed with charges and countercharges. Gray found himself a target for rumors and acrid accusations. Some former friends cut him on the street; some people he hardly knew telephoned to say, "We're with you. Keep up the good work!"

Gray, beleaguered, gossiped about, and up to his ears in controversy, kept campaigning for a public vote. He feared some spineless compromise. He wanted the ABC's back plain and simple. "A whole loaf was taken away and we want a whole loaf back, not half a loaf," Gray insisted.

Over the lovely little city of pin oaks and Chinese elms and tallows, ill feeling mounted like a frowning cloud. Finally a group of businessmen organized to bring peace back to town, and after innumerable talks, pressures and counterpressures, the study committee of 41 agreed—and so did the school board—to hold a public vote on report cards. It was set for April 15th to 22d.

During the week of balloting I had a long talk with Superintendent Miller. He seemed glad the matter was going to be resolved one way or the other. "The SNUX report card was arrived at after discussion with parents and teach-



HABITS AN

Health Habits
1. Keeps neat and clean
2. Maintains good posture
3. Keeps hands and materials away from fac
4. Follows suggested health habits

Work Habits
1. Is attentive to teacher's instructions
2. Follows directions promptly
3. Makes good use of time
4. Does neat work
5. Is accurate
6. Continues work until completed

Social Attitudes
1. Takes good care of books and materials
2. Respects property of others
3. Works and plays well with others
4. Claims only own share of attention
5. Respects authority
6. Is desirably independent
7. Assumes responsibility

EXPLANATION OF GRADING SYSTEM
Special Commendation
Improvement Needed
No mark indicates no need for special comment.

Form 50
4-14-52—90M

The Progress of . . .
a pupil in the first grade of the
Edith C. Baker School,
a public school in
Brookline, Massachusetts

195 - 195

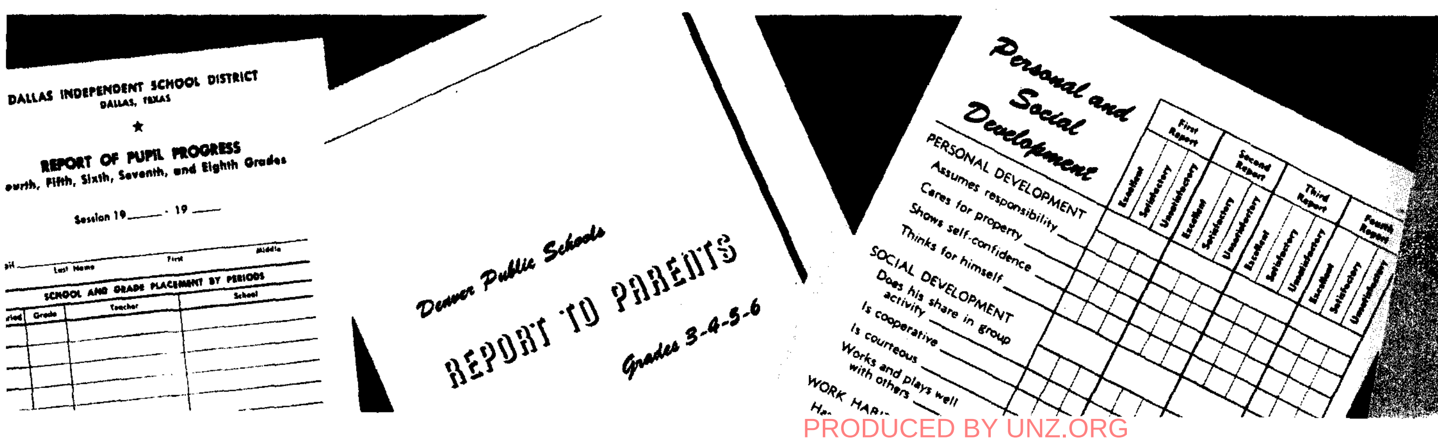
Period 1
Period 2
Period 3

SOCIAL RESPONSE
Group co-operation

ANNE ARUNDEL COUNTY SCHOOLS
ANNAPOLIS MARYLAND

Progress Report
School Year
for GRADES 4, 5, 6

NAME
195__ 195__



DALLAS INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICT
DALLAS, TEXAS
★
REPORT OF PUPIL PROGRESS
Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Grades
Session 19___-19___

Last Name First Middle

SCHOOL AND GRADE PLACEMENT BY PERIODS
Grade Teacher School

Denver Public Schools
REPORT TO PARENTS
Grades 3-4-5-6

Personal and Social Development

First Report
Second Report
Third Report
Fourth Report
Excellent
Satisfactory
Unsatisfactory

PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT
Assumes responsibility
Cares for property
Shows self-confidence
Thinks for himself

SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT
Does his share in group activity
Is cooperative
Is courteous
Works and plays well with others

WORK HAB

One town voted 5-1 to drop SNUX report cards

ers," he said. "At the time I favored it. But I am taking this position now: I am willing to accept whatever the parents arrive at democratically. We'll do what the people want."

I asked Miller how he felt about competition. "We believe wholeheartedly in competition in education," he said. "But keep in mind that a teacher can eliminate competition with an ABC system, too. She can give everyone A's, or all B's. We want competition to be the very heart and soul of our educational process. If a youngster is spurred on by the desire to equal or surpass somebody he is going to do a better job.

Educators Truly Professional

"The philosophy behind the SNUX system is only to reduce the number of gradations; fewer grades would mean less possibility of error. American education as I know it does not hold to any extreme view. We would be doing it a disservice if we assumed that it is seeking to get down on that dead level of mediocrity which I abhor as much as anybody else."

Elmer Ford, an oil-company employee, who had headed the study committee and strongly opposed Gray, said to me, "I have come to the conclusion that educators are truly professional people. They're the real experts and we ought to listen to them and let them do their work. I don't want to take any professors out to the plant to work my machines, and at the same time I don't want to do their work."

The president of the Richey Elementary School Parent-Teacher Association, Mrs. Claude Hoerster, was an outspoken advocate of the SNUX system.

She said to me, "S is not an actual grade. What it does is show me how my daughter is doing in her group. It eliminates complexes for students. I remember how a C in history plagued me in school. If we'd had this system then, I'd have gotten an S.

"Actually I can't see why parents care so much just so the child is progressing. My children are so much smarter than I was at their age—I think the educators are doing a fine job. So far as competition goes, the child's friends are incentive enough. You don't find the tenseness in the classroom that you used to; the children are more relaxed.

"I go along with letting the child be exposed to education—you can't help absorb something even if you can't put it on an exam. This competitive idea is strictly for the parents; they're still just little boys and little girls and they just want to boast, 'My child made all A's.' "

When Pasadena's election week was over, 2,605 parents of elementary school children had voted. The results: 433, or 16.6 per cent, wanted to keep the SNUX system; 28, or 1.1 per cent, wrote in various suggestions not on the ballot and 2,144 or 82.3 per cent, voted to restore the ABC's. Promptly the school board instructed Superintendent Miller to abandon SNUX and send home ABC report cards commencing with the fall term.

Pasadena settled down once more to its factories, its shops and its gardens.

Similar dramas have been and are being acted out in one community after another across the land. Education in our public schools has changed swiftly in the last 20 years and, in a busy, nerve-racked world, much of the change has gone unnoticed. It is being noticed now by a new generation of parents who have grown up in an age of conflicting ideologies and now have children of their own in school. What philosophy underlies our educational system? For what kind of world are our children being prepared? These questions the new parents want answered. It is understandable that their first delving into their school systems should be spurred by report cards, for these are the direct link between school and home.

In Anne Arundel County, Maryland, the 53 elementary schools switched last fall to an SN report card—S for "Satisfactory progress," N for "Needs improvement." A note to parents stated: "When the teacher records an S, it means your child is doing satisfactory work in terms of what can reasonably be expected. If the teacher records an N, it means that improvement is needed, because your child is not doing as well as he can."

Deep-Seated Problem

Men's clothes are full of pockets,
And children's full of rips,
But as my poundage rockets
My clothes are full of hips.

—JOYCE CARLILE

When the first new report cards went home in November, some parents noticed little difference, but others—reading the definitions carefully—found a whale of a difference. The former report card had measured each child against the standard requirements for the grade he was in; the new one measured him instead against his own ability.

Some parents began to ask questions: Where in the adult world do we reward people "in terms of what can reasonably be expected" of them? Don't we reward them, or try to, on the basis of what they accomplish? Who decides what can reasonably be expected? How do you know what a man—or a child—is capable of unless you give him an incentive to make the grade? Does a man get a raise if he tells the boss, "I may not be accomplishing much, but that's all I'm capable of"?

By January, 650 parents had formed the Parents Public School Committee. William S. Shields, the president, characterized the SN report card as the "Something for Nothing" system. He charged, "It teaches youngsters to disdain competition. It saps the competitive spirit vital to our country. We want our children, when they take over as adults in our community, to have been trained for our American competitive way of life."

As the controversy took on the peppery garnishment of public meetings, petitions and personality clashes, Anne Arundel County appointed a nonpartisan commission of 15 to search for an answer.

On May 26th, the commission handed the Board of Education a double-barreled compromise. It recommended, for the fourth through sixth grades, two sets of marks—one showing the child's achievement according to grade standards, the other showing how well he was doing according to his ability. In the first three grades, the SN system was retained.

Many other communities also have emerged from the report-card wars with some kind of hybrid system. Chicago, for example, adopted the EGFU system (pronounced "eggfoo").

The letters signify, respectively, "Excellent achievement," "Good progress," "Fair or acceptable progress" and "Unsatisfactory."

The system straddles the question of whether the grades are related to objective grade standards or tell only how well the child is doing according to his ability. E is defined as "a mark given to the pupil who through industry and effective use of his abilities has produced an exceedingly high quality of work," and F is defined as "a mark given to the pupil who has produced an acceptable quality of work, all factors considered."

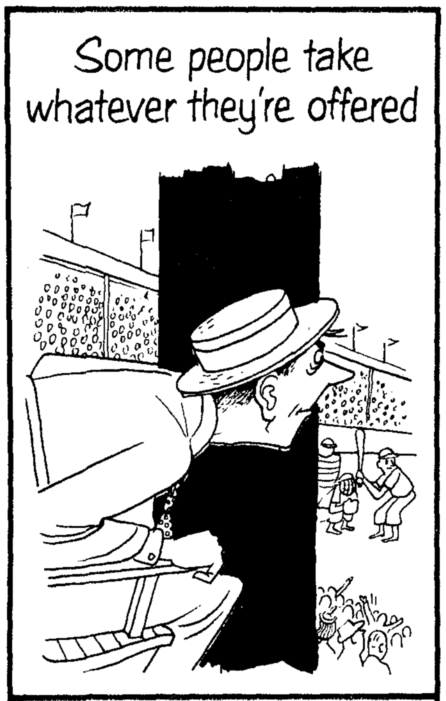
When I visited Greenville, South Carolina, I found a report-card debate which did not turn on symbols—but on the absence of them. Greenville uses a "narrative report card": a folder of five blank pages on which, three times a year, the teacher writes out in narrative form how the child is doing. No grades are given.

Spurred by the discontent of some parents with this system, the P.T.A. at Greenville's Donaldson School sent out a questionnaire. The results were announced in February: 136 parents were satisfied with the narrative report card; 165 parents were not satisfied and wanted some kind of grades or ratings. A committee of parents and teachers has been set up to restudy the Greenville reporting system.

Many Varieties of Cards

The variegated—and often complicated—report cards which have made their debuts in recent years go far beyond the traditional listing of subjects studied plus conduct and effort. Frequently they list long columns of "Social Adjustments" or "Habits of Personal and Social Development." Here the parents will find S's and N's, or check marks, beside such items as: "Contributes to group activities," "Accepts responsibility," "Works and plays well with others," "Accepts trying situations," "Helps and plans in evaluating room activities."

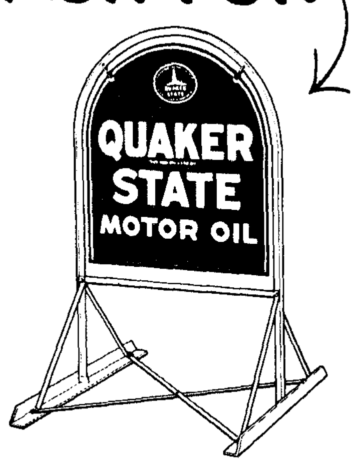
The cards sometimes develop into brochures with 40 or 50 items to be marked or checked. One teacher estimated that she had to work out and set down 1,500 separate marks whenever report-card time rolled around. She also wondered just how a teacher should mark such an item as "Tries to prevent the spread of diseases." (She finally decided to give everybody "Satisfactory.") In a private nursery school in New York I encountered a report card which listed the items, "Screams," "Cries," "Whines," "Spits," "Hits," "Bites" and "Grabs.". Each was to be


Some people take whatever they're offered

and some people **ask** for what they want

FOR THE FINEST QUALITY MOTOR OIL MADE—

ASK FOR



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Traveling with children is no trial when you Go Pullman. All the comforts of home are theirs to enjoy! And there's a whole new wonderland-on-wheels to delight them! (And isn't it comforting *not* to have to fret about roads or weather?)

Pullman comfort and railroad dependability write a happy ending to the story of a family on the move. You arrive rested and relaxed . . . on time . . . right in the heart of town. And here's a happy thought to take along wherever you go: *you're as safe in a Pullman as in your own home!*

Take it easy

GO PULLMAN

Comfortable, convenient and safe

Have a "Rent-a-car" waiting for you. Ask your ticket agent.

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Dallas asked for competitive grades. "It's the American way"

marked Yes, No, Not Often or Sometimes.

Some communities have taken the final step in their elementary schools and eliminated report cards altogether. They employ the "conference system," whereby each child's parents are given an appointment to meet with the teacher for 20 minutes and personally talk over the child's progress. There are no grades of any kind.

Concurrent with the shift away from graded report cards, some advanced public schools have adopted new policies on promotion. Instead of requiring children to reach a standard level of proficiency and knowledge for promotion to the next grade, they offer what is known as "social promotion." The November, 1950, Bulletin of the California State Department of Education explains the new idea as follows: "A grade is a group of children or older youth organized for efficient and happy work relationships that will promote fullest development of their individual and group capabilities. Progress from grade to grade should be a matter of age and maturation as well as of social and civic development."

Social Promotion Defined

One California parent put it in fewer, if less professional, words: "Out here we promote them according to size."

Social promotion has stemmed from two roots: (1) The feeling of modern educators that requiring children to meet grade standards in order to pass harms the personalities of slow learners by giving them a sense of failure and removing them from their social group, and (2) when you start marking students on how hard they are trying instead of on what they are accomplishing, it becomes almost impossible to decide who shall pass and who shall fail; there is no longer any measuring stick for promotion.

The result of social promotion as I have observed it in scores of schools is that grades are not grades any more. A seventh-grade teacher may find herself with some students who have achieved only fourth-grade proficiency, some fifth-grade—and some eighth- or ninth-grade.

On the psychological question of the effect of failure, there is a difference of opinion. Modern educators hold that failure produces feelings of inferiority and frustration. They maintain that the school must provide a milieu where every child, regardless of ability, shall experience success.

But to the late Dr. Henry C. Link, who directed the Psychological Service Center in New York, the matter appeared in quite a different light. In 1951 he said: "One of the most damaging of all modern theories is the belief that children should be kept out of every situation that might give them a sense of inferiority—for example, that children should not be given definite marks for their school work, because a poor mark will make its recipient feel inferior. This delays the child in his discovery of the realities of life."

Many parents I talked with regarded failure as a necessary goad to bring out the best in children. "Let them coast along and you make leaners out of them," a father in San Diego, California, remarked. "The slow ones get the false idea that all life will just push them along and the bright ones figure if they can get by cheaply, why work?"

Dr. Henry M. Wriston, president of Brown University and former president of the Association of American Universities, sees social promotion as somehow fooling or deceiving children. He declared, "Learning by hard work and by foresight to escape failure is one of life's greatest lessons, and to short-circuit that lesson by abolishing failure by edict is to give a false definition of success and to lend an illusion of achievement where none exists."

But the modern educator does not want children to compete with one another for success. Wherever report-card conflicts have occurred—in Westbrook, Maine; in St. Paul, Minnesota; in Wilmington, North Carolina; in Altoona, Pennsylvania; in Washington, D.C., and in scores of other communities from coast to coast—the question of competition has been close to the heart of the matter.

Some worried parents have wondered whether educators were losing sight of the fact that competition, incentive and reward are the essence of the free-enterprise society in which we live—the keystones of what might be called the American ideology. They know that pitted against this American ideology today are the ideologies of collectivism, in which individualism is submerged to groupism, competition is virtually synonymous with evil, and the notion of achievement and reward is jettisoned in favor of mass leveling. The goals and values of collectivism, they point out, emanate from the old Marxian slogan, "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs."

While these parents have objected to report cards that rate children according to ability rather than achievement, they certainly have not—in any cities I have visited—accused the schools of being Socialistic or Communistic. But they have wondered whether such practices were in tune with the American way of life or mixed up with collectivist goals and values. They have asked, "Shouldn't the schools prepare children for the kind of society they are going to live in?"

Dr. Kenneth McFarland, former superintendent of schools in Topeka, Kansas, crystallized the matter in these words: "Personally, I am not one to label everyone a Communist simply because he does not think as I do. However, when one calls for the abolishment of all competition in the classrooms, and doing away with rewards for superior effort, he is merely advocating for the childhood level the same things that the Communists are demanding in our society for the adult level. If this policy is carried to the extreme in the childhood years, it seems obvious that it prepares children to fit better into a Communistic regimentation than it does into a society championing democracy and free enterprise."

Why Report Cards?

One may reasonably ask how the idea of no grades, or grading-according-to-ability rather than grading-according-to-achievement, got into our American schools in the first place.

William Heard Kilpatrick, the methodological father of Progressive Education, took a stand against report cards as early as 1892. He then was a fledgling teacher at Blakely, Georgia. His biographer, Samuel Tenenbaum, quotes Kilpatrick as saying:

". . . I began very soon to introduce changes. To illustrate: in the first year at Blakely I continued the custom of issuing regular report cards. I abolished that in the second year; instead I wrote an informative letter to the parents, telling them about the kind of work their child was doing. In my third year, I abolished even that. I made no regular reports; I informed the parents that if anything special developed about a child, I would discuss it with them personally."

When I spoke with Kilpatrick early this year in his apartment near Columbia University Teachers College, where he probably did more than any other individual to shape modern education, the eighty-two-year-old educator said, "The Progressive school doesn't have grades. There should be no comparison to other students. I went to a Scottish school once and asked, 'Who is the best student?' and immediately a boy raised his hand. But then I went to a Progressive school near Chicago and asked the same question and the children simply scratched their heads and said, 'We don't know.' Now that is the way it ought to be."

Today's educator calls himself "modern" rather than Progressive. But still the Progressives' antipathy toward competitive grades and report cards remains—not in all schools certainly, but in those which follow the so-called modern lead.

Once report cards have been eliminated in a community's elementary schools, its citizens may find that a "study" is under way to "explore the possibilities of an improved grading system" in the junior highs. Some communities, such as Anne Arundel County (with the exception of Annapolis) and Greenville, South Carolina, already have the SU and narrative-type report card, respectively, in their junior high schools. St. Paul, Minnesota, has carried OSU (Outstanding, Satisfactory, and Unsatisfactory) all the way through senior high.

But some school superintendents and principals have bucked the trend of the modernists, and some have tried new-type report cards or conferences and given them up.

Robert J. Newbury, principal of the Edith C. Baker School in Brookline, Massachusetts, told me he had experimented with a letter to parents, in place of a report card, for three years but abandoned it because "we couldn't get the parents to recognize failure in a letter-type form." His school now uses the ABC system.

Satisfaction from Accomplishment

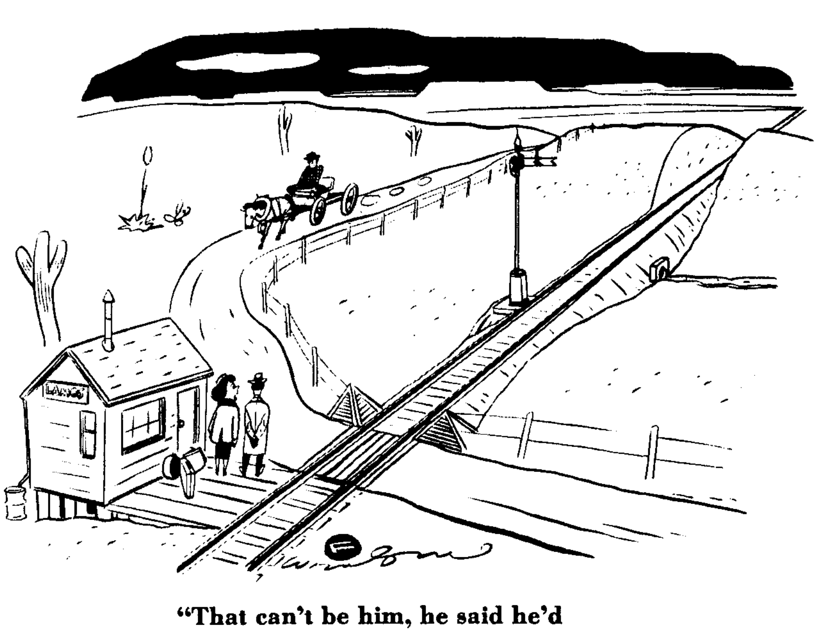
Superintendent of Schools W. T. White, of Dallas, Texas, told me SU report cards were used in Dallas prior to his appointment in 1945. "I met with the parents and we talked it over—and then we went back to competitive report cards," he said. "The children get satisfaction out of accomplishment. It's the American way—recognition to those who work hard and earn and deserve it."

Denver, Colorado, abandoned a narrative-type report card and restored an ABC system after a 1950 public-opinion survey. In Seattle, Washington, Superintendent of Schools Samuel E. Fleming said to me, "I met with the parents and teachers over two or three years and I found that they favored competition. So that's what we have."

In Memphis, Tennessee, I found a report-card system virtually unbudged by modernist or Progressive notions. True, Memphis did try conferences three years ago at the Grahamwood School but abandoned them after twelve weeks as ineffective. The city has a straight ABCDF system for grades one through twelve.

"Don't you feel old-fashioned in the face of all these new trends?" I asked Superintendent Ernest C. Ball.

He replied, "The school's job is to create a desire to achieve, to do every job well. We haven't found any way to sugar-coat this process. As for competition, if it's in a normal and healthy situation I can see no objection at all. Distinctions are constantly being made among children on the playgrounds—some are better at sports than others. And some are bound to be better scholastically. They've got to find out sooner or later." ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S "That can't be him, he said he'd meet us in a station wagon . . ." FRITZ WILKINSON

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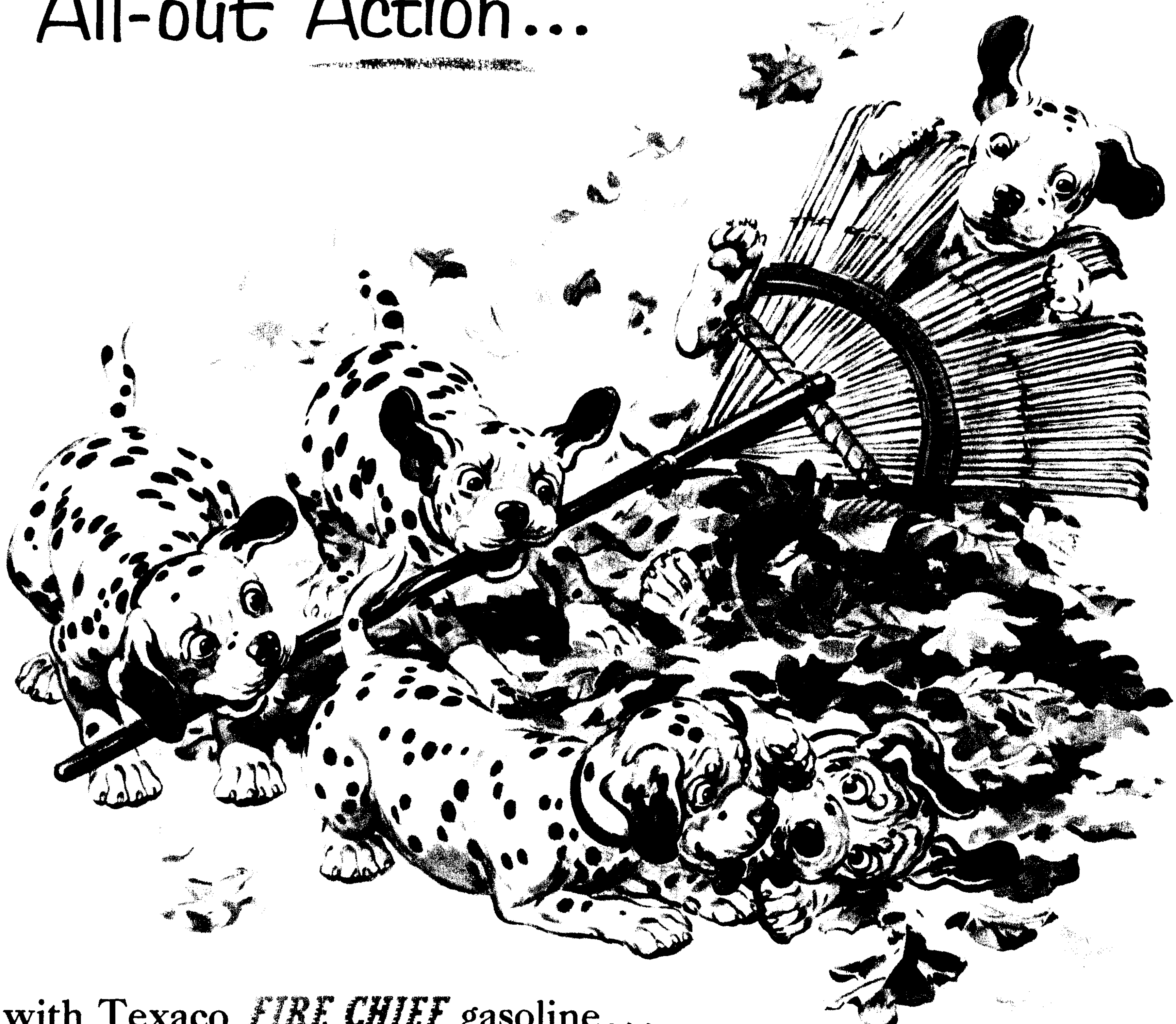
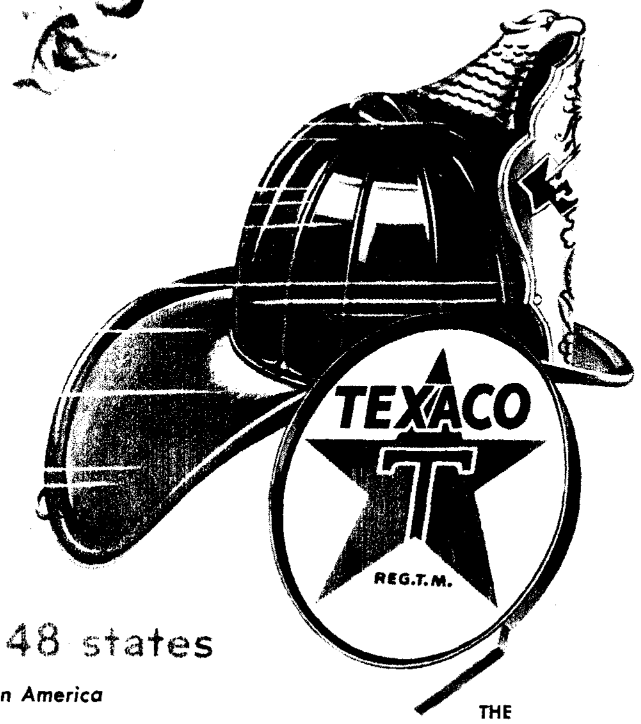




THE
TEXAS
COMPANY

The Man

Who Found Himself

By GLADYS SCHMITT

His life was devoted to two women—one he loved and one he despised. Yet he couldn't choose between them —there was no choice; his future depended on both

HE GOT up into the coolness that hangs over Manhattan like a false promise of love on early mornings in warm weather. He got out of his bed quietly, so as not to wake his wife, and went to the window. The roofs, the tiers of sun-whitened windows, the green of penthouse terraces and the whiteness of water towers had not yet wholly emerged from the seven-o'clock mist; and all that he saw from the window took on the softness and the sadness that had haunted his sleep.

Several roofs away, in a patch of green garden, somebody had left a scarf or a stole, bright orange, over the back of a blue chair. It was a good color scheme—tangerine and leaf green and the palest blue. As soon as he got to the store he would make a water-color sketch of it and take it in to Miss Anders, his employer, as a suggestion for the living room in the Hoffman place.

She would not like it, of course; but some sort of color chart would have to be crumpled up and thrown into the wastebasket in the course of the day, and this one would serve as well as any. He would label the colors to save himself the necessity of hearing her ask: "What am I supposed to make out of *that?"* or, "Now what on earth did you intend to do with *this?"* Green for the rugs, he thought, orange for the detail, pale blue for the walls. And a touch of white somewhere, maybe in a hassock—yes, a white-wool hassock set splash in the middle of everything; nubby like a sheep . . .

But as soon as he felt himself becoming excited about the Hoffman job, as soon as he began to envision the room as he would like to do it, he stopped himself. There was no point even in thinking about it. He forced himself to see instead Miss Anders' impervious profile, and imagine her cold disdain if he should mention his thoughts on the matter.

A friend of his, a dabbler in psychiatry, had said the other evening that since love and hate were intertwined at the roots, maybe he'd better ask himself if he mightn't be in love with this woman, seeing that he hated her so much. He had smiled at such a thought—to him, love and hate were utterly divided. Hate was the woman who sat behind an Empire desk at Hearth and Home, Incorporated; love was the woman who lay asleep in the bed behind him.

He turned from the window and stood by her bed, looking down at her. He wanted very much to wake her, to talk to her, to hold her close, but he did not.

She stirred, feeling herself gazed upon, and then surrendered herself to sleep again, turning her head sideways so that her breath moved a few strands of her short, light-brown hair. Her arm lay over the sheet; it was thin and white and traced with branching veins. There was no sunburn yet, like last year—you didn't expose a woman three weeks out of the hospital to the chilly wind on the beach. . . .

He sighed and went into the kitchen to put on the coffee, and then into the bathroom to make himself impeccable for the omniscient gray eyes of Miss Anders. Then he went into the living room to set two places on the bamboo mats and to drop flakes of food into the tank of tropical fish.

He bent over the big oblong aquarium and peered in curiously. Then suddenly he straightened and shouted, "Trudy!" at the top of his voice. A change had come in the course of the night: the black viviparous female with the silvery fin tips had clouded the water in the left-hand corner with a pearly, multitudinous birth—so exquisite, so shimmering in their minute and continual motion that he almost called into the bedroom: "The fish had babies!" Then painfully, he remembered that her answering thought could be only: Maybe the fish did, but we didn't. Ours was stillborn.

Hearing no rustle of taffeta housecoat, no pad of ballet slippers, he went back to the kitchen and

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

What if he stayed home with her a while? he thought. What if he went in late to work? Weren't there worse fates than being fired?

found a cup and an old glass fruit dish. That would serve to isolate the male fish, to keep the black-and-silver streak of child-devouring destruction imprisoned at least for the day. He was bending over the tank, pursuing the male fish with a teacup through green and slimy strands of vegetation, when Trudy appeared at the door, barefoot and in her nightgown. "What are you doing?" she said.

"Catching the male." He caught the fish and poured it, with a cupful of water, into the fruit dish.

"Oh," she said, coming up behind him, "just look—the fish had babies!" And she did not seem to be making any connection between this triumph and their own failure; she stared into the living, shimmering cloud with nothing but delight.

In fact, he thought, for a woman who had lost her first much-yearned-for child in the eighth month, she was in a puzzlingly lively state. Darting into the kitchen and back to the aquarium again, she said that she was perfectly capable now of making their breakfast and that she wished he wouldn't turn off the alarm the instant it began to tinkle, wouldn't leave her sleeping an unwholesome and needless sleep until close to noon. She came away from the shining plenty in the water and twined her long, slight arms around his neck; her lips, dry and delicate without lipstick, rested against his, and for an instant he was like a man offered a warm loaf after long fast.

WHAT if he stayed home with her a while this morning, so they could have a long, leisurely breakfast together? Suppose he walked into Hearth and Home, Incorporated, an hour late? What could Miss Anders do about it? Weren't there worse fates in the world than being fired?

Then, in his mind's eye, he saw again the crumpled charts and sketches going one by one into the wastebasket. He wondered whether anything he ever produced would be any good. The housekeeper who had sternly supervised him as a child, after his mother's death, had swept up his crayon drawings and thrown them away with just such cool disdain. At the Arts Academy, too, his efforts had been nervous and tentative. One "C" in Design had been enough to prove to him that he had valued himself too high, that he had better pack up his canvas and his kit of paints and depart. Was whatever issued out of him destined for defeat—including the little creature coming into air and light—for what? For death.

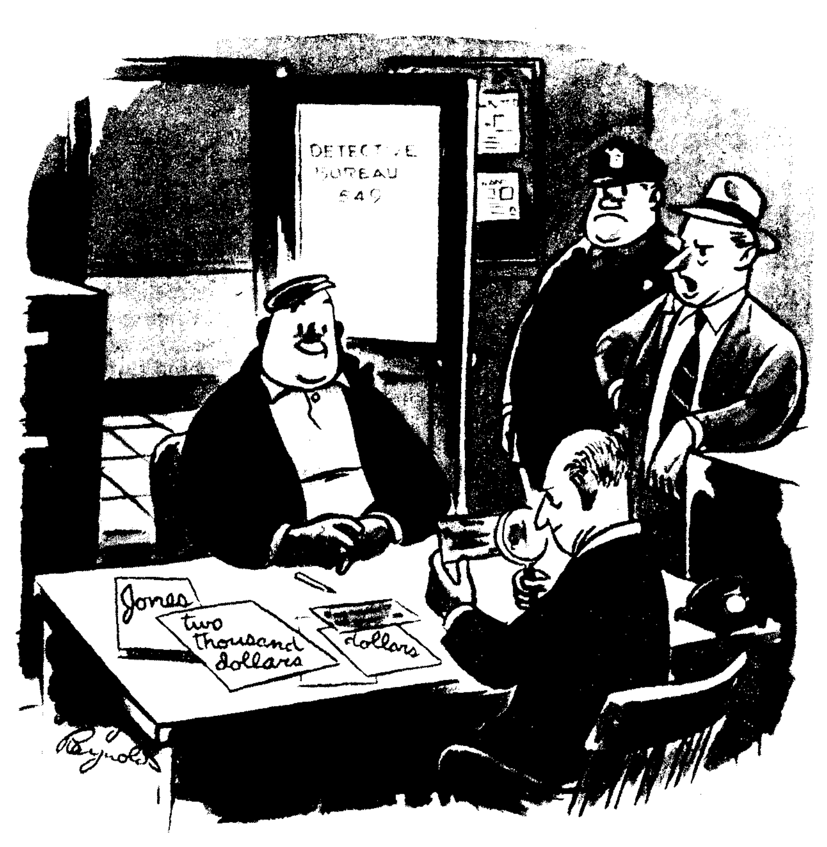
"It's getting late," he said, and sat down and drank his coffee, tepid with sitting too long—tepid and sickening, like his unsuccess.

The feeling of unsuccess was upon her also, in the stoop of her shoulders as she bent to spoon her cereal, in the faint line—precursor of her first wrinkle—across the white dome of her brow. The silence between them was made obvious by the increased volume of sound coming up to them from Second Avenue: horns blew, tires hummed, engines thrummed away, other people's children uttered shrill hilarities on their way to school. It would be hot—the day's discouraging heat was prefigured for him in the droop of the roses set in the middle of their glass-topped table. It would be hot, and the frozen gray eyes of Miss Anders would follow him around the store all day, watching for him to loosen his tie.

It was Trudy who started the conversation. During these last three weeks, she had been the one to try to dispel their silences, and there was something infinitely pathetic and childish about her efforts: she always seemed to him like a little girl sitting in confusion amid strewn building blocks, trying to begin all over again after her tower, laboriously built, had been smashed by a careless passer-by. "Did you think up a color scheme for the Hoffman living room?" she said.

"Yes," he said. "Green and orange and pale blue—" He was staring at the aquarium, and suddenly he smiled. Fish—that was it! "There ought to be a big glass tank of fish beneath the wide, curving window of the room," he said, "under the flower boxes, under the philodendron and the amaryllis—" The idea came to him complete, as strong as his desire to create that room, to do the job himself in his own way.

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

"Sorry, Butch. He doesn't reveal the personality in your handwriting. He just wanted the sample to check a forgery"

LARRY REYNOLDS

The Hoffman apartment was up—twenty stories up—an ultimate home for two aged people who were sitting down at last after violent storms and long wanderings. They were past seventy; they would not be going about much any more; so everything—all of the basic stuff of life—should be there in that one room, he thought, for them to see and know.

"All the basic elements," he said aloud, "everything gathered in one place—fire on the hearth and water in the aquarium and earth in the flower boxes, and air—there's plenty of air up there. I saw it—a beautiful blue, nothing but blue on the other side of the window—" He stopped, feeling slightly ridiculous, but he was encouraged by the look in her eyes. "That old doctor and his wife"—he went on—"they'd like it; they'd know what I mean. They wouldn't say, 'Elements? What elements? What are you talking about?' They'd get it right away."

For a long moment she smiled at him. Then she reached across the table and touched his hand. "Why are you afraid of her?" she said.

He looked at her in amazement—he had thought the reason was obvious, but Trudy apparently did not know. Well, then, he would never tell her, never tell her that Miss Anders' icy gray eyes under their heavy lids saw more clearly than his own wife's eyes, that they sent a pitiless X ray into the very core of him, and detected there something insufficient, despisable, incurably wrong. It was some shameless flaw, but so hopelessly damning that it tainted everything he did.

"Why is it you hate her?"

"Why shouldn't I? She has such power—"

"The power of what? To hire and fire? Who cares?" There was desperation in her quieted voice. "I often wish she'd let you go," she said.

"If she fired me—" He could finish it only in his mind. It was unthinkable to tell her how, if he went from that place without justifying himself, he would go with a mortal sore in his life, would move from failure to failure, each one more shameful than the last.

"If she fired you, you'd have a better job in a week," Trudy said. "Anybody else would see what you're worth."

It was useless to answer, useless to talk about it at all. He shrugged and kissed her on the forehead and went out, leaving her sitting beside the wilting flowers. . . .

There was a bowl of roses, too, on the Empire desk in Miss Anders' air-conditioned cubicle at the end of the store; but these were fresh and fine—yellow tea roses that seemed to have taken on some of Miss Anders' own perfection and imperviousness. Even though it was close to two o'clock now, they showed no sign of wilting; a person would have to smell or touch them to be certain they were real.

And she, sitting in flowing sand-colored silk with lace at her throat and at her plump white wrists, she with her hair wound in taffy-colored coils as unchangeable as loops of spun sugar, she with no flaw or mole or freckle on her dull white cheeks and nose and brow—was *she* real? Somehow, he doubted it. If only his little hole of an office did not face directly onto hers! The thirty feet of space between them, crammed with swathed drapery materials and little tables and samples of carpeting, was not enough—only a fifty-mile stretch of the Gobi Desert would have sufficed.

Try as he would, he had not been able to keep his eyes or his mind on the color chart for the Hoffman living room. Again and again he had looked up, always encountering her vigilant eyes. And now the orange looked dull and the green was dim and the blue seemed insipid. Nothing in the streaks of color on the paper before him even vaguely suggested the vibrancy of that blowing scarf he had seen this morning, or the living green of the penthouse plants, or the cool luminousness of a seven-o'clock sky.

So far, it had been a bad day—one of the worst. He had, first of all, been late this morning. But when he came in, Miss Anders had merely lifted back the lace frill at her wrist and glanced meaningfully at her little Swiss watch, as if he were beneath her admonitions, too hopeless to be worthy of her reprimand. When she had called him to her desk, it was only to inform him that there wasn't much point in his continuing with the Hoffman assignment, since she and Miss Cairnes had worked up some clever ideas of their own; still he could play around with a color chart if he chose.

HAVING finished with him—after all, he was easy prey—she had taken on a worthier opponent. Janie MacIntyre, twenty-four and pretty—and courageous with the knowledge that marriage would liberate her from all this in a couple of months—had, in a fit of sheer high spirits, put her arm around the waist of the aged elevator operator and waltzed him down the corridor. The lace frill had flipped back again from the round white wrist; a delicate finger with coral-lacquered nail had crooked in an ominous summons.

What had followed had been audible not only to him but to everybody in the back of the store: Janie had been accused in a cool but strangely piercing voice of giving a questionable tone to the place. Janie had offered no defense. She had said only: "All right, Miss Anders, all right!" and had walked away.

But at lunchtime, in the hot little hole-in-the-wall where Janie and he often ate to save money, Janie had gone on for half an hour about what her silence had cost her, what she could have done, what she could have said. "You know," she had told him between bites of a rye-bread sandwich, "I had a tough time keeping away from that vase of roses. I wanted to bump into it and knock it over in her lap. I wanted to see her look upset and messy just once, like anybody else."

To see Miss Anders upset and messy, reduced to the stature of the rest of humankind—all through lunch and for a long time thereafter he had tried to imagine it. But he simply could not make himself see a spot on the perfection of her sand-colored skirt or a look of consternation on her immobile face.

After lunch there had been another

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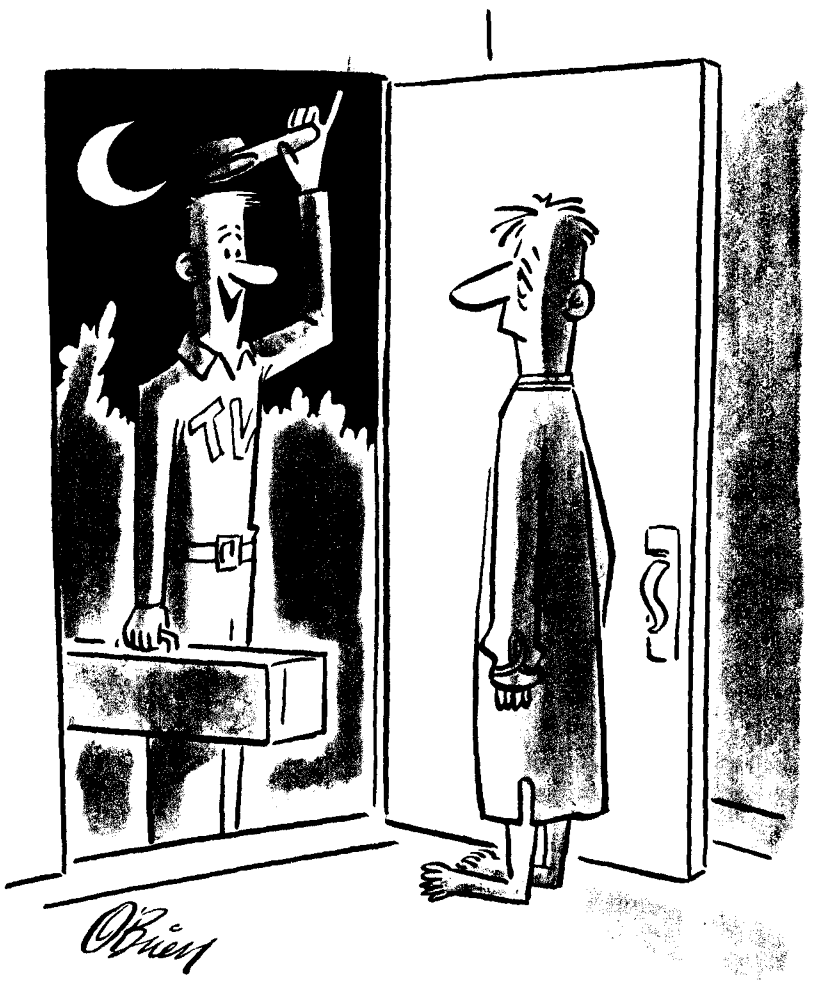


COLLIER'S **"Did you call Tim's 24-hour television service this afternoon?"** JACK O'BRIEN

scene. Two prospective customers, a middle-aged mustached man and his plump, rather flamboyant wife had been ushered into her office; and she, who had lunched on lobster bisque and iced coffee at her favorite French restaurant, had confused and belittled and shamed the couple for the better part of an hour. They were not—so she would tell the members of the staff later on in the afternoon—the sort of customers whose business was appreciated at Hearth and Home. Slowly, enjoying every minute of it, she priced them out of the store, showing them a few fabulous imported coffee tables within reach of nobody but a millionaire, eliciting their admiration of hand-blocked silk and informing them casually that it could be had at the relatively reasonable price of eighteen dollars a yard.

AFTER the couple had left, probably despising themselves for having dared come in at all, he saw that Miss Anders was, for the moment, unoccupied. She was gazing in his direction with a faraway but thoughtful look in her gray eyes. He realized he was to be the next victim: nothing more interesting had offered itself. "Mr. Corbett," she said then in her piercing voice, "could you bring me what you've got?"

"Yes, Miss Anders." He was too beaten down with dullness and heat to sense the impending crisis. He detached the drab color chart from his drawing board and carried it across the thirty feet of carpet between them as if it were the fallen standard of a defeated army. Standing in front of her desk, he looked at the coils of her taffy-colored hair and at the little lace collar that stood almost as high as her chin; but he could not bring himself to look at her eyes.

And suddenly it seemed to him that he was standing in the kitchen of his childhood—a dreary, buff-colored room he had not remembered for twenty years, except, perhaps, in evil dreams. He was standing there, small and trembling, his forehead pressed against the edge of the table; and he was mourning in loud and terrible sobs over a sin that the housekeeper insisted he had committed: with his paints he had spoiled a white scarf that belonged to her. He had not meant to spoil it, only to make it doubly beautiful; he had decorated it all over with wonderful orange butterflies.

Even now he remembered seeing his brushes scattered on the floor, feeling her hard hand slapping at his back and face. "Devil! Now you've done it! I can't put up with you any longer. I'll tell your father I'm leaving this very night." As much as he hated her, he had realized he needed her, and he had been relieved when she had failed to make good her threat.

"Is this what you've done since nine fifteen this morning?" Miss Anders was saying.

He shook himself out of his memory and said, "I beg your pardon?"

"I said: Is this what you've been at since nine fifteen?"

He stared at the yellow roses on her desk. "That's right," he said. "This is the assignment you—"

"Well, if you had any initiative of your own—" She stopped and coughed slightly, looking at the chart he had given her. "Orange, green, pale blue—" She could find no fault with it; in fact, from the meditative tone of her voice he could tell that she rather fancied it and would be forced to look hard to discover a flaw. "What was your idea?" she said.

"I'm not sure what you mean."

"Your basic idea, your underlying thought—"

Damned if he was going to let her poke and maul his concept of the elements, he thought. "I don't know, I can't remember," he said. "Just that the Hoffmans are old, and we ought to give them something vital and yet restful, I guess."

"I hope you weren't tactless enough to mention their age to them. People don't usually like to be reminded—"

"I didn't mention anything. All I ever said to them was good morning." His gall was surging up in him. He could have said: I never had a chance. You thrust yourself into it—

"And how did you intend to use these colors?"

"Blue on the walls, green for the rug, the orange mostly in accents—cushions, pottery, flowers." He saw a cold interest growing in her eyes, and he knew he should proceed with caution: she had a cavalier way of taking other people's ideas and claiming them as her own. "White too," he said. "There ought to be something white. I thought of a hassock, off-white and woolly—"

"And what," she asked, with the air of one who is about to pose a profound philosophical question to a ten-year-old, "what do you mean to do about that big curved window at the end of the room?"

"Plants at the window—masses of plants—philodendron and amaryllis. Under them, right up to the window sill, a glass tank of tropical fish. They'd enjoy sitting and watching the fish—"

"Fish," she said, obviously stirred, clasping her white-and-coral hands under her chin and looking him straight in the face. For an instant he had the vain hope that, after two years of trying and failing, he had at last captured her grudging admiration. But of course it turned out immediately to be otherwise. She was interested in fish, she explained, because somebody had given her just such a tank as a gift, equipped with a hose and a pump and filled for the time being with nothing but aquatic plants and shells. She had been meaning to get some fish for it, but she knew nothing about the slimy creatures.

"A fish," he told her, feeling somehow that he was defending himself and Trudy and their mutual enthusiasm and their home, "is not slimy, Miss Anders. If you put your hand down in the water and let one of them brush against it, fish are as smooth and clean as wet silk."

"Really?" she said. She straightened and brushed her color chart aside. "Where do you get your silky fish, Mr. Corbett?"

"At Marmorra's, down here at the corner."

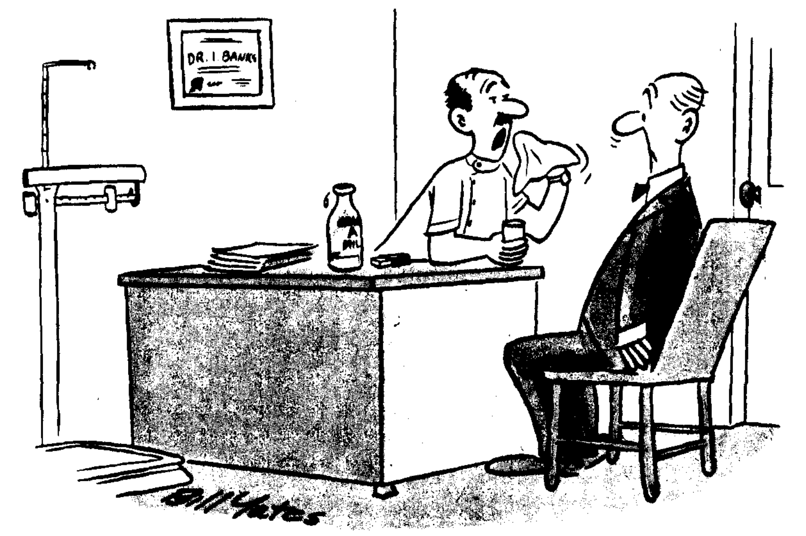
"I'll tell you what," she said, and laying a sheet of carbon paper, carbon side down, on top of his morning's work, she opened the middle drawer of her desk and pulled out a small, sand-colored calfskin purse. "Since there's no point in your doing anything more about *that*, suppose you run down to Marmorra's and get me what you would consider a decent collection of fish. They put them in containers or something, don't they? It's not even four o'clock, and you might as well use your time for something."

IN THE half hour of the working day that remained after he had come back with the fish, he examined his motives. He knew perfectly well why he had done what he had, and he felt a dry, humorless joy that he had dared for once to vent his hate. In his fury at having been used as an errand boy, in his humiliation at having taken money out of her hand like a child sent off to the grocery store, he had spent an hour in Marmorra's, peering into the glass tanks in search of the ugliest, most frightening, most vicious-looking fish he could find. "I'll take that horrible one with the hanging jowls," he would say, and, "Give me that hideous fellow with the popping eyes."

He'd brought back ten fish—she had not looked at them as yet—which were now swimming about in a Manila container with a wire handle, set on the corner of her desk beside the roses. And when she opened the container—if only she would do it here in the store!—she would be stupefied. He had created for her a masterpiece of loathing, a peerless collection of nightmares.

He had only one regret: there was a certain fellow in the carton that he hated to render up to Miss Anders' cool dislike. It was a fat black fish, and he would have liked to give it to Trudy—who would have been able to see, and would certainly have prized, its sloppy, droll, good-humored ugliness. His foolish urge to rescue that fish from Miss Anders had driven everything else into the background of his mind. He was not even stirred out of his daydream by a piece of news passed on to him by Janie MacIntyre: it seemed that old Dr. Hoffman had just wandered in to see how the living room was progressing; and Miss Anders, being caught short with nothing else to show the customer, had been forced to produce Mr. Corbett's color chart. Furthermore, the doctor had been impressed and had carried it off to show to his wife.

"Mr. Corbett!" He had a distinct



COLLIER'S **"Now, then, getting back to *your* ulcer . . ."** BILL YATES

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conviction that she had said it two or three times before he actually heard it. "Is it safe?" she was calling out to him. "Taking a fish home in a paper carton?"

There was an uneasiness in her tone that roused him, brought him across to her office, without a summons. She's afraid of those fish, he thought, and smiled, for he had never seen her afraid.

"You'd think they'd give you better containers than this—something that couldn't possibly break."

"I've carried fish in those any number of times. I never have had one break."

"Still—" She ran a tentative finger along the edge of the carton. "Maybe I ought to leave them here tonight," she said. "Maybe I could bring something more suitable from home. Maybe I should wait and take them home tomorrow night."

"They'd die." His voice was strong with protest against such unthinkable cruelty. "They've scarcely got room to move in there. Leave them here tonight, and tomorrow morning you'll find every one of them dead."

"Oh," she said. He could see her considering possible ways out. Would she fill the washbowl in the rest room and leave them there? He knew suddenly, and with wonder, that she wasn't at all clever; she'd never be resourceful enough to think of such a solution. Would she order him to take them back to Marmorra's? No, she wouldn't do that—not now. Since he had raised his voice she was looking at him with a new uncertainty, and for the first time he found that he could sustain, without flinching, the steady gaze of her cold gray eyes. Would she offer them to him as a gift? For an instant he half thought she would. And he knew that, even if it meant acquiring the good-humored black monster, he would certainly refuse.

"You know, Mr. Corbett," she said, "this wire holder isn't awfully secure, is it?"

It won't be, he thought, if you keep pulling at it like that.

"It might come off."

"Lift it and see."

She lifted it, holding it gingerly over the desk at a safe distance. The waxed Manila carton was not quite opaque, and he could see the shadowy shapes inside. Then, suddenly, one of the creatures leaped in fright, and the delicate fingers flew open, and the carton went down, broke on the desk, spattered the rose-scented air with water and fish, and splashed the inviolable coronet of her taffy-colored hair.

ONE fish slid along her arm before it landed among its leaping, struggling fellows on top of the carbon paper. She screamed at that, so loudly that Janie MacIntyre and the elevator operator and the stockboy came up behind him to see. He stood with his hands in his pockets, smiling. Like the woman who had abused his childhood, she was nothing to be afraid of—and he knew it at last. She was not perfection, she was not omniscience, and the power she had was an illegitimate and meretricious power. She was as weak as she was cold, afraid of fish and cruel enough to let ten of them writhe under her nose without lifting a finger to save them.

"They're horrible!" she cried. "Mr. Corbett, do something! For Heaven's sake, get them out of my sight!"

He waited, his hands still in his pockets, knowing that a fish can live out of water for a surprising length of time.

"Please, Mr. Corbett," she said, and for the first time in two bitter years he saw that she was actually seeking his help, as an associate and as a man. In answer, he turned and asked Janie MacIntyre, very calmly and deliberately, if she'd be good enough to fill the washbowl in the rest room. Then he took her precious roses out of the vase and threw them on the floor. "This'll do to transport them in," he said, and rescued the poor wretches, one by one.

IT WAS late, almost half past six, when he opened the door of his apartment. There was the smell of an over-cooked dinner coming from the kitchen, but he did not care; he had been obliged to stay at the store long enough to make sure that none of the fish in the washbasin was shocked or weak enough to fall prey to the others. After all, he owed them a debt of gratitude; they had proved to him once and for all that he could rise to a situation and master it—even with Miss Anders looking on.

It was amazing, he thought, but he no longer wanted to depart from Hearth and Home, Incorporated, as he had departed from the Arts Academy. He had triumphed at last and he would stay, coolly laying claim to his proper share of the work, stepping in to shield Janie and the others from Miss Anders' petty rages, salvaging the self-respect and good will of scorned customers by showing them fine materials within their means.

And Miss Anders, he knew, had recognized all of that: she knew exactly how it was going to be. She had even remarked how lucky it was that his color chart had been carried off by old Dr. Hoffman before the accident. She had even said—spreading her spotted skirt to dry—that Dr. Hoffman had been downright impressed. And under the circumstances, Trudy's withered meat loaf seemed a small loss.

Besides, he had a present with which to appease Trudy. He came into the kitchen with a tumbler in his hand. "Look," he said, "I brought you something. Isn't he a wonderful monster? I snitched him from you-know-who."

"You snitched him from Miss Anders?"

"Yes," he said, and laughing a little he told her about the ten ugly fish wriggling and leaping about on Miss Anders' desk and on Miss Anders. "I finally rescued her," he said, "but I took my own good time about it."

Trudy dropped the pot holder and gave him a wild look.

"I'm doing the Hoffman living room," he said matter-of-factly. "They're coming in day after tomorrow, and I'm going to tell them about the four elements—"

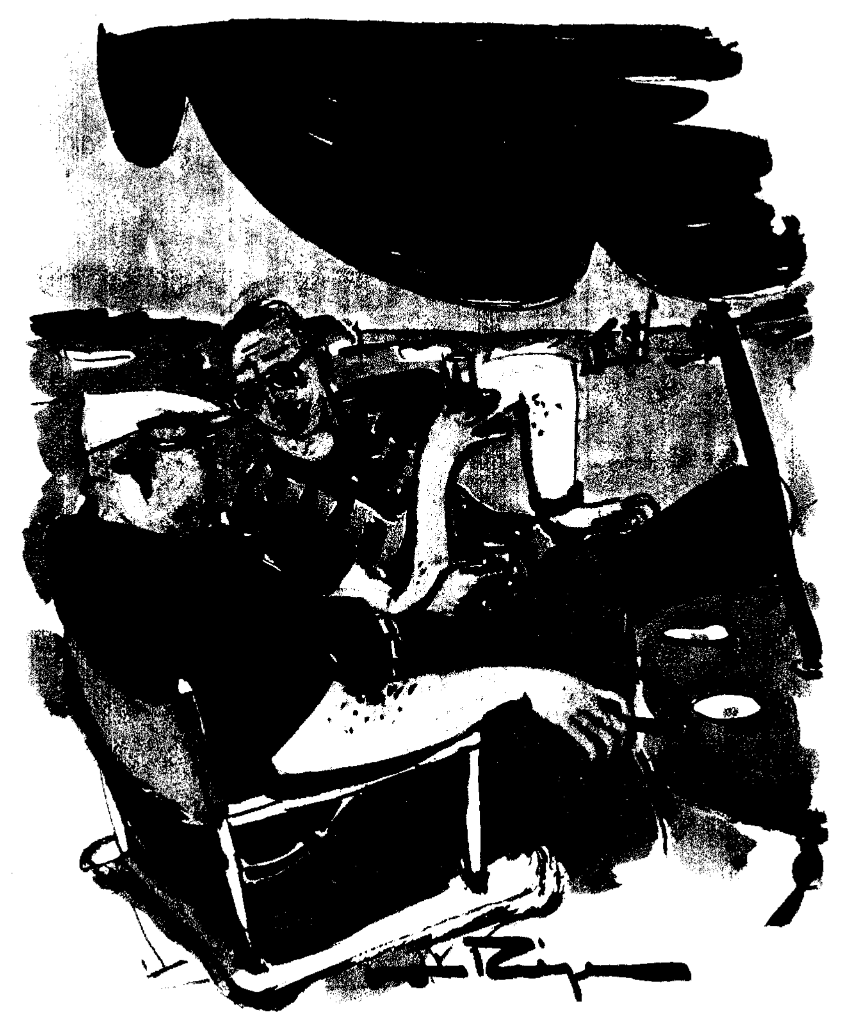
"Of course you are!"

"What do we do to celebrate?"

"Couldn't we go to the beach?" she said. "It's so hot, and there's nothing the matter with me—I'm perfectly all right."

He smiled and nodded and held out his hand to her. "How are the babies?" he said. "Let's put the monster in with the other male and go and have a look at the babies."

And so they did. For another ten minutes, while the meal turned cold on the table, they stared at the shimmering cloud of life spread wide now on the water, and they held each other's hands and knew the soundness of their hearts. —GLADYS SCHMITT



COLLIER'S

"Why walk around in that hot sun, lose your temper, wear yourself out, then drop here, when you can drop here in the first place?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

t is the essence of hospitality
to let your guests see
what you are serving.
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LIBERACE: The Powe

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MADISON SQUARE GARDEN was certainly not itself on the evening of May 26, 1954. More than 13,000 excited, laughing, largely middle-aged women, herding before them a weak force of about 3,000 men and boys, surged powerfully in at all doorways. Inside, on a flag-draped platform, a symphony orchestra tuned up. The natural odors of the place—sweat, ammonia, cigar fumes, horse fragrance—had been fastidiously sprayed away by workmen, using a perfumed disinfectant. The blood cry of the fight fan was stilled and in its place rose a most unusual sound—a kind of multi-mother sigh.

Then, with a burst of orchestral arpeggios and glissandi, Wladziu Valentino Liberace, the people's pianist, bounded onto the platform. He was a remarkable sight. His glossy, graying hair gleamed in deep waves in the spotlight. His large, handsomely dimpled face smiled so intimately that the fumigated fieldhouse seemed a cozy little living room. His stocky, bowing figure, clad entirely in white, looked several feet taller than it was, and his teeth, when he turned them up to the light, were blinding.

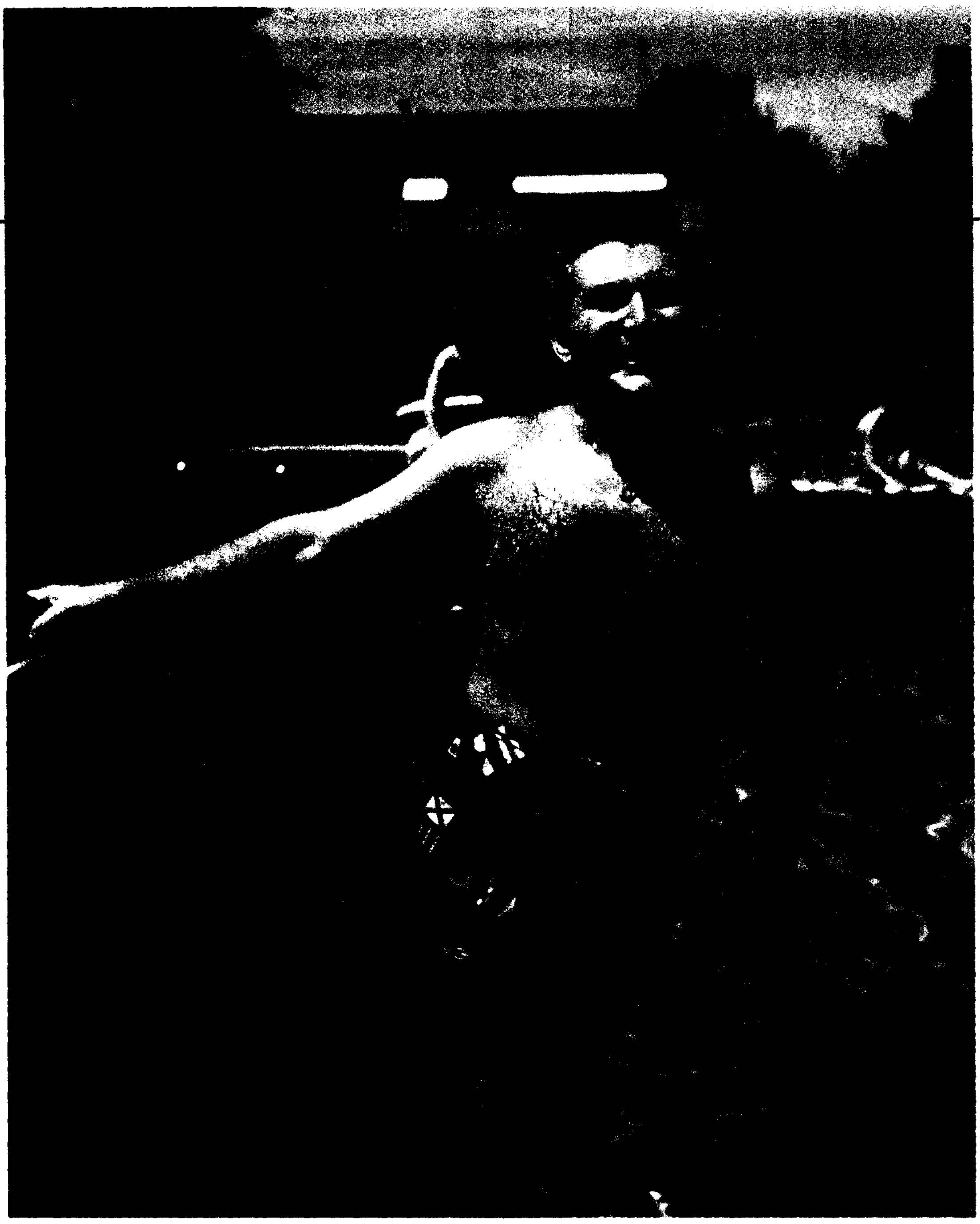
With the flashbulbs of camera-bearing fans flaring all around, the maestro, who is the nation's first undisputed TV matinee idol and also its foremost all-around showman of the moment, grabbed a microphone and began to communicate with his people. "Isn't it great, George?" he breathed passionately. "Did you count them, George?"

At this witticism, such a roar of approval rose from the largest indoor crowd ever to pay a $6 top to hear an American piano player that Liberace and his brother, George, who was conducting the orchestra, seemed slightly startled by it. Recovering hastily, however, the maestro launched into a program of music, song, soft-shoe dancing and humorous and sentimental sayings that kept the audience veering from laughter to tears. Hundreds of bifocals steamed with emotion as the maestro's gaze swept the house, seeming to settle on every face, personally, as though he were looking at Miss America. When the show was over, the power of love, which Liberace had been shooting at the audience all evening, seemed to have melted even the grimmest ladies present. It was as though each one of them and the maestro had been alone.

As 3,000 matrons charged simultaneously into a rear runway to collect Liberace's autograph, however, it became annoyingly clear that nobody was alone. Somewhere a spike heel ground down on an open toe. Somebody swung a handbag. Instantly, the whole runway began to heave and bellow in a contagion of brawls as love flew out the window. When the maestro finally appeared, two fighting Bronx housewives broke through to get the first

Maestro and brother George (l.) sign autographs in Fort Wayne. Seated at center is woman who attends Liberace concerts all over country

# of Love



"Lee" makes frequent use of piano-shaped pool behind his $100,000 house. In background are his sister Angelina (r.) and her young son

By
RICHARD DONOVAN

autographs. As they emerged from the melee in triumph and dishevelment, they were engaged by an amazed reporter who asked them, point-blank, what they could see in a piano player like Liberace.

The ladies gave the reporter a long, incredulous stare.

"What do I see?" snorted one of them, finally. "I see a little pleasant relief from what I have to look at every day: Loudmouths! Chest-beaters!"

The other lady took a calmer tone. "Liberace is the sympathetic type," she said, thoughtfully. "He looks at you and you feel beautiful. For that alone, I believe in him."

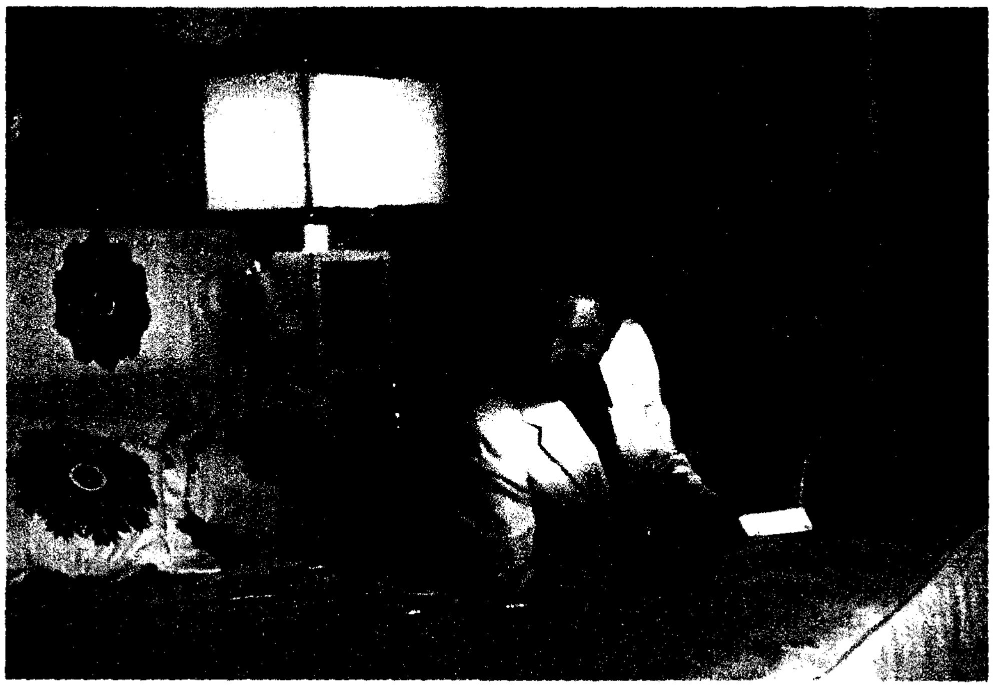
"But as a ladies' man," said the reporter, pressing for more intimate details, "how does he hit you in that respect?"

The ladies exchanged quick glances, as though they were now dealing with classified information.

"Well, I'll tell you," said one, eventually, in confidence. "The main thing about Mr. Liberace, as he hits me, is that he is through and through a Continental. When he kisses your hand, you know he ain't going to chew up your arm."

Because he controls himself on arm chewing, and for other reasons as yet unexplored, millions of women all over the United States are currently believing in Liberace. Some women—like the one known as the Green Hornet, because she dresses

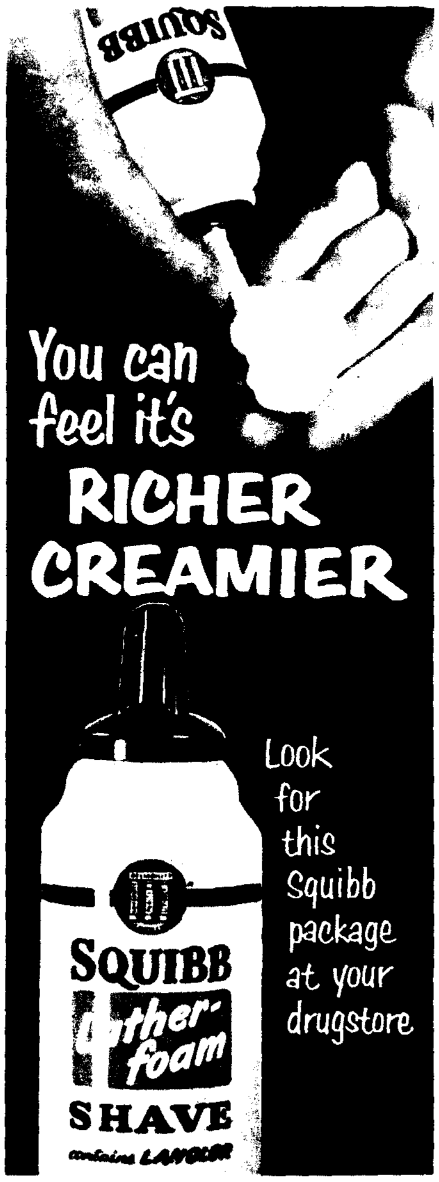
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY GARRY WINOGRAND AND ZINN ARTHUR



Liberace relaxes in bedroom, surrounded by reminders of himself —like initial on his bedspread and the picture hanging on his wall

15405
Liberace

The maestro's flamboyant California mailbox displays his house number, signature, piano



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exclusively in that color, and the young widow who brings along her mother and child—have followed him all over the country. In New Orleans, another woman who calls herself the Lady in White and who once rushed into his dressing room and snipped off a lock of his hair, is waiting for him to pass on, she says, so she can visit his grave every year, like Rudolph Valentino's Lady in Black. Female belief in Liberace is so strong, in short, that it is probably exceeded only by his belief in himself.

According to the maestro's count, he has been believing intensely in himself since the age of three. His belief is a calm, settled, almost religious conviction that what he wishes to happen must happen.

It always has. While he was a nameless, $350-a-week night-club entertainer, for example, the belief that he could fill great concert halls seized him. Since then, he has broken most existing box-office and attendance records for concert performers in most principal U.S. cities. Record companies once would not even listen to him on the ground that he was just one more piano player, and one who couldn't hold his tempo, at that. At the moment, he is the number one seller of record albums in the country.

Take the Business Manager's Word

As for television, he had a very strong shot of belief about that medium when it came along. Last month, Liberace's half-hour, non-network, filmed TV program was being seen on more stations (192) than either Dragnet or I Love Lucy.

Salesmen, who for all their bravado are among the most abysmal self-doubters alive, might examine Liberace, the peddler, with profit. How is it, salesmen, that the maestro's annual sales volume has, on the solemn word of his business manager, exceeded $50,000,000 for the last two years?

"If I'm selling tuna fish, I believe deeply in tuna fish," says the maestro in explanation. "I have faith. And faith is highly contagious."

In early 1952, when salesman Liberace first began to believe publicly on the new medium, the Citizen's National Trust & Savings Bank, of Los Angeles, decided to sponsor him. "We wanted a TV program with dignity and an entertainer whose character was above reproach," says one of Citizen's vice-presidents, Henry E. Petersen. The bank offered a Liberace record free to all who opened a $10 savings account. In three months, says Petersen, the records brought in $600,000; in two years, more than $1,400,000.

Delighted, Petersen spread the news among other bankers. The maestro now has 57 local bank sponsors. One of the chief beneficiaries is Cleveland's Society for Savings, whose officers still find it somewhat difficult to credit what has happened. But using a similar record come-on, the Society for Savings took in $9,216,000 in new accounts and additions to old accounts in the first seven months of 1954, according to president Mervin B. France. This rush of new business is possibly unparalleled in the history of American banking.

What has happened in banking has happened in other fields. When Liberace has advised his followers to buy certain paper products, drive certain cars, drink a certain beer, bury their dead via certain funeral parlors or hasten to patronize any one of his 100-odd other nonbanking sponsors, they have hastened to take the advice.

"Faith is catching," Liberace says.

It should not be presumed, of course, that all of the maestro's self-belief just came to him out of the air, like a floating virus. He got a lot of it out of a book by a man named Claude M. Bristol. This book, a self-help treatise entitled The Magic of Believing, counsels the faithless wretch to gaze at himself in a mirror every day and begin talking out loud to his image in a ruthless way. The maestro recalls several nasty sessions with the shifty, self-pitying fellow in the mirror before complete objectivity was reached—particularly the first talk, which was conducted in private a few years ago, just before the maestro shot into the show-business stratosphere.

"Liberace," Liberace asked bluntly on that occasion, "are you as good a pianist as Horowitz?"

There was a long, embarrassing silence. "No-o-o," Liberace replied, finally, "but I'm very probably better in other respects."

"Your new television show," the inquiring, or outside-the-looking-glass, Liberace went on, inexorably. "Do you honestly think it will be as good as I Love Lucy?"

"Ah, hum," Liberace replied. "Well, if I'm never too self-important to bring entertainment to everybody, I don't see why not."

This reply pleased the maestro, as he recalls. In fact the whole interview seemed to be going rather well. He got encouraging answers to queries about his intelligence, earning power, health, morals, fearlessness and personal magnetism, for example. Had he not got snarled up on the question of whether he should stick to piano playing, and give up singing and making witty remarks on his programs, he might have settled most of his problems in that one interview, he feels.

"Even as it was, I found out a great deal about myself," Liberace says.

Few people, especially the Liberace nonbelievers, who are said to include the majority of men, teen-agers and music critics, can say as much. The professional critics, in particular, have shown what to Liberace's fans is an astonishing confusion about the sources of the maestro's success. Various of these joy killers, writing at many times, have pronounced him a "shining mediocrity" whose "pianistic pretenses have lowered national music standards," and whose "bounciness, sweet smile . . . (and) my-oh-my prose style" have "incited thousands of rampant moms to violence" in the belief that he is "just a big little boy . . . and a good boy, too, who would never swear or drink or leave his poor old mother . . ."

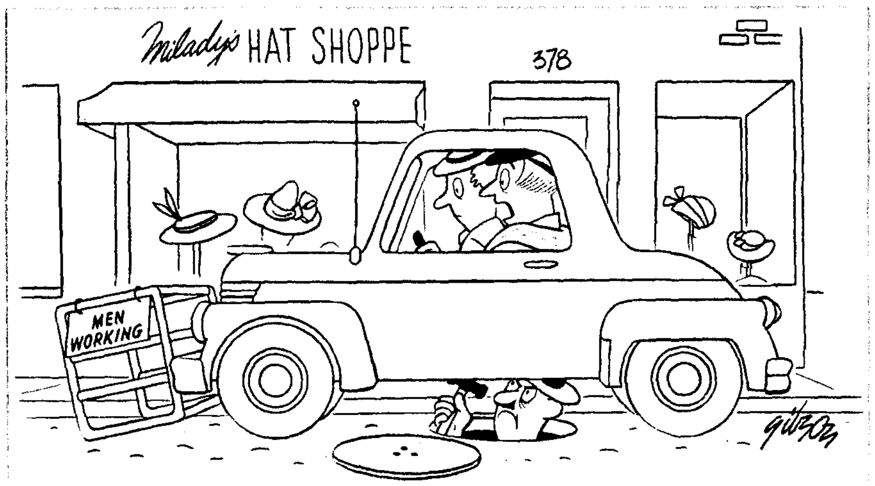
Liberace tries to be fair about the critics but it is clear that they lie on his spirit like mustard plasters. "I'm not lowering musical standards," he often complains bitterly. "I'm raising those of people who never had any." The critics also blister the spirits of most Liberace fans. Time and again, these people have been amazed and enraptured by some movie or other cultural exercise, only to read the next day that the whole affair was a "staggering fiasco"—and themselves, by implication, lumber rooms of ignorance and bad taste. Thus, when the maestro sails into such reviewers as New York Herald Tribune TV columnist John Crosby—who once risked violence by calling Liberace's female idolators "plips," (meaning goof-balls)—the fans begin to low like water buffalo scenting a missionary.

Mission Is to Bring Happiness

Actually, Liberace just wants to be loved by all living things. An earnest, generous, often sentimental, thirty-four-year-old man, he says his mission is to bring a little happiness to simple, unsophisticated people (as he feels himself to be), even those who may dwell in the hill passes of Tibet.

Physically, Liberace is a strong, square-cut fellow with flat feet and wide, hairy hands capable of stretching an octave and a half or of tearing telephone books in two. When one of his two huge grand pianos has to be moved a short distance, a job normally requiring the services of four men, the maestro moves it alone by crawling underneath with a pillow on his back, hunching the 1,200-pound instrument off the floor, and inching over to the new location.

Spiritually, Liberace is a gentle fellow who has rarely shown fear—except, perhaps, for the time a middle-aged Cleveland woman grabbed his shining locks and began banging his head against a car window and yelling



COLLIER'S "It couldn't be the motor knocking. I turned it off when we went shopping!" JAMES GIBSON

ose of people who never had any"

"I got him!" or the time some New Orleans ladies chased him through a bank lobby and into a safe-deposit cage where he had to be locked in, like an animal.

With dozens of marriage proposals coming in by mail every month or so, the maestro lives an aseptic, celibate life, buttressed round by his family, his managers or staff musicians. He thinks of marriage as some men think of rheumatism—as something that will probably overtake him someday.

When he gets any time to himself in the handsome, sprawling, $100,000 home which he shares with his mother at Sherman Oaks, near Los Angeles, Liberace often just walks around gazing at the structure in surprise and admiration, for he was once a poor Milwaukee boy and can still hardly credit all his good fortune.

Display Comes to Him Naturally

The depression left several lumps on Liberace, whose father, a temperamental Italian who played the French horn, could never quite seem to make ends meet. In consequence of early drabness, perhaps, Liberace tends toward display in his many working suits and his numberless fancy vests, slacks, sport shirts and bird-of-paradise ties. Depression memories may also cause him to feature the symbols of his success on his new cruiser-length Cadillac convertible, which has candelabra insignia on the sides, or in his house, which has 188 miniature pianos in the living room, or in his landscaped back yard, which has a clef-shaped fountain and outdoor candelabra besides his piano-shaped pool (complete with black-and-white cement keys). As for the tremendous, diamond-encrusted, piano-shaped ring that gleams from his little finger, watering his televiewers' eyes, that was given him by some Texans whom the depression did not presume to inconvenience.

A determined and imaginative cook, Liberace often probes chefs and housewives for their recipes and then improvises until he satisfies his own taste, which is still keen despite years of hotel food. His Liberace Salad, and Liberace Flambeau (both made with toasted shaved almonds, among other ingredients) and Liberace Hamburgers (broiled on a halved roll, with bacon and sometimes cheese on top) have found their way onto some restaurant menus.

The maestro is a veteran trencherman whose taste runs to such exotic items as frogs' legs, turtle soup and royal squab. When really hungry, however, he sometimes eats two complete meals, one after the other, besides sampling the food on all his dinner partners' plates.

To keep his weight down, the maestro plunges resoundingly into his pool, usually late at night, and swims vigorously about, congratulating himself on getting exercise. "I've solved many problems floating on my back while the neighborhood slept," he says. If the problems are too knotty, he sometimes goes for lonely midnight drives, with the top down.

A fiscal conservative, Liberace never gambles. Cards bore him insufferably. All show-business people interest him, but he admires only "performers with heart," like Jimmy Durante and Judy Garland. No hand pumper, he has few close friends among entertainment celebrities, and never visits their homes, invites them to his home or appears at night clubs with them. Social leaders who wish to exhibit him rarely get to; recently, he threatened to cancel a concert being promoted by a society matron unless she quit pressuring him to appear at her soirees.

A public man by profession, Liberace keeps his private life on his side of the footlights. His ranking pleasures, he says, are to drift around his house in bare feet, to give orders which his gray miniature poodle, Suzette, ignores or just to lie down in a beach chair beside his pool.

Lying down is just a fond dream to the maestro, of course. He works 60 to 80 hours a week some 45 weeks a year, practicing three hours a day, or longer. A few weeks ago, while preparing an album for Columbia, he put in two eight-hour days at the piano—a performance that left him with swollen hands, a ripped nail and two index fingers bloodied from being scraped along the keyboard, running arpeggios.

Although heroically even-tempered, the maestro sometimes grows grim under pressure. He has taken to avoiding all people not directly associated with his work. Occasionally, when he gets worn down and edgy in some tour town, he jolts his managers by disappearing for an afternoon of secret movie-going, shopping or goofing around. He usually returns from such expeditions sheepish and vowing to reform.

The maestro can be tough when he feels he's being pushed around, as one Hollywood night-club owner discovered when he ordered him to stop indulging the customers by playing 45 minutes, instead of 30 minutes, thus costing the house a profit in drinks. Although the owner threatened to sue for $25,000, the maestro stared him down and kept on indulging the customers.

A Very Cagey Fellow

Because television shot him to the top in less than two years, Liberace is thought by many people to be a highly mercurial fellow. Instead, he is the cagiest of long-term planners, who has been picking up bits of general business for his act from movies, plays, radio programs or other acts for eighteen years.

His concerts are typically shrewd examples of how to control an audience. As soon as he rushes into the spotlight in his all-white suit of tails, Liberace uses the head-counting gag. This move hints that he is secretly commercial, like everybody else, and the recognition factor begins to work on the audience. Then, adding flattery to recognition, he calls for the house lights to be turned up "so I can see all these wonderful people."

Since some of the customers may suspect that Liberace is secretly a classical musician, and thus be hostile toward him, he gets to work on the music right away. Before he begins his first number, a movie theme entitled Cornish Rhapsody, he raises the seat of his piano bench, because "this is a pretty high-class number." This sally lowers the rhapsody's lorgnette in a hurry.

Next, it is time to tilt with the forbidden. The maestro announces that

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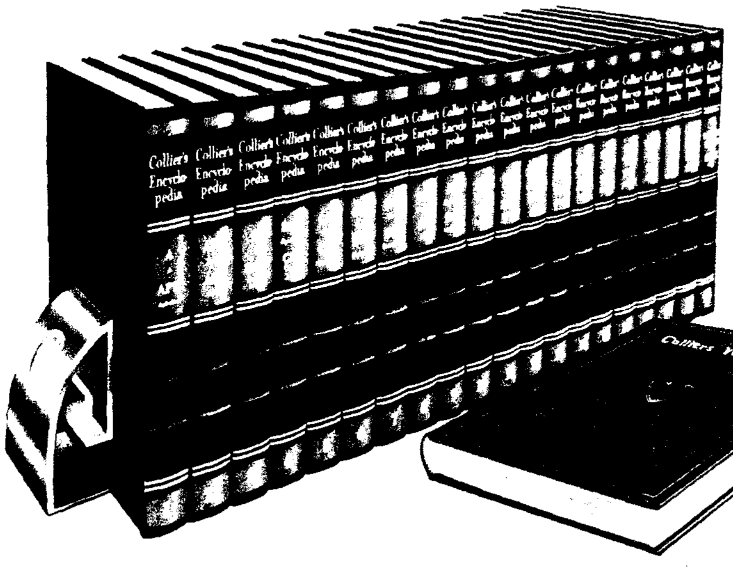

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Liberace has played for both Presidents Truman and Eisenhower

he will have to play a request from a newly married couple right away because "they probably won't be able to stay until the end of the show."

To this point, the maestro has been commercial, flattering and risqué, and has demonstrated that he will not be overawed by high-class numbers. He has hit almost everybody somewhere. In case there are some he has missed, he begins to belabor the critics, announcing that *he* doesn't mind what they say but that poor George "cried all the way to the bank." He then plays The Rosary, "because every man is entitled to a little religious feeling," and he escapes from this composition by launching recklessly into the Beer Barrel Polka, a transition few if any other performers could get away with. By intermission time—when he puts such sincerity into his thanks to the people for listening to him, a simple Italian-Polish boy, that tears start all over the house—there is no audience resistance left.

"They say that my concert audiences are all sold on me ahead of time because of my TV programs," the maestro says. "But anybody who has ever played a concert knows better than that. Every audience is a new obstacle to be overcome."

Recordings Set Records

In making his recordings, which outsell even those of multimillion record-seller Eddie Fisher, the maestro whips along briskly, often knocking off from four to six sides a day. He makes all his own piano arrangements, a fact the critics, who are constantly whaling him for cutting the masterworks, have long suspected. (One movement of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata takes Horowitz eight minutes to play, for example; Liberace does it in three.)

"My whole trick," says Liberace, "is to keep the tune well out in front. If I play Tchaikovsky, I play his melodies and skip his spiritual struggles. Naturally, I condense. I have to know just how many notes my audience will stand for. If there's any time left over, I fill in with a lot of runs up and down the keys."

The only branch of the Liberace entertainment industry for which he seems to have no plan at all is the most important branch—his one-and-a-half-year-old television program. There have been times when his yearly output of 39 half-hour TV films has been no more than four shows ahead of schedule. Although he is a windmill of activity in other respects, a strange lassitude seems to seize Liberace when he's faced with making a new film. Oftentimes, in fact, he may be found puttering around his house, perhaps doing a little minor repair carpentry (at a cost, as his time is valued, of around $1,000 an hour).

The show has no paid actors, writers, idea men or other costly folderol. The idea is always just to show Liberace and his adventures. The themes for most shows just come to him. During a recent squeeze, for example, he got the idea for a program featuring a day in the country with Liberace after meeting the widow of the composer of In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.

"Apple trees are usually in the country," he explains.

Liberace's travels form many of his show themes. Thus, a visit to Miami prompts a show about Miami. It has sunshine, a beach, big hotels, a Continental air and a powerful moon. Out of these materials, Liberace and his director, Duke Goldstone, rough out a continuity of talk, scenes and music. Notes are made in lieu of a script, and the set is selected.

It will, they decide, be the living-room set used in dozens of other shows and will depict a hotel room overlooking Miami Beach. In the background, a big prop moon will be staring in through the French windows, which will open on a balcony and the passionate night. On the piano will be the electric candelabra (Liberace had a dozen made after he got the idea out of a movie about Frederic Chopin). Liberace will be sitting at the piano in a suit of tails with the night obviously working at his soul, while the rest of him fiddles around, tinkering with the keys, instead of rushing out and grabbing some doll, as he seems often to be seething to do. With all these tested ingredients, the show, they figure, ought to be a big success.

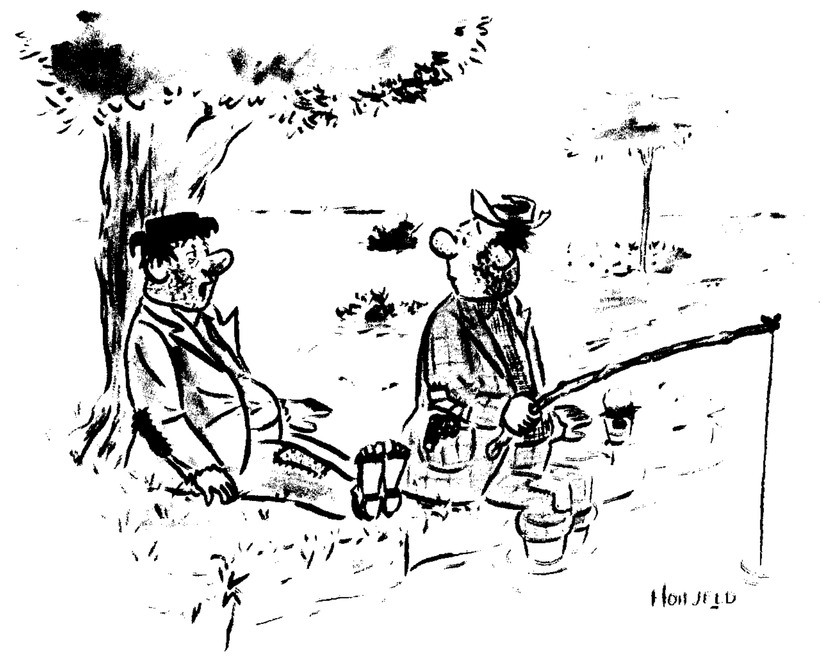
As a matter of fact, it was. The Miami-moon program came in well under the average Liberace TV show cost, which is a low $10,000. The maestro, who arrived at 9:00 A.M. at the Beverly Hills theater where the films are shot, ran through his numbers with the usual few retakes and the usual abundance of calm and deferential good humor. He enjoyed the big lunch packed by Mother Liberace and listened to the applause as though it were absolutely genuine. Brother George, a patient, matter-of-fact, forty-three-year-old veteran of the big-band circuit, got to play some moody violin backgrounds on the program, and Liberace's twenty-four-year-old brother, Rudy, a nonmusical Korean veteran who is a film cutter with the show, learned a few tricks of the trade.

Better yet, Liberace's 170 sponsors, with whom the show has almost $2,000,000 in contracts, all liked the show, as did the estimated 30,000,000 Liberace televiewers in the U.S., Canada, Hawaii, Alaska and Cuba.

"The big secret of my show," says Liberace, "is that I always do the things the smart directors told me not to do. For example, there's a flat taboo against looking straight into the camera. I always look into the camera. That's how I get the feeling of intimacy that puts the show over."

Although the maestro now has to hold his income down to $750,000 a year (both to get some rest from concert playing and for tax reasons), he still has moving memories of hauling his coaster wagon to the relief agency in Milwaukee to pick up food for the family. (Among his expenditures last year was a check for $130 to the State of Wisconsin in repayment for depression aid to the Liberaces.)

"My childhood was not a nightmare, like the ones described by the psychiatrists," Liberace says. "I had affection and good care. But it was no idyl, either. I had to wear George's cut-down suits, and duck the school bullies. My sister Angelina had a lot more talent than I had and always got first crack at the piano lessons and practice time. My allowance then was about $5 a year."



COLLIER'S "You ought to learn how to relax, Benny" NORMAN HOIFJELD

A Great One for Woolgathering

Many children whose families are poor get a worm's-eye view of life. Not so Wladziu. "When I didn't like what I saw," the maestro recalls, "I retired into daydreams of a beautiful future life, full of applause and glittering people and big cars and mink shorts—a life where I wouldn't always be running from drabness." Spurred by these woolgatherings, Wladziu worked so hard, studying and practicing, that sophistication escaped him and he rounded into puberty in an astonishing state of general innocence.

Unlike most innocents, however, the young maestro did not confine himself to woolgathering. Possessed of a cold, practical streak, he got B grades in high school, influenced his classmates by leading the school jazz band and began playing Milwaukee roadhouses with a five-piece schoolboy combination. His fee was a dollar a session, and since his parents thought he was entertaining politely in an ice-cream parlor, they did not object.

Roadhouse life was rough on Wladziu, whose blooming cheeks and pure-hearted air caused some ladies to chase him around the piano with wild cries, and other, more businesslike, ladies to try to get him to let them drive him home. (He refused.) So many customers sent drinks to him at the piano that he might have hit skid row instead of Olympus had he not arranged with the bartender always to make his ginger ale.

Daydreams of someday playing in Carnegie Hall kept Wladziu from taint in these vulgar surroundings, and the juvenile authorities, who finally ordered him to stop playing in dives, got him out of the surroundings altogether and into a life of playing longhair music on a tour of Wisconsin high schools. Wladziu was a tender, sixteen-year-old minstrel boy when he left home, never to return to stay. For reasons he can't recall, he took the name of Walter Busterkeys. He sailed into his tour with great zeal and promptly found that his impresario, a bookstore operator, was holding out some $475 of his $600 weekly earnings. That opened his eyes, but he made an even more illuminating discovery on the tour.

Culture Like a Tight Shoe

Culture, he discovered, was like a tight, high-heeled shoe to most people. It made the foot look smaller but it also cramped the toes. Whenever Busterkeys had a request session after a concert, he observed that the people never asked for the classics or high jazz, but always for the sweet, sentimental music in between—numbers like O Promise Me, for example. Gradually, it dawned on him that what the majority wanted was comfortable middle-music, not cramping culture. As soon as that revelation hit him, Busterkeys began to practice musical chiropody as the housewives' friend, dealing only in sensible shoes. It was a moment the critics regret.

Whatever his natural bent for middle-music, Busterkeys, who resumed his own name after the tour, could not shake the dreams of Carnegie Hall. These dreams took him to New York, in fact, but unfortunately nothing was open but short-term jobs at small hotels and upstate summer places. As for the bookers and agents, they were insulting, always advising him to imitate some other piano player instead of being himself.

The question to be or not to be Liberace was settled in early 1942, when the maestro was offered the chance to take over the Eddy Duchin orchestra. Duchin was going into the Navy; Liberace, who had a disabling spinal growth (recently exorcised by major surgery), was not.

"I turned it down with my heart in my mouth," the maestro says. "I said I knew I had something of my own to offer and that someday everybody would know it. My agents thought I was crazy."

Always the practical fellow, Liberace table-hopped at every hotel room he

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played, gathering addresses which he put into a growing file. The next time he played the town, he sent out stacks of post cards announcing his arrival, thus stimulating a heavy attendance. He also sent cards and clippings of his good reviews to most big hotels and night clubs around the country. The cards inquired simply: "Have you heard Liberace?" Few had. Still, this mail campaign brought better jobs.

Still running from drabness as an itinerant hotel minstrel and dweller, Liberace always redecorated the rooms he had to live in.

"I remember the room at one Chicago hotel, where I played almost eight months," he says. "I disliked the wild floral drapes so I put up my own plain fawn-gray ones. The Stag-at-Eve pictures revolted me so I hung some of my own Degas and Dufys. I installed an exercycle, which looked well, and I hung about 50 suits on a salesman's rack in the bedroom, where people could see them. I also lined 32 pairs of my shoes along the living-room wall."

Liberace Very Versatile

To make the room even more homey, Liberace installed hot plates and a portable refrigerator in an extra bathroom and often whipped up meals for himself and his callers. Since he sometimes diverts himself with a little creative textile painting, he hand-painted a blouse for his friend, Hildegarde, in the living room. Because he hated to be alone, he had a soft-drink machine set up in the foyer with a large sign over it saying, "Help Yourself!"

After the war, when his act (which was a shorter version of his present concerts) and his mailing system had made him a big draw on the hotel and night-club circuit, the maestro suggested that his brother George, who was fresh from Pacific duty as a band leader with the Seabees, join him as his personal manager. When Liberace pointed out that he was now making $850 a week and needed help, George agreed. Actually, what moved the maestro was the fiercely loyal and protective feeling he has toward all members of his family, including Papa Liberace, who was divorced from his mother in 1941.

When Liberace began to work George into the act, hotel managers, suspicious of innovations, yelled that they'd lose customers. George, on the other hand, often grew speechless when the maestro tried to ring him in on a little repartee—a situation now exploited to the hilt by Liberace and George, who has become a national personality by never speaking on a Liberace TV program.

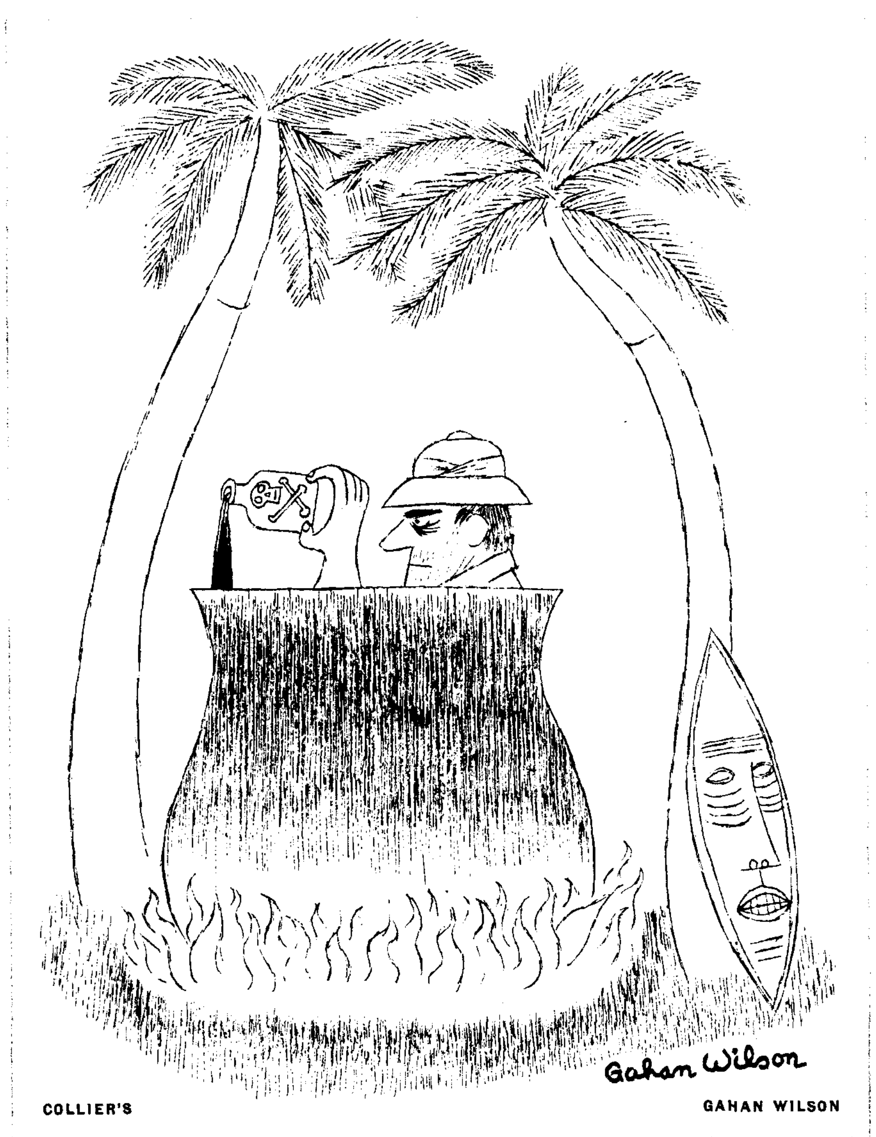
Whatever the problems, by 1946 Liberace was established as one of the nation's leading piano acts. He was playing top hotels and night clubs regularly. He had played for President Truman, as he was later to play for President Eisenhower. In theater dates, people were beginning to think him a distinguished wit. Even when he had to follow a piano-playing ape that ran around screaming at the mention of late big-game trapper Frank Buck, he usually sounded at least as funny as performers like Jack Benny and Fred Allen.

"The reason," says the maestro, with customary candor, "is that I'd listen to these gentlemen's radio programs Sunday evenings and then use their best jokes on my late show."

But then, when his long-term planning was beginning to pay off, a strange moral malaise suddenly seized the maestro. His very success seemed drab. Out of a clear sky, he saw himself dragging through time as a $40,000-a-year entertainer—a night crawler living in smoky places where drunks hollered at their wives in the middle of The Rosary and rubber-legged ladies tried to write on his tuxedo shirt with lipstick. Revolted, he threw up the whole deal one day and went to Los Angeles, where he lived for a year with some people he had met via the post cards.

Back in the old, gilded rut, the maestro tried valiantly to get a recording contract, a movie contract or a TV show—anything that would pull him into the big time. Everywhere, he was met with yawns. He did land a part as a beachcomber pianist in a Universal International movie with Shelley Winters called South Sea Sinner, but that was all.

At the low point, feeling utterly becalmed, the maestro went out to Hollywood Bowl one afternoon when that vast amphitheater was deserted. Walking on stage, he placed a chair near the center footlights, bowed, smiled luminously up at the thousands of empty seats, seated himself and began to play spectacularly upon an imaginary piano. His mind had not snapped. He was merely feeling the first returning shots of a long-dormant belief in himself and was trying out the Bowl for size. (He has since filled it twice, causing hideous traffic jams.)



COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

Fate must have been sitting in the fifty-cent seats, because soon after the Bowl trip Liberace discovered his guidebook, The Magic of Believing. That was a moment roughly comparable to Aladdin's discovery of the lamp. A few chapters digested and up popped the genie, scattering all kinds of boons.

Pressured mercilessly by Liberace's personal managers, Los Angeles' independent station KLAC decided to take a flier on the much-rejected maestro. Before his first program was over, KLAC's switchboard was ablaze. Then Citizen's Trust & Savings picked up the program tab and Liberace began to sell.

With the show riding high in Los Angeles, Columbia Records decided to make a few Liberace trial sides. They sold more than 15,000 in Los Angeles in a week, and the maestro got his long-term record contract. The filmed show was then offered for national sale and, to the astonishment of almost everyone but the maestro, who was believing furiously by this time, the Los Angeles phenomenon was repeated.

"I knew that once I got the chance to look into that camera real hard, the country would know me for a friend," Liberace says. "And it did."

Besides bringing the maestro the success he yearned for, the genie also brought him one of the sharpest and tightest-knit business setups in existence to look after his interests. Gabbe, Lutz & Heller, Liberace's personal management firm, sets up his concerts, deals with Columbia Records, handles Liberace's endorsements and has a finger in all phases of the maestro's career. Guild Films Company, Inc., one of the nation's principal peddlers of canned TV shows, produces and distributes the Liberace television program.

Both of these organizations work closely with International Artists Ltd., an entertainment promotion corporation in which Liberace owns 51 per cent of the stock, and which is managed by his lawyer, John R. Jacobs, Jr. When checks arrive, I. A. Ltd. pays a percentage to Liberace Enterprises (a partnership composed of Liberace and George), and puts the rest into various Liberace investments or promotional or charitable funds—particularly polio foundations, in which the maestro is greatly interested. It also pays the maestro's bills and handles the taxes (which run to about ninety cents on the dollar) thus leaving the maestro, who is the foundation stone on which all rests, free to probe deeper into the national soul.

The Figures and the Facts

Last year, Liberace grossed $450,000. This year, his $750,000 net income will include $400,000 from concerts, $200,000 from TV, $100,000 from records and $50,000 from endorsements of Liberace songbooks, programs, miniature plastic pianos, charm bracelets, a wide-smiling Liberace mask for the kiddies, and so on and on.

With a growing corporate bank roll, I. A. Ltd. may soon start managing other artists, or it may make movies, probably starring the chief stockholder. At the moment, it is supervising the production and distribution of a recorded Liberace program to 150 or more radio stations, to gather in all those who do not own TV sets. It also oversees a brand-new, ghostwritten, Liberace newspaper column, called Liberace Speaking, which has already been sold to two dozen papers, and in which the maestro comments weekly on the joys of middle-music, and other matters.

Success, fame, money, a business organization—all these gifts the genie has brought the maestro in less than two years. Still, he is not entirely satisfied with its production.

At a giant patriotic celebration in the Los Angeles Coliseum the night of last July 4th, 70,000 loyal Americans were suddenly confronted by a sizzling, multicolored replica of a human figure which burst into life on a huge, 60-by-40-foot fireworks screen. The subject of this pyrotechnic display, apparently chosen over all other national leaders to represent the indomitable American spirit on this Independence Day, was not Washington crossing the Delaware, nor Lincoln at Gettysburg, nor Eisenhower scanning the troubled world.

Blazing and popping magnificently amid deafening cheers, the figure was that of none other than Liberace himself, smiling from the soul, flinging his hands high over a piano on which a candelabra burned and joyously rump-bouncing in the face of all the dark tomorrows.

"That Fourth of July tie-in was a very great tribute," said the maestro, when he heard the news. "But do you know, it completely surprised me? Perhaps I'd better run through that Claude M. Bristol book again," he said, reflectively. "There seem to be possibilities in it I entirely overlooked." ▲▲▲

I learned my boy's secret...

Children live in a world of sound. They *hear* the wind's whisper. Rain isn't rain to a child – it's pit and patter. Clocks don't tell time – they tick and tock. And now I know why Tim always looks as though he's discovered a miracle. I know why his smile bursts into laughter. You see, I can hear again . . . and, like a child, each sound is a new discovery.

Too long ago, I lost my hearing. It started so slowly; Tim's baby voice was lost to me before I realized it was fading. I missed my husband's sentences before I knew I couldn't hear his words. I thought I could deny it by not admitting it. I prayed no one would notice when I turned the radio higher or asked to have a sentence repeated. But you can't kid yourself forever. Not when people try once or twice to "include you in" and then give up and talk around you. Not when familiar music sounds fuzzy. Not when your son, to whom sound is life, finds others to read to and talk to.

I thought I could get along all right. I remember telling my husband, "I hear well enough". And I almost had myself believing it. But then my eyes began to tell me the truth. I saw my husband tense up to talk to me. I saw his shrug when I missed the punch line of a joke. I saw friends relax the moment I left the group. I saw my son Tim plant himself in front of me to shout what should have been a whispered confidence. And one day, in the mirror, I saw the only person in the world who could do anything about it!

The hearing-aid specialist I visited that day told me I wasn't the exception . . . but the rule! He said most people fight the idea of a hearing aid. But what he showed me that day sold me. Hearing aids no bigger than my pack of cigarettes . . . and weighing only a few ounces.

That doesn't mean I wasn't self-conscious the first couple of days I wore my hearing aid. I felt "stared at" – it's the same feeling I had when I first put on glasses. That feeling is gone . . . gone with the silence. I'm too busy discovering how beautiful the world sounds.

This letter reflects the experiences of many thousands of progressive men and women. If you are hard of hearing, get professional advice without delay. There are competent physicians and highly trained hearing-aid dealers in your neighborhood, anxious and able to help you.

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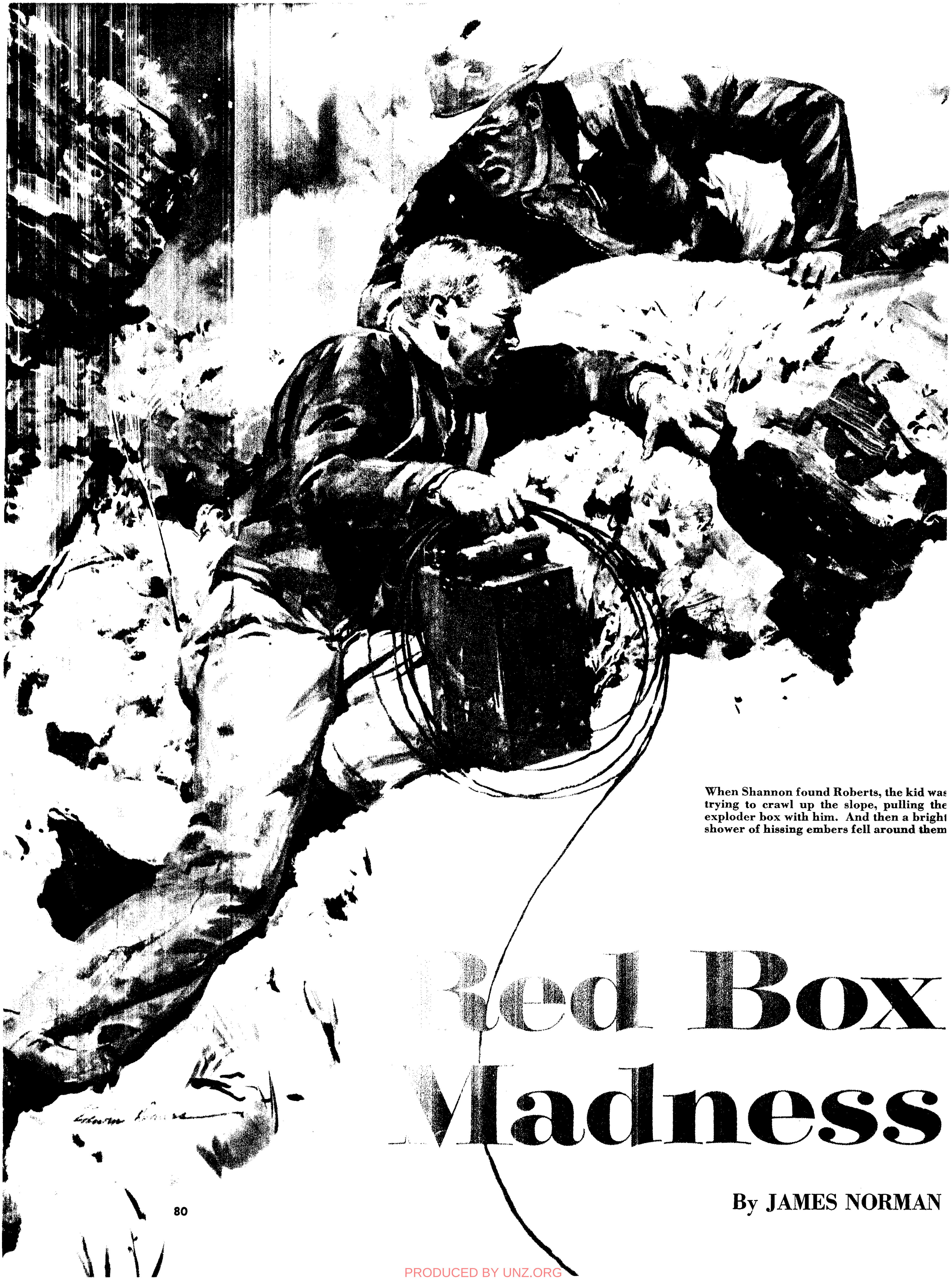
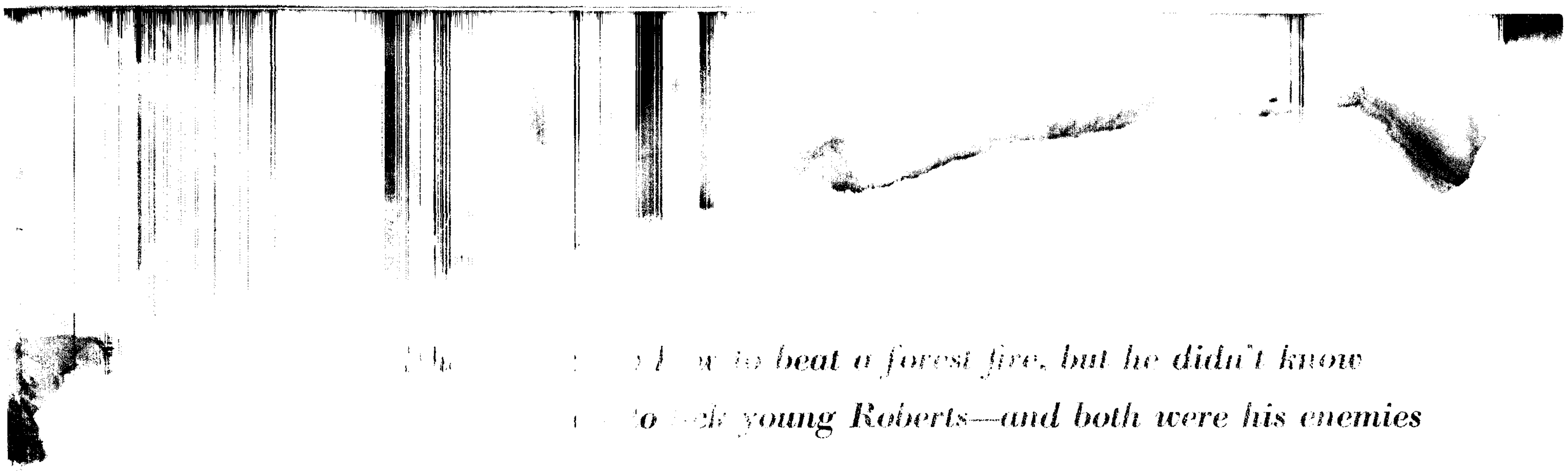


When Shannon found Roberts, the kid was trying to crawl up the slope, pulling the exploder box with him. And then a bright shower of hissing embers fell around them

Red Box Madness

By JAMES NORMAN



[illegible] beat a forest fire, but he didn't know
[illegible] young Roberts—and both were his enemies

ON THE morning that young Dean Roberts dispatched the olive-green forestry truck down the coiling narrow road from Red Box flats—and it lost a front wheel and caused the worst traffic jam in the history of the forest—Shannon, the district ranger, finally blew his top.

Jim Shannon's anger had been building a long time, and for good reason. Another summer's dry heat licked up the lower mesquite-covered slopes and shimmered between the higher pine-clad ridges of Los Altos Forest. With the driest season in years crisping the mountain cover into tinder, the roads should have remained traffic-free, but they hadn't. Unusually large crowds of visitors had hit Shannon's district this year.

This had put the chief ranger on edge—a hard thing to do—for Shannon was a big, square-faced man who looked as if he had been born in a brush fire and had teethed on a pickax. When he was on duty, he rarely smiled; instead, he had a habit of glaring suspiciously at visitors who dared stray from the few posted areas in his forest.

What had attracted the influx of visitors this year was the queer doings at Red Box flats, a mile beyond the ranger station at Pineline. There, in a converted tool shed at the tree nursery, young Dean Roberts, the new ranger-conservationist, was manufacturing rain. It was not a lot of rain, but it was enough to get under Shannon's skin and to build up trouble between the two men. Roberts' handmade downpour was supposed to convince a half-dozen trays filled with sleepy Australian beetles that they would like life in California.

As Shannon, accompanied by a junior ranger named Laventry, drove up the twisting Red Box road with a spare wheel for the stalled truck, he fumed angrily. Shannon was no man to let his district become a side show, yet that was exactly what Roberts was turning it into—Roberts and his publicity.

The jeep turned a bend and the broken-down truck came into view. Behind the truck stood a line of ten or twelve cars loaded with Sunday visitors. Old Avakian, the helper up at Red Box who had been driving the truck, stood at the road's edge with a few men, all of them peering down where the lost wheel rolled into the canyon.

Shannon looked quickly at the line of stalled cars; then at the dozen lengths of water pipe sticking stiffly over the truck's tail gate. Each pipe was as full of holes as a carefully drilled Swiss cheese.

"Vak," he shouted. "Where do you think you're taking these stands?"

The Armenian turned toward him. "I bring 'em down to tool shop," he said. "Make bigger holes. Mr. Roberts says rain ain't the right size."

Shannon's leathery face darkened. "Did Roberts dispatch you down without a spare wheel?"

"We forget."

Shannon spat disgustedly. It was typical of Roberts, he thought, sending out an improperly equipped vehicle. Maybe Roberts didn't realize it, but he had bottled up a key trail at the peak of the fire season.

While Avakian and Laventry jacked up the truck, Shannon stared thoughtfully beyond the line of waiting cars and the people wandering about. The road wound narrowly through the mountains, a trail so tightly built that, if it were stretched out and then let loose, it would snap back like a coiled spring. It was one of his pets. He had designed it as a closed road for getting fire-fighting crews into a difficult area. The trouble with it now was that young Roberts had talked the department into making it a public highway.

It angered him as he recalled all that had happened here in the past year. When the department had put in an experimental nursery at Red Box, Shannon hadn't minded. Up in the Capitol they were always kicking around a lot of conservation talk and timber-management plans. He had no argument with conservation, but naturally he had expected to run the show in his own way. Instead, they had sent in Roberts, and had given him too much authority for his size.

"Okay, Chief," Laventry said, recalling him. "Wheel is on."

Shannon glared at the truck with its load of pipes. He ordered Laventry to take it down and, motioning Avakian into the jeep, he backed down to an emergency-parking spot and waited for the line of cars to pass by.

"Mr. Roberts think I bring pipes back," Avakian protested.

"He won't need pipes," Shannon replied bluntly, as he started up toward Red Box. Though he was still irritated because of the jam on the road, at the same time he felt the anticipation of pleasure. Now he had grounds for getting young Roberts fired.

RED BOX flats was a mile-long area bounded on two sides by sheer rock escarpments, on the third by the gorge where the road came up and, at the far end, by a small half-filled reservoir behind a stone dam. Stands of pines edged the area, while in the open space there were neatly laid out sapling beds, a log cottage and several supply sheds.

"Park it," Shannon ordered Avakian as he stopped the jeep and got out. He cast a brief sidewise glance at the white louvered weather-instrument box standing before the log cottage, and then strode on toward one of the sheds where the word *Crèche* had been scrawled over the doorway in pink chalk.

"Don't slam door," Avakian called after him. "You wake up beetles too soon."

Shannon slammed it. Within the shack his annoyed glance took in the weird array of pipes. A torrent of water poured from them, showering the moss-filled seed trays where the dormant Australian beetles were bedded. At one end, a big glittering electric fan revolved, blowing gusts of wind into the fabricated rain. There were a number of boys in scout uniform crowded around the trays.

Suddenly, Dean Roberts' head popped up from behind the maze of pipes. He aimed a photographer's flash gun at the rain. There was a burst of glaring light. One of the Boy Scouts banged loudly on a kettledrum a few feet from Shannon. For a second, Shannon's mouth sagged open.

"Roberts!" Shannon's voice rasped above the hubbub of rain and handmade thunder.

Roberts took the drumstick from the scout, quickly shooed the boys outside and switched off the fan. He turned, grinning at Shannon. "Making with thunder," he said. "Just like in Melbourne. Been thinking of trying dynamite. We have some left over from the dam."

Shannon's jaw was set grimly. He glared at the vivid Hawaiian sport shirt on Roberts. It was strictly nonregulation. For an instant, everything that was wrong with Roberts came to his mind. Shannon took pride in the fact that his district turned out the best rangers in the state. His men dreamed, ate and lived fire fighting. The lookout-tower men were always the first with a smoke report; the fire-suppression crews held all records for getaway time, for fire-control speed, for everything right up to final fire blackout.

Roberts was the only misfit in the smoothly running outfit. He slept late and worked late; he went about with an unlighted pipe clenched in his teeth; and he seemed to take no interest in fire prevention. He was too much the college type to make a good forester, thought Shannon. One look at the kid's crew-cropped red hair, his lean cheerful face, and you knew he was one of those textbook boys.

"This the way you waste your time?" Shannon asked flatly.

"Just making Australian conditions," he replied earnestly.

Shannon snorted and glared at the beetle trays. The very sight of them made him bitter.

The entire wacky business had begun when a noxious plant, known as klamathweed, had spread through the state and the grazelands which the forestry service leased to ranchers. It choked off range grass and poisoned cattle. To eradicate it, someone had tried importing some Australian beetles that fed exclusively on the weed. But, after being brought to America, the beetles had refused to lay eggs and continue their line. One day Roberts, who had been interested in the problem, offered an explanation.

"The trouble," he had said, "is that the seasons are reversed in Australia. We bring the bugs up into the Northern Hemisphere, and they get confused. What we've got to do is to make them think they're still down under until they get used to our seasons."

He had sold the idea to the department. It became a big project: the reservoir to furnish water for the homemade rain and the nursery, pumps, yards of hose and the sievelike pipes. But worst of all, Shannon thought, was the publicity, which had attracted visitors, and the effect the project had had on his crews.

The men had started a pool, once the eggs had been laid, betting on the hatching date. A couple of towermen even wasted their time concocting a list of names with which to christen the expected baby beetles. They had thought up two hundred names, and the first on the list was Shannon, Junior.

Shannon's glance flicked from the trays toward Avakian, who had just entered the shack. "Shut that damned water off," he ordered the helper.

The Armenian halted and looked at Roberts with uncertainty, then stared diplomatically at the district ranger. "Mr. Roberts tell me when to start and stop rain," he said.

"Shut it off!" Shannon repeated bluntly.

Avakian didn't budge.

Young Roberts looked at Shannon with a troubled expression, as though struggling to understand the man's anger. With a note of respect in his voice, which Shannon took for irony, he asked. "Did Exter say we should stop?"

All at once a dry rage welled up in Shannon. He forgot the jam on the Red Box road and the truck that had gone out without a spare wheel. If the kid imagined that Exter, the department supervisor, would put up with this ridiculous nonsense—the drums and homemade lighting and carelessness—once he had discovered how far it had gone, the kid was nuts.

"Shut the water off," Shannon said evenly. "And

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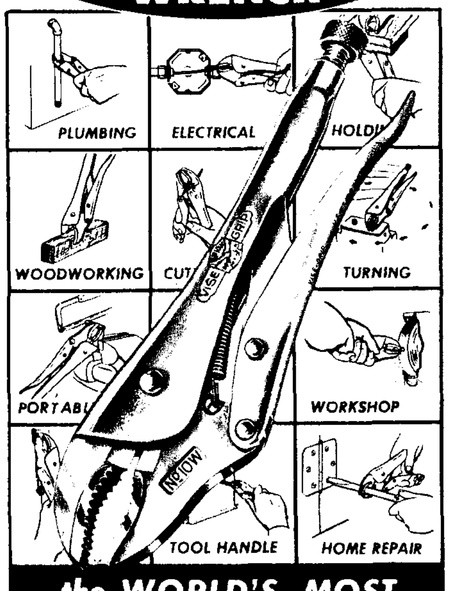

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keep it off. I'll report my action to Exter."

Roberts shrugged. With a nod to the Armenian helper, he said, "Okay, Vak. Dry season coming on."

The helper hesitated. For a moment there was an uncomfortable silence, and then, giving Roberts a disappointed look, Avakian turned to the shutoff valve. As the sound of the water thinned away, Shannon let out an abrupt grunt of satisfaction.

"I'll see Exter," he said coldly. "You can begin packing, Roberts. I'm demanding your transfer."

TOM EXTER came to Pineline the following noon. He settled himself in Shannon's office and listened carefully as Shannon paced the floor while making his angry report.

"In my book," Shannon concluded, "it's a careless public that starts most fires. Keep them out and the forests will take care of themselves. That's conservation. The kid doesn't think that way."

Exter nodded. "Doesn't sound good, Jim," he said.

"I'm just making a report," Shannon replied flatly. "But you go up there and look for yourself."

Exter leaned back in his chair thoughtfully, and this bothered Shannon. Exter hadn't seemed startled when he had told him about cutting off the rain, and that puzzled him. Shannon felt he should have been able to read Exter better, because Exter was of the old school of smoke-eaters: a tough, clear-thinking man with a fine record as a forester. He and Shannon had grown up together in the service.

The supervisor leaned forward, regarding Shannon with a kindly expression. "We're growing old, Jim. You know the department has changed a great deal and needs men with Roberts' specialized know-how."

"Know-how?" Shannon said explosively. "Why, he couldn't put out a match. He's no forester. He's plain crazy—homemade rain, kettledrums, lightning. What are we? A side show?"

Exter smiled. "Up in the Capitol they like the beetle project," he said. "The governor likes it. The public is eating it up. People like to feel that we're doing more than just preventing fires."

"I'll grant you that," Shannon said scornfully. "But the publicity Roberts gets us draws too many people up here during fire season. We'll be burned out. We've had seven smokes in two days. One could have been serious, except we got there in time."

"It happens," Exter said. "But these are *their* forests. We're simply the caretakers."

"And beetles?" Shannon asked with a touch of irony. "Do we nurse beetles for the public?"

"A public service," Exter said.

"Politics!"

The supervisor shrugged. "Perhaps so, Jim. Still, we want the public to be interested and support our program. Naturally, we'd prefer it without fires. When we assigned Roberts to Los Altos Forest, we had a reason. We knew there'd be people swarming up here. We picked your district because you can sense trouble before it hits."

Shannon snorted. "I've already sensed it," he said. "With so many people wandering in, there's bound to be trouble up at Red Box—or along the way. And that kid's not ranger enough to know what to do. I want him taken out. I need a forester up at Red Box. It's a bad area."

The supervisor pursed his lips thoughtfully, then sighed. "Okay, Jim, let's take a run up there and look the situation over." He got up. "By the way, did you say he has a *kettledrum?*"

When Exter and Shannon arrived at Red Box they found a dozen cars parked in the area and groups of picnickers camped beneath the pines, up near the reservoir. Shannon gave Exter a meaningful glance, and pointed at a group of laughing people who had set up an archery target between two beds of pine saplings.

"Look at them," he said. "Why'd we build that campground at Pineline?"

Exter made no reply. He stopped the car and sat for a moment quietly surveying the picnickers. Finally he slid from behind the wheel. "Wait here," he said. "I'll see Roberts."

A few minutes later Shannon saw him come out of the shack marked *Crèche.* He was holding Roberts' arm and was talking to him seriously. The kid shook his head once or twice, then re-entered the shack while Exter came on toward the car.

"Well?" Shannon asked.

The supervisor hesitated, and then gave Shannon a quick sheepish smile. He took a cigar from his jacket and thrust it into Shannon's shirt pocket. "Congratulations, Jim," he said.

Shannon glanced down at the cigar, and looked up with abrupt suspicion.

Exter ignored the look. "You and Roberts make a good team," he said. "Got to admit that."

"Team? Hell!" Shannon exploded.

"Take it easy, Jim. The beetles are awake. They've begun laying eggs. Roberts tells me you knew exactly when to shut off the rain."

"I—I—" Shannon began to swear.

Exter cut him short. "This is an important event, Jim. By tomorrow every rancher in the state will be thanking us. If the press down in the valley says it's your baby, then smile, Jim. Roberts set it up that way, so don't undersell your part. We're a team up here, and the public likes that."

Shannon stared at him unbelievingly. "What about the transfer?" he demanded stubbornly.

"Look," Exter said, opening the car door, "it can't be done today. There are a couple of newsmen and photographers inside. They want a shot of you and Roberts with the bugs."

Shannon refused to get out. "The kid's transfer," he said obstinately.

"Okay, Jim," Exter said patiently. "It's up to you. We put the kid up here, not just because he's a specialist, but to see how he'd make out in the field. I think he really wants to be a forester, but if you think he's short on the makings, I'll pull him out and assign him to a city lab. I trust your judgment, Jim. You know what it takes. But I want you to think it over. Take two weeks."

Shannon gave one of his rare hard smiles. He didn't have to think it over. The kid was no forester.

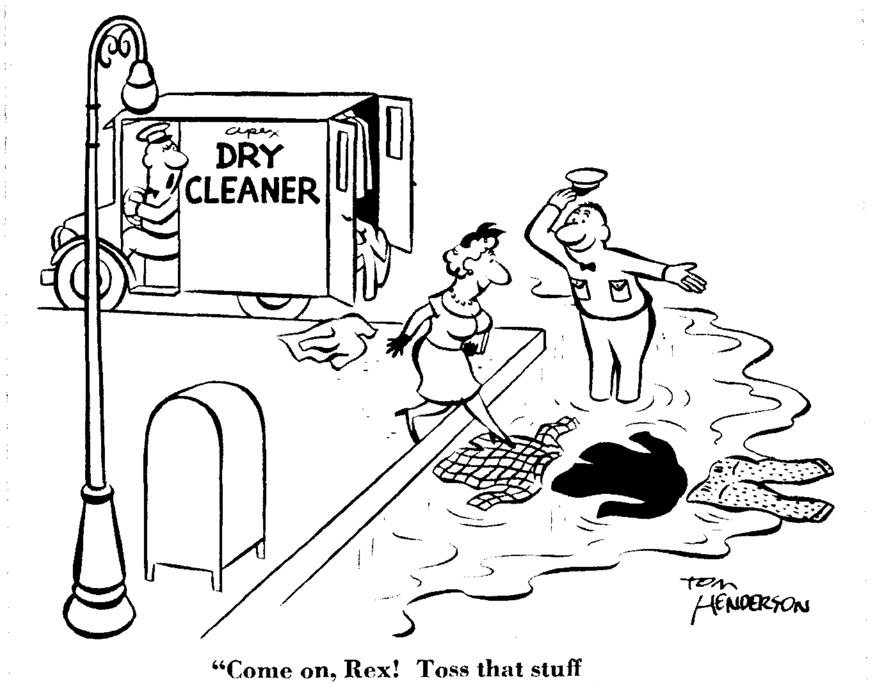
IN THE week that followed, when the beetle eggs at Red Box began hatching and the newspapers featured it, a holiday spirit invaded the mountains. A steady stream of visitors drove up to Red Box each day. With so many people about, Shannon was sure there'd be trouble. It got to the point where he couldn't relax. Each day he sat in his office, keyed up, listening intently to every ring of the dispatcher's telephone.

He saw Roberts but once during the week. The kid had come down to draw supplies and had paused at the office door, looking in briefly. Neither of them had spoken. Roberts had not smiled, as he usually did; he had just stared in, a flat, questioning look in his eyes. There was no need for words between them. Shannon was waiting for the kid to make just one more mistake, and the younger man knew it.

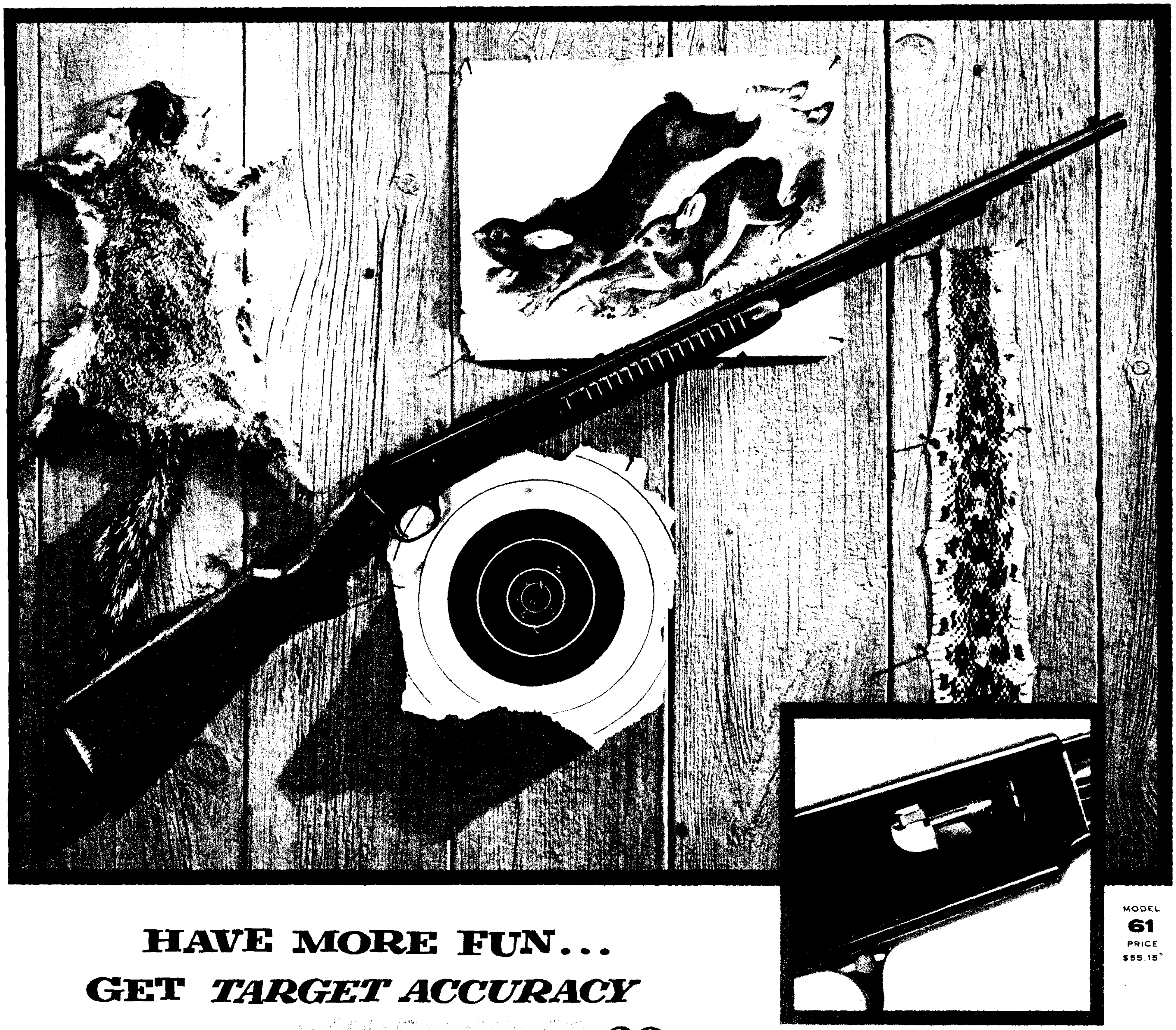
In his own way, Roberts fought back, and it annoyed Shannon. The kid had put aside his sport shirts; even his brier pipe was missing. When the stations and lookouts called in each hour, reporting the humidity, temperature, visibility and wind, Roberts was now always the first. The kid was trying to look like a forester, but so far as Shannon was concerned, it was all front—it was like that trick of shunting the credit for the beetle project's success to the district, making Exter think he had a sense of teamwork.

And then one morning the break Shannon had been waiting for came: Red Box failed to call down the eleven-o'clock weather.

"Roberts called in at ten," the dispatcher said. "Around ten thirty, Schlumbacker—up at the Mount Larkin tower—tried to route a call through to Red Box. There was no answer. I figured Roberts was off somewhere. At



COLLIER'S "Come on, Rex! Toss that stuff in the truck and let's go . . ." TOM HENDERSON



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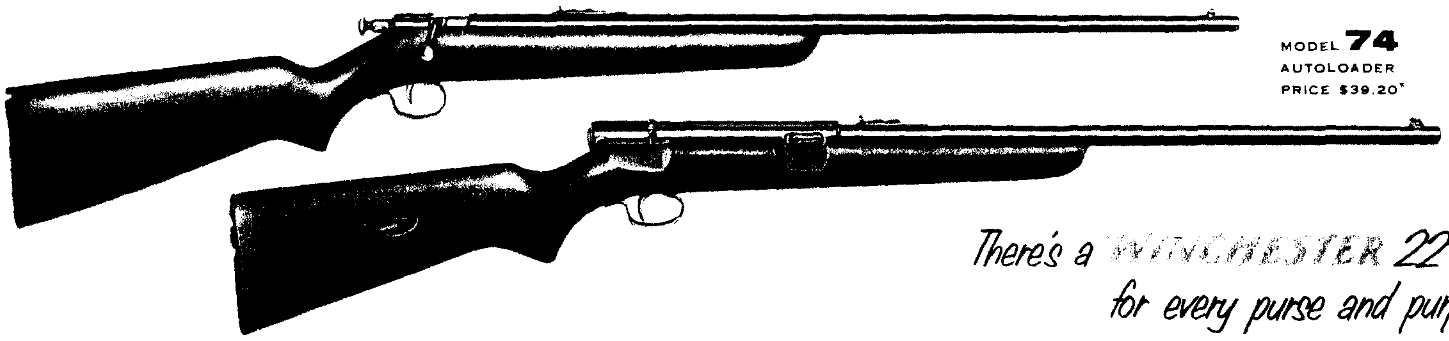

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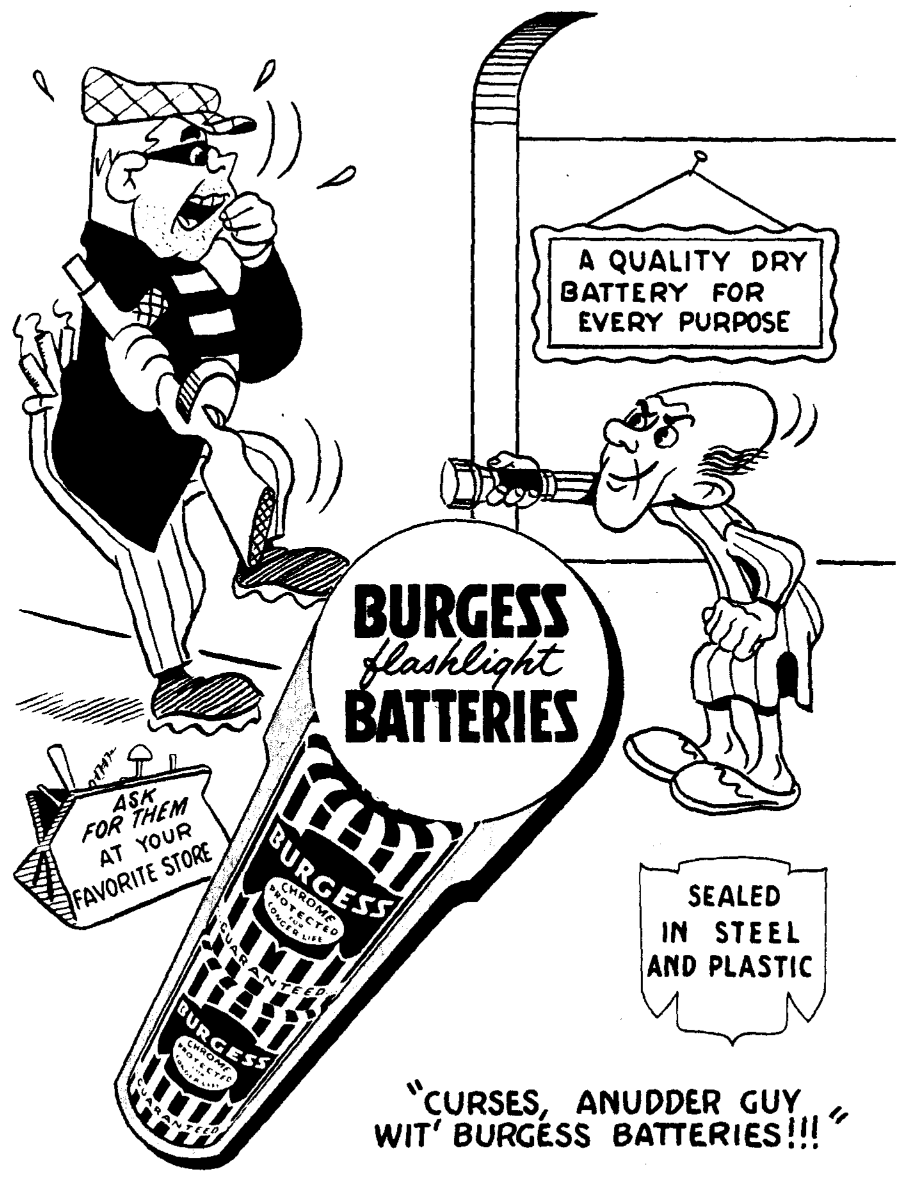
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eleven ten I tried to raise him, because the weather hadn't come down."

"Try again," Shannon snapped. He knew something was wrong at Red Box; the knowledge was instinctive. He picked up the station's log sheet: the humidity was low, the temperature high and the wind strong.

The dispatcher looked up. "Line's dead. The wire may be down."

Shannon glanced at his watch. It was eleven twenty-five now. If Roberts hadn't been able to make contact with headquarters at eleven, he should have sent a man down; and the man should have reached Pineline by now. To Shannon, such a failure was quite inexcusable.

He quickly ordered the dispatcher to send a lineman out. "And have Laventry bring the jeep around," he added impatiently. "I'm going up. See about relieving Roberts."

FIFTEEN minutes later, as Laventry started the jeep around the last hairpin turn before the flats, he had to jam on the brakes to avoid crashing into a line of cars coming down toward them. Shannon leaped out of the jeep angrily and ran forward. A man in the first car leaned out the window and shouted, "Fire! Go back!"

Shannon went up the line of cars, a tough, hard man making the drivers back up the short distance to the flats. The jeep followed; and when it arrived, Shannon turned to Laventry. "Keep them here," he ordered. "The trail has got to stay open. Deputize the men for fire fighting and send them to me. When you've done that—and do it fast—make up a convoy of a couple of cars with the women and kids and run them down to Pineline. And have them send a crew up!"

Hurrying across the flats toward the smoke billowing at the far end, Shannon saw that the burn was a crackling band of orange eating angrily along a hundred-foot-wide swath near the reservoir. A light wind whipped over it, pushing the fire toward the gorge side of the flats. As he ran toward the flames he saw Roberts and a handful of men harrying the edge of the fire, beating at it with spankers made of belting fastened to long handles. Farther away from the fire, a man was playing the stream from a hose on the shacks.

"Roberts! Why didn't you send word down?" Shannon shouted as he reached the fire front.

Young Roberts jerked around, startled. He flashed the ranger a grateful look. "Line was dead," he answered. "Sent Avakian out to check it."

Shannon frowned angrily, and then waved toward the man with the hose. "Why the hell isn't that water over here on the fire?" he demanded.

"Beetles are there," Roberts said. "The heat will kill them if the fire gets too close."

"To hell with the beetles! Get that hose over here!"

A group of the men organized by Laventry came up. They were resentful, some frightened and uncertain. For the moment, Shannon ignored Roberts, and turning his back on the great simmering whisper and the heat pressing upon him, he glared at the men. They weren't rangers; they weren't even campers or hunters, the kind of men he half trusted in his forest. Green stuff—green as Roberts, he thought acidly.

He roared orders at them, getting a longer line of fire fighters organized, and then a secondary line farther back. This was his world: the shouting; the bitter, choking haze of smoke—the fire attack.

Near the edge of the flats, fingers of flame licked up into a row of pines and the fire abruptly crowned there, hissing up through the tree branches in plumes, red and yellow. Shannon stopped beside Roberts, who had brought the hose up. "It's gonna swing down into the gorge; then it's a runaway," Shannon said, breathing heavily.

Roberts glanced from the trees back to the gorge. Once the fire spilled down the slope, it would race with express-train speed, roaring and crackling through the turpentine-filled brush, cutting off the road and turning the flats into a blazing trap.

"Can't we make a firebreak farther down?" he shouted above the roar of the flames.

Shannon shook his head. "Not enough men and gear. We need a cloudburst." He began beating with his spanker at the edge of the flames.

Roberts pulled him back and pointed toward the reservoir. He shouted, "We can tip the reservoir into the gorge just before the blaze gets there."

For an instant Shannon stiffened. He gave the younger man a queer look of disbelief, and then his face darkened angrily. "Get out of here, Roberts!" he roared. "I've had enough trouble with you. You're through!"

"But there's dynamite in the shed."

Shannon half raised his spanker. "You heard me! A fire is no place for stunts!" He turned back to the blaze.

When next he saw Roberts, the kid was running from one of the sheds toward the fire's edge, where a civilian was lashing the burn with a stream from the hose. The kid had a box of dynamite, a coil of wire, an exploder box and a crowbar.

Shannon ran toward him. "What do you think you're doing, Roberts?"

The younger man hesitated. "Going across," he said. "Blow the dam."

Shannon shook his head. "You can't cross that. It's a gridiron. Burn you up in the first ten feet."

"With the hose on me—"

"Don't be crazy!"

Roberts shrugged. Without glancing toward the fire or looking again at Shannon, he looped the coil of wire over his shoulders, picked up the dynamite, the exploder box and the bar, and then headed out into the fire.

BEHIND Roberts, the man holding the hose stared as though mesmerized. Swearing at the man, at the fire and at the incredible action of the kid, Shannon grabbed the hose and switched the stream out across the burn, aiming it at Roberts. He began edging out after him. In the searing heat the kid seemed to turn into a smoke plume, staggering crazily toward the reservoir. Then, abruptly, Roberts vanished in the furnace of orange smoke.

Shannon finally had to turn back. He ran to a raised spot where he could watch the face of the dam. There were minutes of exasperated waiting, and then—suddenly—through a break in the smoke the kid appeared. Shannon let out a shout of encouragement. He watched the kid scramble along the base of the dam and begin working with the crowbar, making a place for the dynamite.

A rolling blanket of smoke cut him from sight. The fire had tipped over into the gorge at one side, spilling down like hot liquid poured over a battlement. Some slash pines in its path went up like torches. Shannon counted the seconds, exasperatedly.

e kid had something. He was ild, but he had something, Shannon ought. It was like working with Tom ter in the old days.

Then, through a hole in the smoke, annon saw that the kid had planted e dynamite and was beginning to op out the wire. He was just in time, o. The fire was almost on him. Then annon caught his breath. Roberts d started up the opposite slope when, ddenly, his body twisted oddly. Shan n saw him fall among the boulders.

"Roberts!" Shannon bellowed. "Up! t up!"

The kid didn't move. A patch of oke swirled over him.

Shannon scrambled down and rted running toward the man with hose, shouting. "Water! Soak me!"

He felt the cold impact of the water d he spun his body against it. Then, nging across the burn, blinded and oking, he reeled through the smoke. nally he felt the bank of the dam and began to climb, breathing the acrid oke. A shower of embers, like hiss fireflies, swarmed around him.

Then he found Roberts. The kid s trying to crawl up the slope, pull the exploder box with him. Shan n grabbed the box and coil of wire. "Up! Roberts!"

The kid shook his head dazedly. annon lifted him, half dragging him the slope. Halfway up the unburned le, he let Roberts slide to the ground. turned and glanced back over the id-out wire, and toward the crackling re that covered the ground where he ad been but a moment before. He et the exploder box down, carefully hecked the contacts and connections, hen pushed the switch.

VIVID orange flash shot up through the smoke. Rock and rth at the base of the stone dam ex ded upward, followed by a night re thunder that echoed through the rrow defile. A rain of rock, like huge ilstones, peppered down around annon and Roberts. Then there was other sound—the swelling rush of ter pouring through the gap in the m. There was a furious hissing, like ter dashed into a red-hot skillet as flood hit the fire edge.

Shannon stood on the slope, his ked, steaming uniform sooted and stered to his solid body; the tough stening skin of his cheeks shone with sweat as he stared with a look of satisfaction at the roiling cloud of smoke rising from the fire. It was good smoke—dying smoke, the choking kind.

He turned, looking down at Roberts. "I'm going to try going back," he said. "Can you make it?"

Roberts shook his head. "My leg. I think it's broken."

"I'll send for you as soon as we curb the fire on the flats," Shannon said.

THE water sluicing through the hole in the dam, snuffing out the fire, had eased up. On the flats the tawny smoke was thinning. The fire had been brought under control even before the crew and equipment from Pineline had arrived.

Shannon had sent Avakian and a couple of men to pick up young Roberts, and while they were gone he went into the shack housing the beetles, staring with a curious fascination at the active insects and the new, grayish-white larvae. He shook his head and frowned at the trays. "Shannon, Juniors," he mumbled with a kind of dry irritation.

He thought of young Roberts staggering across the fire area with the dynamite. Had the kid done it for the beetles, or for something more? He spat into one of the trays and shrugged.

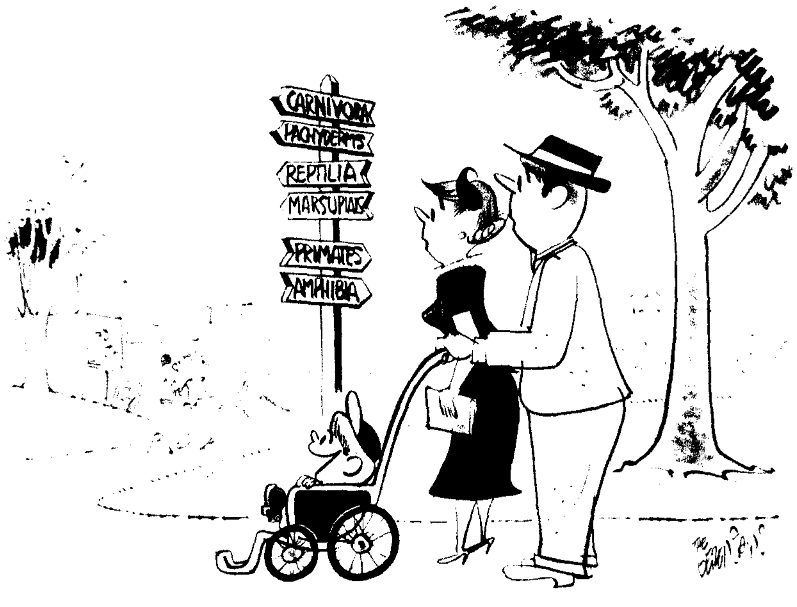
When he finally stepped out of the shack, he saw that they had brought up Roberts on a stretcher. One of the men was tying a splint onto the kid's leg. Roberts' glance came up, meeting Shannon's. For a second the ranger thought the younger man was going to thank him, but Roberts didn't. Suddenly, Shannon felt the kid had begun to understand his ways, and the two men looked at each other, as though each were weighing the other in a new light.

Then Shannon let his gaze move toward the doorway of the shack. "What do you feed those bugs?" he asked matter-of-factly.

Roberts' eyes abruptly brightened and he gave a smile of relief. "They've got their forage," he said. "Anyway, Avakian knows what they need. He'll be here, won't he?"

The ranger glanced across the burned-out flats, and then back at Roberts. "We're going to move the bugs down to headquarters. Got to keep an eye on them. I'm the godfather, ain't I?"

—JAMES NORMAN



"I wanna see the nanny goat!
I wanna see the nanny goat!
I wanna see the nanny goat!"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

COLLIER'S

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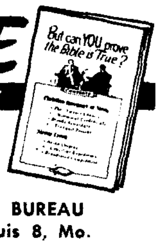

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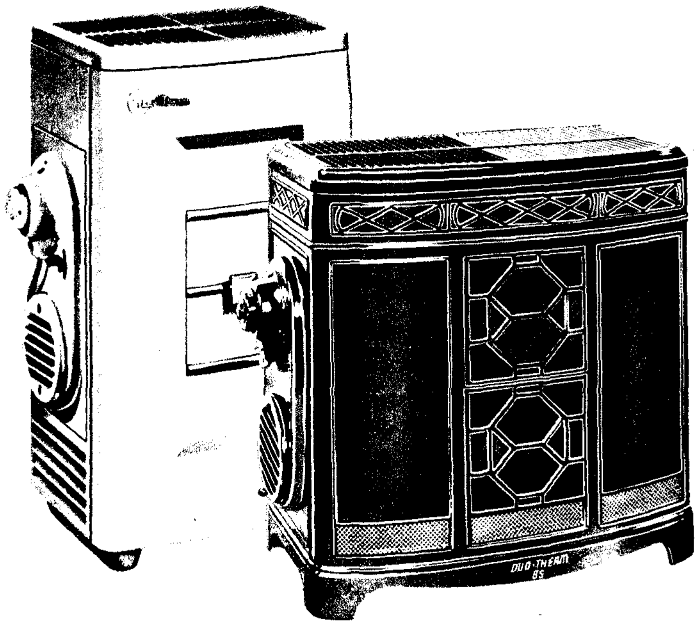

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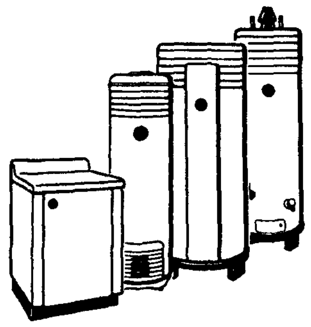

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Escape from Fear

BY A. J. CRONIN

Wherever they turned, their pursuers waited, ready to pounce. Only a deft stroke of daring could save them now

The Story: BRYANT HARKER, the Vienna representative of an American engineering firm, was depressed by the fear-ridden atmosphere that Soviet influence had brought to the city. Its tensions and vague fears consumed him, and he did not relish the business trip he had to make to Gmünd, in Russian-held Austria; nor did he welcome the request of an old acquaintance, ARNOLD THULEMAHLER, whose fiancée was in Gmünd and who wanted Harker to try to bring her back. When he had completed his business in Gmünd, Harker found the girl, MADELEINE DURYCH, at the night club where she entertained. During the evening three men Harker had seen on the train from Vienna came in: one was an elderly blind man; Harker knew the other two, GAROVITCH and RAMOVSKY, were agents of the MVD—Soviet special police—assigned to watch him. The agents warned Harker to see no more of Madeleine; she was soon to be arrested as an enemy of the state. Madeleine told Harker that she and her night-club partner, GUSTAF, were engaged in espionage for the West, and that the blind man—who was KRYLOV, head of Soviet counterespionage—suspected him. Knowing he was their one hope of escape, Harker hired a car and offered to drive Madeleine and Gustaf across the border to the British zone. But before he could do this, Gustaf was murdered by Krylov's men. Harker and Madeleine left Gmünd at once and, eluding the MVD men, attempted to cross the border—but were turned back. Believing their best chance was to cross at a remote point high in the Alps, they set out on foot. Again the MVD men picked up their trail, and again they eluded them. But as they neared the peak that marked the border, Madeleine fell and broke her arm. Unable to go on, she wanted to give up, but Harker, who had come to love her, was determined to get her to safety. They decided to go to Mahlstorf, a village near the border, where Madeleine could recuperate. Harker felt sure they had shaken the MVD men, but when they got to Mahlstorf, Krylov was there.

THE LAST OF THREE PARTS

HARKER'S first thought was that he and Madeleine had been discovered—someone in the village had grown suspicious and notified the police. But then the two *Polizei* got into the front seat of Krylov's car and, while the local policeman stood stiffly at attention, drove away.

So that was it: they were merely patrolling the frontier villages, notifying the authorities. It might have been worse. In fact, he'd been fortunate to catch sight of the car in time.

He hurried back to the lodginghouse and went to Madeleine's room. She was up and dressed, sitting in the chair with her injured arm against her side. Her look of relief when he came in told him how anxious she had been. Briefly, minimizing the danger, he told her of seeing Krylov.

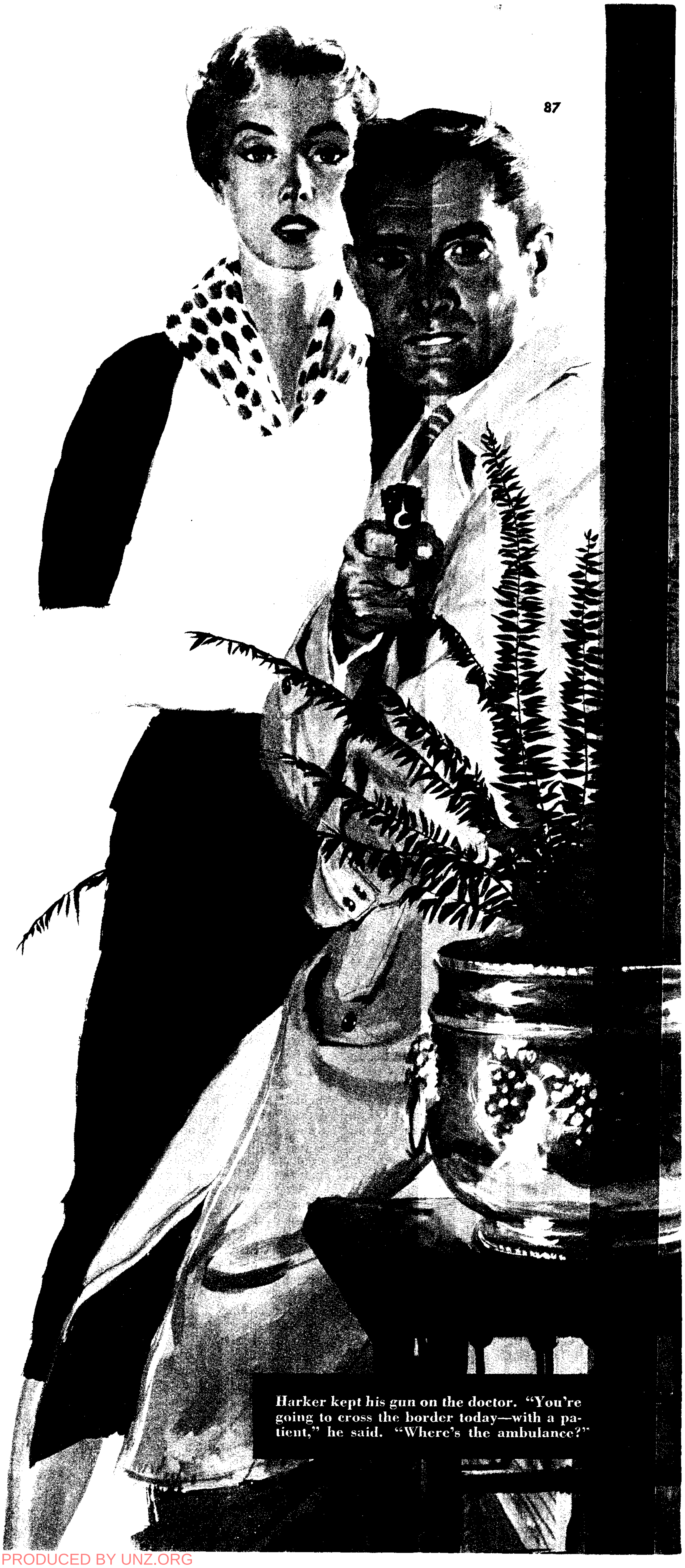
"They may search the houses," she said.

"They won't. They'll guess we've taken to open country."

He tried to speak lightly, but in his heart he knew there was little to justify optimism. Lying low had ceased to be a safe course.

"If it were anyone but Krylov," Madeleine Durych said

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER



Harker kept his gun on the doctor. "You're going to cross the border today—with a patient," he said. "Where's the ambulance?"

anxiously. "It was he who arrested my family. When my father refused to answer questions, Krylov had him—beaten up. He's brutal and cold-blooded."

"He's still got to find us."

She seemed not to hear. Then, after several minutes' silence, she said, "Bryant, promise me something," her voice unusually grave. "Cross the border yourself—tonight, before it's too late."

"And leave you behind?" He looked at her in amazement, and for a moment emotion made him tongue-tied. He felt a sudden urge to take her in his arms and swear never to leave her. Instead, he forced a smile and said lightly, "I'll do anything for you but that."

She averted her eyes. "If they caught you, I'd never forgive myself."

"Don't argue," he said cheerfully. "Time for you to eat."

He opened his packages and made some ham sandwiches. After supper, topped off with chocolate and pears, he again changed the dressing on her arm. Although she did not complain, and indeed seemed somewhat better, he saw with misgiving that the injury was not yet on the mend. It might be many days before she regained the use of her arm. He turned his head away so she would not see the uneasiness in his face.

Before he went to his own room for the night, he gave her a full twenty grains of aspirin. He lay down, stiff and exhausted. A high wind had sprung up, rattling windows and doors. Mahlstorf seemed full of barking dogs. Until after midnight he lay awake, thinking of Madeleine, of Krylov and his men.

Next morning, when he knocked on Madeleine's door, she was already awake.

"How did you sleep?" he asked.

She forced the glimmer of a smile. "By fits and starts."

"Let's look at the arm."

As he unwound the bandage, his heart sank. Far from showing improvement, the dark puffy swelling looked even worse than yesterday. "It still hurts?"

She nodded reluctantly.

"More than last night?"

"About the same."

This time he did not hesitate. She was trying to hide her feelings, but the fact that she confessed to pain told him the gravity of her condition. "You must see a doctor."

"No, Bryant. It's not serious. What about the police—and Krylov?"

"It's a risk we'll have to face sooner or later. You get dressed while I ask the landlady how to find a doctor."

"But, Bryant—" She broke off and then added, "You are very good to me."

THE village doctor was a tall, self-assured young man—too nattily attired Harker thought, as though he were a brand-new product of a city medical school.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded petulantly when he let them in. "Office hours don't really begin until ten o'clock, you know."

"I've fallen and hurt my arm," Madeleine said.

The doctor gave her a sharp look, and then proceeded to examine her arm. "Impacted fracture of the humerus," he announced at length. "Altogether severe. I haven't got facilities for attending to it." He paused and looked at her carefully. "You're not from Mahlstorf, are you?"

Madeleine shook her head.

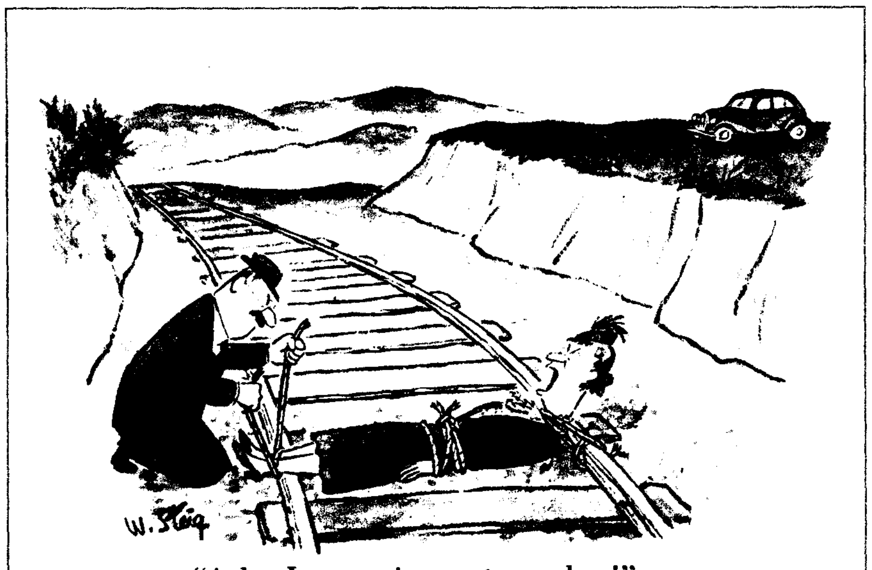
"There's a *Stadt* hospital down the valley, between here and Hofheim. You must go down there. I'll come and see you later in the day."

That means the usual formalities, registering as an outpatient and so on, Harker thought. He said quickly: "We're anxious to avoid delay. We've been on vacation and have to start back at once. Couldn't you attend to her arm here and now?"

"I tell you it's a hospital case," the doctor snapped.

Harker felt himself growing angry, but he had summed up the young man and he decided to try new tactics. "All the same, Doctor," he said placatingly, "I'm sure you can do a much better job here than they can at the hospital. The person who directed us here spoke most highly of you, said you knew all the latest techniques."

The young doctor flushed with gratified vanity. "Of course, I *could* put on a temporary dressing and a good plaster cast," he said, "but you'd have to go to a hospital when you got home." He paused, evidently in a dilemma between self-interest and expediency. "You can pay, I presume?"


COLLIER'S "At last I see you in your true colors!" WILLIAM STEIG

"Of course, Doctor."

"Very well, then. If you'll step this way into the surgery," he said to Madeleine, and beckoned her to follow him.

Alone in the waiting room, Harker was conscious of the full force of his love for Madeleine. Yet in Vienna, if they ever got there, she would walk out of his life, just as she had now walked out of the room. She was engaged to Arnold; she had her own future. He must get used to being without her. He lighted a cigarette and stared at the frosted-glass door. He hoped this young dude would do a good job, at least wouldn't hurt her. He looked competent enough, probably wasn't half the fool he seemed . . .

After about half an hour Madeleine came out, her arm in a sling, followed by the doctor.

"How is it?" Harker asked her.

"Much easier," she said and smiled.

"What nationality are you?" The doctor was looking at her with a queer expression. "Not Austrian—I can tell by your accent."

"Hungarian," Madeleine answered without hesitation.

"Hungarian, is that so? And you, sir, aren't you American?"

"Does it matter?"

"Not to me, of course." The doctor shrugged.

"About your fee," Harker said. "As we're passing through, I'd better pay you at once."

"Two hundred schillings."

Harker handed him the money. He had thirty-seven schillings left.

When they had left the office and were outside again, Madeleine turned to Harker. "I don't trust that doctor."

"He's too taken up with himself to suspect anything."

"I'm not so sure. Why did he ask about nationality?"

"An obvious question. Curiosity." But as he stood there, recalling the doctor's inquisitive attitude, he began to share her doubts. Abruptly he turned and, motioning Madeleine to follow, went back toward the waiting room.

A window was open, the interior of the room plainly visible. The doctor was still here, his back turned, and he was holding the telephone. "Operator," he was saying, "it's Dr. Brück. Give me the police."

The words drove Harker into action. He drew the Luger automatic from his pocket. Putting one leg over the low window sill, he said quietly, "Drop that phone."

The doctor spun around. At the sight of Harker his mouth fell open. He hung up the receiver.

"How come you need the police, Doctor?"

"It was my duty to inform the authorities that I had treated a foreigner," he said glibly. "It is routine procedure."

Madeleine came into the waiting room. Brück's eyes went shiftily from her to Harker, and then came to rest on the automatic. "I've got rounds to make," he said nervously. "Several patients to see."

"You should have thought of that before you picked up the telephone," Harker said. "Have you got a car?"

"I don't need one. Mahlstorf isn't large."

"Ever cross the border?"

"Very seldom."

"Give me the truth. You do sometimes cross it?"

"Yes."

"In what circumstances?"

"Twice in the last year we had emergency cases down at the clinic—difficult operations which couldn't be performed here. I took them across to the British zone—to Ratten—in the ambulance."

Harker caught a quick breath: it was a long chance, but in their present predicament they could not afford to neglect it. "Did you need any special papers at the border?"

The doctor shook his head sullenly. "They know me by sight."

Harker leaned forward, speaking slowly and distinctly. "Today you're going to make another trip across the frontier. You've already said that this case requires hospital treatment. You want her to see a specialist."

"It's unnecessary," Brück said.

"I think you heard me, Doctor," Harker said. "Since there are no specialized facilities in this zone, you are obliged to take her to Ratten. I presume the ambulance is kept at the local hospital?"

The doctor made a sulky gesture of assent.

"We'll walk there now."

Brück took up a last-ditch stand of self-righteousness. "And if I refuse to take part in this illegal undertaking?"

"I'm quite desperate," Harker said. "Determined to cross that frontier. Whether I leave you behind alive or dead doesn't worry me a bit."

The doctor's pose wilted. "No one can hold me responsible for acting under duress," he said stiffly.

"Stay here, and lock the door," Harker told Madeleine. "Don't open till you hear my voice."

"Take care," she whispered.

WHEN Dr. Brück, prodded by the knowledge that the automatic in Harker's pocket was covering his every move, had arranged to borrow the hospital's ambulance, they drove quickly back to his office. A moment later Harker and the doctor carried out Madeleine on a stretcher and put her in the ambulance.

Harker handed Madeleine the automatic. "Keep our friend covered. Listen to what he says. If he tries anything, don't hesitate. Pull the trigger."

He took the wheel himself, with Brück beside him. "Direct me to the frontier post," he said.

From time to time he glanced at Brück's frightened, sulky face. Was his docility a pose? They could not be too cautious—they were on the very threshold of success.

Within fifteen minutes they were at the frontier. Immediately, an Austrian guard came out of the control post to challenge them, and Harker whispered a last warning to the doctor.

"Guten Morgen, Herr Doktor." The guard had recognized Brück.

"I have a patient with a compound fracture—a bad case." He spoke woodenly, but the guard did not seem suspicious. "I'm taking her to Ratten."

"Wait a moment," the guard said and went inside the control post.

Presently a Soviet officer came out. "What is the trouble, Brück?" he asked.

"Another emergency case." The doctor's voice broke slightly. "Can you let me through?"

"You haven't any papers, have you?"

Harker's pulse missed a beat. He pressed his elbow against Brück's side.

"But you know me."

"Very sorry, Herr Doctor. We've just received orders from headquarters: no one without papers is to be allowed through. Some Czech girl is trying to jump the border, and they're taking no chances."

The doctor's full lips curled triumphantly, but Harker signified with an added pressure of his elbow he should still persist. "If we don't get to Ratten, my patient doesn't stand much chance."

"No exceptions can be made," the officer said. "I've already had to turn back two of our own trucks."

Harker saw that it was useless. The officer was beginning to look at him queerly. He backed up, turned around and started back to Mahlstorf.

Fate was against them, he thought bitterly, but it was pointless to indulge in a post-mortem. He forced himself to think ahead: the doctor was no longer useful to them; released, he would spread the alarm.

Before reaching the first houses of Mahlstorf, Harker turned down a narrow side lane, which led past farm buildings to a thick line of hazels. The cover was poor, but he parked the ambulance behind the bushes so that it was hidden from the road, and then he ordered the doctor to get out.

"You won't hurt me?" Brück said, his moonface white with fear.

Without replying, Harker began to search the rear of the ambulance. Finally he found what he wanted.

"What are you going to do?" the doctor said.

"Give you a dose of your own medicine." He stepped behind Brück and pressed a pad of cotton to the doctor's nose. For a moment, Bruck resisted; then, as the anesthetic penetrated his lungs, his limbs relaxed and he slumped to the ground. Using surgical bandages, Harker bound the doctor's hands behind his back. Then, improvising a double pad of lint, he put a gag in his mouth.

"I didn't measure the dose," Harker said. "But I think he's had enough chloroform to keep him quiet for a bit." Hoisting Brück onto his shoulders, he carried him deep into the hazel bushes and hid him in there.

HIS mind was working fast. Time was short. He had taken care of Brück and the ambulance, but only temporarily. Both would be missed, traced, and found before the day was out—perhaps in no more than a few hours. They could not return to the lodginghouse in town—that was impossible, sheer suicide. And they had eaten nothing. Food was the most immediate problem. The farm over there might have something to offer.

"Wait here," he told Madeleine. "I won't be long."

He hurried over to the farm and, after some difficulty, persuaded the woman of the house to sell him bread, butter, cheese and a bottle of cider.

Returning to Madeleine, he said, "There's just a chance someone may spot the ambulance. We'll be safer over there." He indicated a group of pines on the other side of the farm.

Keeping close to the hedges, they crossed three plowed fields, and in the shelter of the evergreen saplings they ate their lunch.

Afterward, they were silent for a while. If they had failed three times in circumstances that favored success, Harker thought, how could they get across now, when all the odds were against them? A Czech girl with a broken arm and a bungling American engineer, only a few schillings in their pockets, hiding in a woods on the wrong side of the border, with a ruthless police net dragging in on them: it was not a very heartening picture.

He looked across at Madeleine, worn but uncomplaining, still counting on him. "We're not done yet," he said abruptly. "We'll walk into Hofheim. It's a big village—and closer to the border." He pointed to it on the map.

"How long will it take?"

He made a hasty calculation. "Six kilometers by road, but we'll have to keep to the woods. With luck, say a couple of hours."

Madeleine's expression changed and she lowered her eyes. "It's not worth it, Bryant," she said suddenly, a tremor in her voice. "Sooner or later they're bound to catch us."

He looked at her swiftly. He had been so intent on getting her to safety that he had forgotten, momentarily, how much she had gone through in the last few days. She must be spent almost to the breaking point.

A wave of pity and self-reproach swept over him, and impulsively he put his arm around her. Laying her head on his shoulder, she began to cry, silently, softly, as though weariness extended even to this. He ran his hand through her hair, soothingly, trying to find words of encouragement. "You've been wonderful," he said, feeling her body shake with emotion. "You've earned your safety. I'm going to see you get it."

He let her continue weeping. It was best that she should find an outlet for her pent-up strain. He held her close and pressed his cheek against her hair.

Presently she stopped crying and slipped out of his arms. "It's tiredness mainly," she whispered. "I'm sorry."

"You'll come to Hofheim?"

She nodded slowly and gave him a long, direct look. Never before had she looked at him like that. Harker wanted to linger, to hold onto the moment as long as possible, but suddenly the silence was split by the prolonged honking of a car's horn. On and on it went, a continuous, earsplitting noise.

"The ambulance!" Harker said. "Brück must have come out of the chloroform. He can't work his hands free, but he's got to the horn."

This was an added menace, one that he should have foreseen and prevented. The local police would be there in no time. Before long they would be searching the area.

With a new sense of urgency he helped Madeleine to her feet and started in the direction of Hofheim. When the woods came to an end, they struck across farm land, keeping as close as possible to the hedges and fences. Then, as the going became more open, they were forced to bend double, even to crawl, when crossing the wide, flat commons.

It was late afternoon when they stopped to recover their breath at the edge of a field of stubble. The sky in front of them had yellowed. Presently the sun crossed the frontier and sank in a glow of burnished gold behind free Austria, leaving them a clear, frosty evening. As the Angelus rang, they came in sight of Hofheim, an ancient fortress town built on the slope of a hill.

At the first sign of habitation—a cluster of whitewashed cottages—they turned onto a sandy, rutted road. In carts and on foot, a number of peasants were making their way into the town.

"That's strange," Madeleine said, "at this time of day."

"What?"

"These people. They must be going to some important gathering. They're all wearing their Sunday clothes."

They neared the town. At the bottom of the hill, in an open space beneath the old ramparts, striped tents and a hurdy-gurdy suggested that a fair was being held. As they entered an arched stone gateway and walked up the steeply sloping main street, they glanced anxiously to right and left, fearing at every moment to be discovered. Bunting and flags hung on all sides. Arches of laurel leaves interwoven with flowers were stretched between the houses; in the distance a band was playing. The town was thronged with people, all in a mood of gaiety. Clearly festivities of some kind were scheduled for that evening.

AMONG the crowds they felt safer; indeed, this unexpected gathering, this gaiety and movement in which they might well lose themselves, seemed providential. Yet they felt oddly unreal to be back in a carefree world of laughter. From time to time Harker glanced over his shoulder. There was no sign of trouble, but it was difficult to see far in the crowded main street. Cafés and beer gardens were filled with peasants eating and drinking.

He decided they might be safer in a café than skulking through the town, and a warm drink would do Madeleine good. The Schwartz Adler commanded a good view of the main street, and here he found two inconspicuous seats at one of the rear tables. They sat there awkwardly, not talking. Opposite them was a middle-aged Austrian with close-cropped hair. He wore the traditional costume of gray felt with green lapels, and was puffing an ornate curved pipe. A waiter served them coffee—obviously rationing restrictions had been waived—and the brew was delicious.

Yet it was difficult to sit there in silence and still look natural. They tried to carry on a conversation, but they were both too tense and their lightheartedness sounded false. The Austrian seemed to be inspecting them inquiringly. In an attempt to disarm suspicion, Harker turned to him.

"Why all the crowds, *Mein Herr?*" he asked amiably.

The man leaned forward in great surprise, then removed his pipe. "Today is the feast of Saint Borna. Didn't you know?"

Harker shook his head.

"Our patron saint. We have processions, a fair, everything. It's the most popular pilgrimage in these parts." He spoke with enthusiasm born of pride. "People flock here from all the surrounding country."

"You mean from the Eastern zone," Harker corrected.

"From the West too. The Russians tried to stop pilgrims coming across, but there was such an outcry that they relaxed their regulations. Saint Borna is greatly loved, and pilgrims acquire merit by visiting her birthplace. The Russians would have incurred much unpopularity by forbidding it."

Like a shaft of light striking through mist, Harker experienced a sudden resurgence of hope. "Have the pilgrims from the West already come through?"

"They're due in procession shortly before seven."

Harker glanced at Madeleine. She too had suddenly lost her air of despondency. They drank their coffee and paid for it: then, after an exchange of civilities with the Austrian, they left.

With difficulty they wormed their

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way through the crowds and gradually drew near the stone archway in the town walls that formed the zonal check point. Here, as Harker scrutinized the group standing around the barrier—blue-uniformed Russian soldiers with beaver hats and Austrian police in dark green—his hopes faltered. The guards stood silent and watchful, their eyes scanning the road on both sides of the border.

After a quarter of an hour, there came the far-off sound of hymn singing. Soon they could see candles and torches bobbing in the darkness, moving toward the control post. Then the leading members of the procession stepped into the glare of the arc lamp above the gateway.

"This is the part that counts," Harker whispered, his eyes fixed on the narrow entrance through which all traffic must pass. He saw the first person in the procession—an acolyte dressed in a white lace tunic and swinging a thurible—hold out a document, which was examined and stamped by the Russian officer in charge. The second figure, carrying a silver cross, went through a similar procedure, then the third. Still Harker watched. When a score of people had presented their documents and had them stamped, he turned to Madeleine with an expression of bitter disappointment.

"That was a thin chance—and it's gone. I'd hoped they would go through on a group permit, or at least that the guards would check only an occasional pass. But they're stamping them all, one by one. There's no hope of smuggling you out with the procession."

AS THEY walked slowly back to the town, the procession overtook and passed them, men and women of all ages, each section of ten or fifteen carrying a large statue of one of the saints and a banner embroidered with religious emblems. The group was under the direction of an old priest, wearing a black woolen cloak.

Just short of the town, at a crossroads, the pilgrims from the Western zone were joined by a much larger crowd from Hofheim. The two sections merged and turned northward toward a grotto in the rocky hillside, which evidently was the goal of the pilgrimage.

Suddenly Madeleine gripped his arm. "Bryant," she cried, "look!"

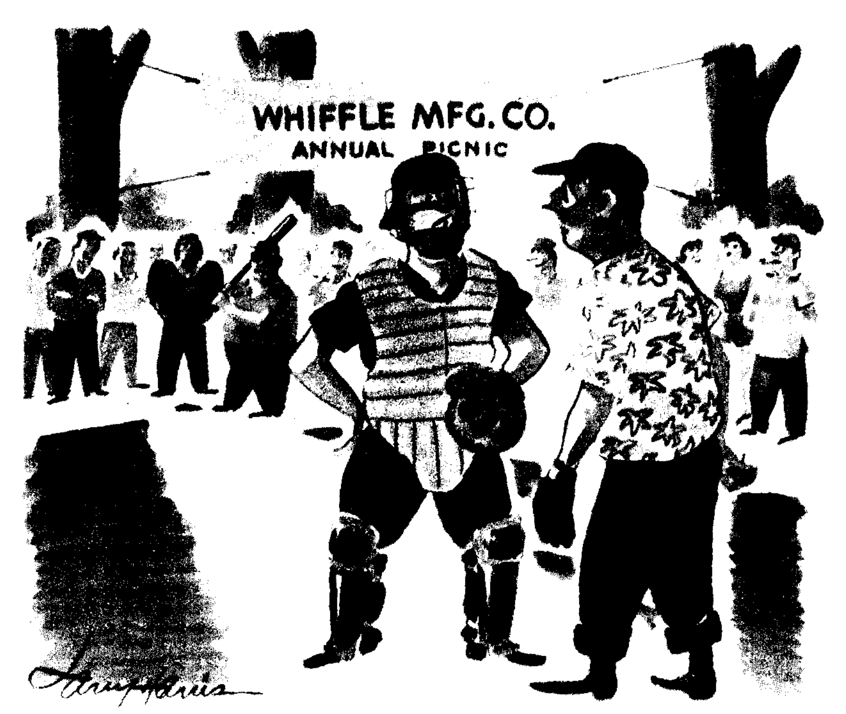
He peered across the street in the direction she indicated. At first he saw only a sea of faces. Then, with a start, he noticed a man wearing a black Homburg and dark glasses standing on the terrace of the Forst Hotel, with a dog on a leash beside him.

"Krylov," he said. "Thank Heaven he can't see us. But we had better turn back."

Swinging around they hurried in the opposite direction, pushing through the thick of the crowd. Progress was slow and difficult. After a moment he glanced cautiously back. Krylov had left the terrace and was walking up the street behind them; the crowds, seeing that he was blind, made way for him and the dog.

Krylov's men, Harker knew, could not be far away. Taking Madeleine's free arm, he hurried her up a side alley, turned into another and made once more for the main street. They swung out behind Krylov and, rejoining the crowd, turned down the hill. They reached the foot of the hill, hearing distinctly the music of a merry-go-round. Harker looked across to the fairground, which provided plenty of cover yet lay open on all sides. In the semidarkness he could not tell whether Krylov and the dog were behind them. He veered away from the street, toward the caravans and striped tents.

Panting for breath, they entered the fairground, lighted by colored lamps strung between the tents and amusement booths. They seemed to have thrown Krylov off the trail, but Harker felt no reassurance. Madeleine's steps were beginning to flag, and she stopped from time to time to draw breath.



"You gone outta yer head or something? Don't you realize that's old man Whiffle, himself, you got two strikes on already?"

COLLIER'S LARRY HARRIS

AT THE center of the fairground he again looked back, and abruptly his heart missed a beat. Among the crowds behind them the dark figure of Krylov had again appeared. How in the name of Heaven had he traced them? Could it be that the Alsatian had picked up their scent?

Frantically he recalled what he knew about police dogs. Directly in front a merry-go-round started to turn. It was a thin chance, but he snatched at it. Hurriedly he bought two tickets and, lifting Madeleine onto the platform as it gathered speed, he leaped up after her. Nearly all the seats were occupied, but he found two in the center, well hidden in shadow. Krylov came closer. His dog was sniffing the air, ears cocked, turning its head this way and that. Would the movement of the merry-go-round break the trail?

As the merry-go-round's speed increased, the music blared louder and louder until it almost deafened them. Faster and faster they spun around. Fearful that she might lose her balance, he put his arm around Madeleine and drew her close to him. The ride became a nightmare, as they whirled through a universe of weird and shapeless forms like a planet headed for destruction.

At last their speed began to slacken, and surroundings resumed their normal shape. Dizzily he scanned the onlookers. As the merry-go-round stopped he saw with dismay that Krylov and the dog were still there.

"Don't worry," Harker said, forcing a calm tone. "We can outwit a dog and a blind man. Listen carefully: we must separate. You go back to that café, the Schwartz Adler. Find a corner in the garden. You can sit there—it'll be open all night. I'll join you later. Now go."

She gazed at him in consternation, but something in his voice compelled her. She got up and hurried off the far side of the merry-go-round.

Harker stayed on and paid the attendant for a second ride. Krylov and the dog had not moved. Once again the merry-go-round started to move, spun for five minutes, slackened speed and stopped. Now, Harker thought savagely, I'll really give them a chance to trail me. In full view of the Alsatian he jumped off the platform and dashed in among the crowd, zigzagging but veering toward the line of side shows he had noticed earlier. One of the tents advertised an act of freaks—*Admission: 3 schillings.* Fumbling feverishly in his pockets, Harker found he had just enough money. He bought a ticket, glanced behind him once more and went into the tent.

When the act began, he did not even try to keep his mind on it. He saw the performers from a long way off, as something experienced in a dream. The show would probably last about half an hour. Then he would leave and rejoin Madeleine. He felt certain he had given Krylov's dog the slip between the merry-go-round and the tent. If so, they might be able to get out of the town into open country again.

Presently the lights went up and the audience began to troop out of the tent. Outside, Harker peered around cautiously. His anxiety ebbing, he turned left and set off in a westward direction. At the same instant a dog bounded out from the shadow of the tent and sank its teeth into his ankle. A stab of pain made him cry out. He struggled to break free but the dog tightened its grip. Then he felt a revolver barrel in the small of his back, and a moment later the dog released its hold. He half turned his head and saw the two MVD men—and behind them, Krylov.

At the local police station the two agents searched him, methodically and in silence. Finding the Luger, Garovitch transferred it to his own pocket. Ramovsky scrutinized Harker's passport and permit, exchanged some words in Russian with Krylov, and then, with an expression of surprise, returned the papers to Harker.

The examination completed, Krylov questioned the two agents sharply in Russian. Their answers seemed to displease him. Finally he spoke as though giving orders, and the two agents saluted and left the room. Harker glimpsed them out the window, going toward the back of the building.

Then, in German, Krylov addressed one of the local policemen. "Give my dog a good meal. He's earned it." The man led the Alsatian away, closing the door behind him.

"Well, Mr. Harker," Krylov said. "We renew our acquaintance." He motioned Harker to sit down, then felt his way to the desk. "You must admit that you have been most ill-advised to get mixed up in this business."

When Harker did not reply, Krylov lighted a cigarette. "It's not as though you weren't warned," he said. "If you had listened to my men, you, and indeed I, should have been saved a great deal of inconvenience."

AS KRYLOV blew out a spiral of tobacco smoke, Harker took a quick look round the room. The window was barred, but the door had not been locked. It was directly to their left. Had the trap snapped tight, or was there still a loophole?

"Let us go back to the beginning," Krylov continued. "We have known for some time that the Atlantis night club in Gmünd was being used for transferring messages . . ." But Harker was no longer listening. One thought alone obsessed him: without his Alsatian, Krylov was helpless. The policeman had gone to feed the dog, Ramovsky and Garovitch had left the building. Nothing stood in his way.

Slowly, making no noise, Harker stood up and, holding his breath, he edged toward the door. A creaking floorboard and he would be lost. He put his feet down gently, as though treading on high explosive. The space between his chair and the door was less than five yards, but it took him over a minute to cover it.

"The code they were using interests me," Krylov was saying. "For the sake of completeness . . ."

His heart pounding, Harker reached out and cautiously opened the door.

"Don't move." The words slashed the silence. Krylov was covering him with a revolver. His movement had been so sudden that Harker felt stunned and incapable of action. His mind was in a turmoil. He didn't understand. Only after a moment did the truth dawn on him: the police chief was not blind at all.

With the revolver Krylov motioned Harker back to his seat. "The blind are helpless; everyone knows that. I find it an excellent alibi, and of great assistance in my work."

He removed his dark glasses and stood revealed, an unhooded hawk. His eyes were small and steel-gray, piercing as rapier tips. With his hooked nose and thin lips they gave him a predatory appearance—at once savage and sadistic. "I was speaking of a certain code," he said. "We know it exists. Where is it?"

Harker's mind worked fast. This must have to do with the documents the juggler, Gustaf, had ordered Madeleine to destroy the night he was killed. He said: "So you know about it?"

"I have told you that I know. And

now I am telling you that I want it."

Harker appeared to hesitate, and then said: "It may have been destroyed."

"Nonsense!" Krylov, for a moment, lost his smoothness. "That code is essential to the entire system of espionage. And with it—" He broke off, and then went on, "With it we can lay our hands on every undercover agent in East Austria."

Harker said nothing.

"Let me be frank, Mr. Harker," Krylov said with renewed suavity. "You are, I fear, in a serious situation. It would be sad if you failed to return to Vienna. But you are an intelligent man. You observed that I allowed you to retain your permit. I did so in the hope that you would co-operate with me. Come now, where is the code?"

HARKER pretended to consider this. Then he said: "What would be in it for me?"

"Your safety."

"And Fräulein Durych's?"

Krylov's eyes contracted instantly to pin points of steel. Then quickly he looked away, shrugging indifferently. "If you wish. There are serious charges against her, but—if you wish, she will have safe conduct across the border."

Harker was aware of the lie, but he gave no sign. In any case our number is up, he thought; I may as well take a chance. He said slowly: "What you want was passed on to a third person."

"So?" The police chief considered this. Clearly the news did not please him. "Who is this third person?"

"An agent. Fräulein Durych's superior." He saw that Krylov was beginning to believe him.

"And where is he to be found?"

Harker said nothing for a moment; and then, with slumped shoulders, he made a hopeless gesture of defeat. "We were to meet him here tonight. That's why we came to Hofheim. Ten o'clock at the south gate of the town."

The police chief's eyes widened with pleasure but he tried to conceal his satisfaction. He put down the revolver. "You are very sensible, my friend. Soon you will leave for the south gate—with a full escort of police."

Have I actually managed to bluff this devil? Harker thought. If only I can get hold of that gun . . . "May I have a cigarette?" he said.

Smiling slightly, Krylov put his right hand in the pocket of his coat. At the same instant Harker sprang forward and grabbed the revolver. "Don't move or speak," he said and began backing toward the door.

For a fraction of a second Krylov's eyes flickered; then, staring unblinkingly at Harker, he stood and began to shout for his men.

Without hesitating, Harker shot him in the thigh. Then he was out the doorway. He fired a couple more shots as a deterrent, and then was out in the street, running hard.

THE town was less congested now—the religious services were over and most of the crowd had gone to the fair. Harker had the advantage of a head start, but even so he heard the shouts of the MVD men behind him.

Suddenly a shot echoed in the street and splinters flew from a building beside him. He turned sharply off the main street and into an alleyway. Another shot rang out. Finding no cover he rounded a corner and veered back toward the village. Ahead on the left scretched a row of back gardens; on the right, cottage fronts. No cover at all. Then, halfway up the lane, he noticed the ditch that lined the left side of the road. It was dry and open, but at one point a footpath crossed it into one of the back gardens. There was large cement pipe to carry water under the path.

Flinging himself into the ditch, he edged himself into the cement pipe. It was shorter than he had hoped but it was dry, and by drawing up his legs he was just able to conceal his whole body. Very soon he heard footsteps approaching—closer, closer. They seemed to be heading directly for him. He felt certain the agents must have seen him crawl into the pipe. He heard his pursuers walking on the gravel almost directly above him, and put his hand over his mouth lest they should hear his panting. Then the footsteps crunched rapidly away, out of earshot.

Tensely he continued to listen, and soon he heard the sound of voices raised in argument. They became more distinct and Harker thought he recognized Russian words. Having lost the trail, the two agents were retracing their steps, trying to decide where he had given them the slip. His danger was greater now, for they had time to study the ground and seek out likely hiding places. But soon the voices receded into the distance.

Harker suppressed a sigh of relief. Although stiff and cramped, he forced himself to wait inside the pipe. The two agents might merely be in ambush, waiting until he revealed himself.

AFTER about twenty minutes he considered it safe to come out. Listening carefully, he hurried down the lane in the direction of the town. Then, out of a network of back alleys, he suddenly came upon a small, rocky open space, abutting on the side of the hill. It was the grotto, a wide, low chasm in the rock—fashioned as a primitive chapel with an altar at the far end. The place was almost deserted now, except for a few women and the old priest who had led the procession of pilgrims from the West.

As Harker glanced desperately round, his attention was caught by the statues arranged in rows at the back of the grotto. They were beautifully carved, life-size, and in the half-light they looked absolutely lifelike.

He went over and looked at them more closely. There were six statues in all—saints, he supposed—sumptuously robed in silk and velvet; he recognized them as the figures carried in the procession from the Western zone. One statue he remembered particularly: a veiled young woman garbed in dark red, adorned with fine antique jewelry. With bated breath, Harker tapped the arm. From the sound it gave back, he guessed the statue was made of soft wood, probably pine. Suddenly an idea came to him, followed by a surge of uncontrollable excitement.

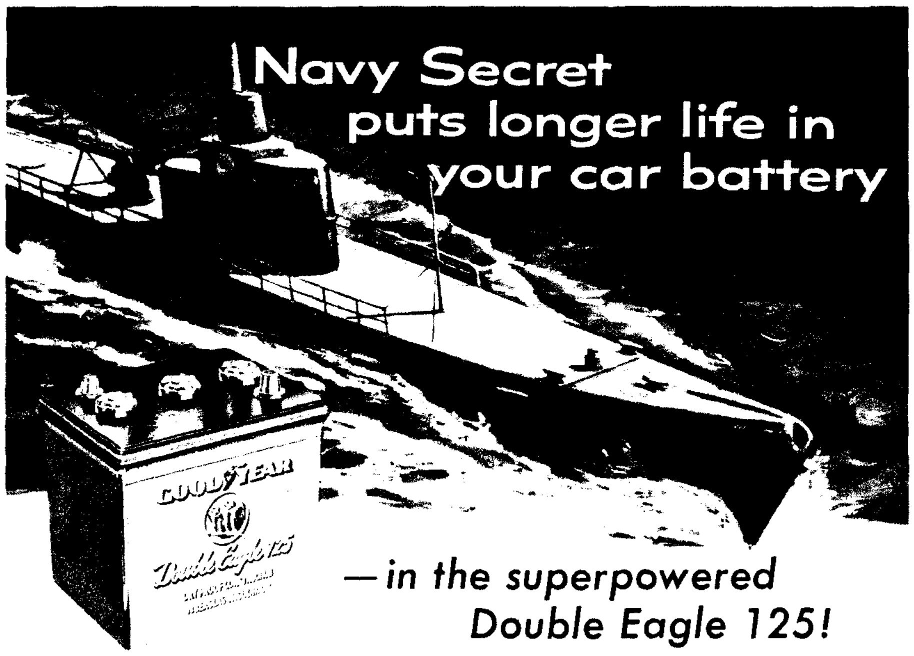
He went up to the old priest who knelt before the altar. "May I speak to you, Father?" he whispered.

A sunburned face, deeply lined with wrinkles, looked up at him. "Later, later," the priest said and returned to his prayers.

How could he convey the urgency of the situation? Harker knelt down beside the old man. "There is a Czech girl in Hofheim," he whispered in a tone of desperate seriousness. "The Soviet police are after her. We can get her to safety—with your help."

The priest looked at him in startled surprise. "My help?"

"When do you recross the border?"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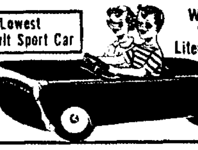
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"After the benediction—half an hour before midnight."

"Let the girl take the place of one of your statues. With the saint's clothes and a veil, no one will detect the difference."

The old man looked stunned, and then his expression grew frightened. "Carry her across?"

"She's got no papers. It's the only way. Failing that, she will certainly be arrested and shot."

The priest pondered a moment. Behind them, someone began to repeat responses to a prayer.

Finally the old man shook his head. "A religious procession cannot be used for political purposes."

"This isn't politics. It's simple justice. See the girl for yourself," he urged. "It'll take less than five minutes for me to bring her to you."

"You say she is Czech?"

"Yes."

Again the priest pondered; then, with a fatalistic gesture, he said, "I promise nothing, but bring her if you wish."

As he cut across to the Schwartz Adler, dodging the uniformed police who seemed posted at every corner, Harker kept telling himself that Madeleine would not, could not be there. And yet, when he entered the café and hurried to the back, there she was—seated in the shadows, with an empty coffee cup before her, wan and strained but ineffably patient.

He did not pause to explain, though the smile that lighted her face when she saw him made him choke with emotion. In four minutes they were back at the grotto.

The old priest looked Madeleine up and down, hesitant, evidently still struggling with a natural fear. "How do I know this isn't a trick? She may be a Soviet agent."

"I can't prove it, Father," Harker said. "Either you trust her or you don't."

The priest turned to him. "Czech, you said?"

"Yes, Father."

The old man began to speak to Madeleine in a language Harker did not understand. She replied, and for a few minutes the conversation continued. Then the priest said to Harker in German, "Very well, I'll do what I can. I must inform the statue bearers. Wait here till I return." He turned and left the grotto.

When the old priest was out of earshot, Harker pressed Madeleine's hand excitedly. "What did he say to you?"

"It was a test. He once spent six months in Prague. He asked me in Czech whether I knew the city. When I said yes, he asked how many spires the cathedral has. I answered, 'Three.' Then he asked, 'To whom is it dedicated?' I said, 'The good Saint Vitus.' Then he smiled and said that Saint Borna was a good saint too, and she would not let me down."

SLOWLY the pilgrims began to form their procession for the return journey. First the group from Hofheim took up their statues and banners. Relighting candles and torches, they set off into the night.

Then, under the direction of the old priest, the pilgrims from the Western zone collected their emblems. Harker watched four husky men lift onto their shoulders the wooden platform on which Madeleine stood. Their movements were slow and regular, so that the platform remained quite steady. They took their place behind the tenth row of pilgrims who were walking four abreast. Harker occupied the right-hand position immediately behind them, in the eleventh row. He had left his raincoat behind, and now wore a rough forester's coat lent him by one of the bearers. By the flickering light of torches he caught an occasional glimpse of Madeleine's face in profile. Veiled and adorned in the antique robes of the saint, the dark red cloak covering her sling, she had never looked so beautiful.

Her role in this drama, he realized, was immeasurably more difficult than his own. He had only to walk along, while she, no matter what happened, must remain immobile.

At the crossroads the two groups separated, one moving toward Hofheim and the other toward the frontier. In ten minutes, Harker thought, we will either be safely across or in the frontier post, under arrest. He looked up at Madeleine and compared her with the other statues in the procession. To his eyes there was a slight but unmistakable difference. The figures that before had struck him as so lifelike now appeared stiff and wooden.

PUBLIC CLOCKS

They serve us by daytime,
They serve us by nighttime;
But many display time
That isn't the right time.

—RICHARD WHEELER

They approached the northern gateway, and through the arch Harker could see the frontier, its arc lamps glimmering in the dark. His heart pounded. At least Krylov was out of action and he felt sure that the two MVD men believed he had taken to the open country. Besides, it was almost certain that, following the false information he had given Krylov, the main concentration of police would be at the south gate, watching for his midnight meeting with the chief undercover agent. He peered at his watch: a quarter to twelve.

Slowly as a funeral cortege, the procession approached the archway. Harker could already distinguish the Austrian police, and behind, their leather belts and boots gleaming in the arc lamps, three Russian guards. He felt sweat begin to bead on his forehead. Surreptitiously, in order to avoid notice, he changed his position in the procession edging into the left-hand file, farthest from the guards.

"Get your permits ready." The old priest was moving down the line, reminding the pilgrims. With a damp hand Harker drew out his own permit; it was the same as those of his neighbors, but of course the date of entry was that of a week ago. He had already smudged the stamp with his thumb, as though a careless hand had rubbed it, and the date was almost illegible. Would it be noticed?

The crowd was shuffling slowly forward now, a few inches at a time, as the leading pilgrims presented their cards for inspection. The line moved on. Was it fancy, or was one of the guards looking his way? A single policeman was examining the permits; Harker was close enough to see the metal stud on his holster, and the wrinkles on his neck where the uniform collar gripped tight.

The four men carrying Madeleine reached the Austrian policeman and held out their passes in their free hands. The slightest movement and Madeleine would betray herself.

Suddenly in the control post a telephone rang; with horror Harker saw Madeleine wince at the unexpected sound. Surely the guard would have noticed. But, stoically, he stamped the passes and handed them back. The next moment the statue bearers and Madeleine were across the border.

BEFORE Harker had time to think, it was his turn. With averted head, his heart thudding, he held out his border card. He was ready, waiting for the MVD men to come over and arrest him. It seemed impossible that they should not bar the way. As the guard glanced at the card, Harker caught the smell of alcohol on his breath. Mechanically, the man gave him a quick glance, stamped the pass, handed it back and, without a word, motioned him forward.

Some forty minutes later, having cashed a check—with the help of the old priest—in the first village in the British zone, Harker and Madeleine were seated in a crowded compartment of the night train for Graz. They had bought sandwiches, and Harker savored them with a luxurious sense of deliverance. Events had come full circle, he reflected, since the moment on the train to Gmünd when he had accidentally pulled out Madeleine's photograph in front of the two MVD agents. He recalled his terror, the hesitant answers he had given, his agonizing suspicions, as though they were part of another man's life. Not only Madeleine but he, too, had crossed to a new freedom.

He looked at her, sitting beside him, swaying a little with the movement of the train, her eyes half closed. Her honey-colored hair was swept back from her brow as it had been the first time he had seen her. The warmth of the compartment had brought the color back to her cheeks.

Despite himself, he sighed. In the Soviet zone they had been living from moment to moment in a world of their own, and he had felt himself free to love her without thought of the future. But now, back in normal surroundings, conventions slowly began to take shape, other people entered the picture. Harker wondered whether she had sensed his love. He felt an urge to tell her, but stopped himself. She might even now be thinking of Arnold, of their reunion after so many years.

The train had settled to a steady rumble—he saw that Madeleine had fallen asleep. I shall never again see her sleeping, he thought. For a long time he looked at her, full of desire and regret. When he finally slept, the image of her face stayed with him.

From the station in Graz they took a taxi to the airport and managed to get seats on the morning plane. At noon they landed in Vienna.

During the twenty-minute ride to Arnold's apartment, Harker kept silent. There was much that he would have liked to say to her, but now it would be pointless to reveal his feelings.

When they arrived at Arnold's apartment, there was no one there. Leaving Madeleine upstairs, Harker went off in search of the concierge.

He found the old woman preparing her lunch on the ground floor.

"Herr Thulemahler is away on business," she explained. "He left—when was it—the day before yesterday, for

Frankfurt. He should be back tomorrow."

"He'll get a pleasant surprise when he returns," Harker said. "His fiancée is upstairs."

The old woman threw up her hands. "The girl he's always talking about? Fräulein Durych?" Chattering excitedly she accompanied Harker upstairs.

"Make yourself quite at home, my dear," she told Madeleine, opening the door of Arnold's apartment with her passkey. "You'll find some food in the larder and I'll have milk and fresh bread sent up to you."

"This afternoon you might phone Mr. Thulemahler's doctor," Harker said. "The Fräulein's arm needs attention." The concierge promised to do this, and when she had shown Madeleine around the apartment she returned to her lunch.

Now's the time for me to fade, Harker thought. As he gave her his telephone number and told her to get in touch with him if she needed anything, he kept his gaze averted. Finally, swallowing hard, he said, "I'll have to be going."

"Must you?" She did not look at him.

"Arnold will be back soon to take care of you. I must get to my office."

"What am I to say to you?" Her voice was low, and she seemed scarcely able to articulate the words. Then, in a whisper she added: "Except—thank you."

She went to the door with him and held out her hand. He pressed it for a moment, feeling a stab of bitter pain. He took a last swift look at her, saw her shoulders droop slightly; she was leaning lightly against the wall as though, suddenly, she had need of support. It did not seem possible that he should be leaving her. Why had they been brought together at all, if it were only to part?

WHEN he arrived at his office that afternoon, his secretary greeted him with the news that the timber he had contracted for in Gmünd had arrived, and also that his appointment with the Austrian government authorities to discuss the Wittfeld hydroelectric scheme was scheduled for four that afternoon.

"Your little vacation has done you a world of good, Mr. Harker," she said, eying him curiously.

Harker smiled at her. "I feel a lot fitter."

Vacation was hardly the word he would have chosen to describe the last few days, he thought. Yet in a sense it was appropriate. He had taken a vacation from himself, forgotten his own troubles and doubts in order to help someone else, and thereby effected a cure. His mind reverted to Madeleine waiting alone in Arnold's apartment. He wanted to call her and then thought better of it. Almost certainly she would be resting and, besides, Arnold would telephone him the moment he returned.

He closed his mind to the past and found with satisfaction that he was able for the first time in nearly two months to concentrate fully. For the next three hours, without interruption, he studied the Wittfeld hydroelectric scheme, checking and double-checking facts and figures.

Then, with a feeling that lay between confidence and indifference, he drove to the offices of the Austrian government Ministry of Works, and after a few minutes' wait was ushered into the council chamber.

After a formal exchange of civilities, the minister asked him to sit down. Harker was surprised to find that the interview he had been dreading so much before he left Vienna should now leave him calm and unmoved.

"As you know, Mr. Harker," the minister began dryly, "speed is the most important factor in the construction of the Wittfeld dam. Your bid promises completion by October—a month earlier than any other. But the question is: Can you fulfill that promise?"

"The dam will be working on the last day of October," Harker said firmly.

"You have the materials to start at once? Timber?"

"We can start tomorrow. Consolidated has just received a shipment of forty thousand cubic feet of timber from the Eastern zone."

At this the minister showed surprise and conferred with his colleagues. As Harker had expected, they appeared favorably impressed by the news.

Then followed the technical part of the interview. He gave precise, unhesitating answers to their questions and after twenty-five minutes the minister concluded the meeting. "Thank you, Mr. Harker. We will communicate our decision tomorrow morning."

Next morning when he arrived at the office the long official envelope was already on his desk. He opened it and, skipping the usual long-winded opening, glanced at the middle of the page and read the significant sentence: *. . . have pleasure in informing you that they have awarded the contract for the Wittfeld hydroelectric scheme to the Consolidated Engineering Corporation.*

The thought made him feel good, yet it did not satisfy him. Perhaps, on the strength of this success, he could get a transfer back home—maybe even a promotion. If only he could take Madeleine with him. . . .

WHILE he was calling back memories, the telephone rang and he picked it up expectantly.

"Is that you, Bryant?" It was Arnold. Harker felt his breath catch. His role in Madeleine's life was over now: Arnold was back. "Why, hello," he managed to say cheerfully. "When did you get home?"

"An hour ago," Arnold said. "I'm in my apartment now."

"Then you've discovered . . ." Harker steeled himself against the expected flood of thanks.

"You mean Madeleine? Yes. Bryant, it was damn' fine of you to bring her here. You are a true friend, a—"

"She's a wonderful girl," Harker cut in firmly. "You're to be congratulated, Arnold." Spare me the laurels, he thought. I brought her back, but she belongs to you.

"Congratulated?" Arnold seemed puzzled. "But, Bryant—Madeleine isn't my girl."

For a moment Harker thought he had gone out of his head. "What do you mean, she's not your girl? You said she lived in Gmünd, her name was Durych—you even gave me a photograph of her!"

"Wait a moment. My fiancée is Anna Durych—Madeleine's older sister. The photo I gave you was of Anna—but it was taken four years ago; perhaps that's why it seemed so like Madeleine."

Still he couldn't believe it, and as yet he felt no elation, only numbness. "What's happened to Anna, then?"

"Madeleine's been giving me news," Arnold said quietly. "Anna's been deported to the Ukraine, but there's a chance she's still alive. I'm not giving up hope."

There was a pause. Harker felt a profound pity for Arnold, but at the same time his mind was racing. Madeleine was free: he could take her in his arms now, confide to her all he had been longing to say. But why hadn't he made the discovery earlier? Perhaps because they had never talked of Arnold. But what must she have thought of him when he had left her, without explanation, at Arnold's apartment and walked right out of her life?

"Look, Arnold—I'd like to come over and see Madeleine. May I?"

"You'd better put that question to Madeleine yourself. Here she is."

"Bryant?" He seemed to have known that voice all his life.

"Madeleine. Darling. I took it for granted that—"

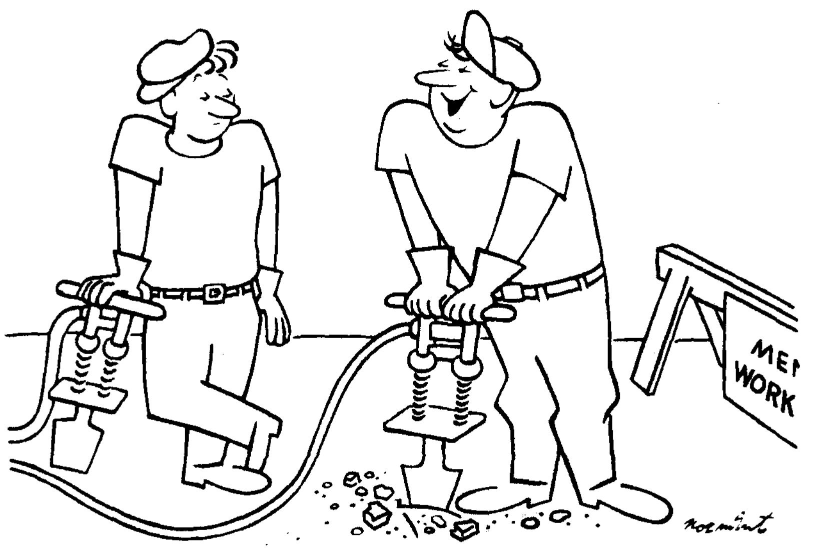
"I think I understand. . . ."

"May I come around? We could lunch together."

"I'd love that. And, Bryant—please hurry. I have missed you so very much."

He hung up, in a surge of joy, his mind made up and clear. He would get her out of this city, take her to America with him—and soon. A minute later he was out in the street, hailing a cab.

"Mariastrasse seven," he told the driver. "And double fare if you make fast time." —A. J. CRONIN



COLLIER'S "No—that one was *Stardust.* Now try to guess this one!" JOHN NORMENT

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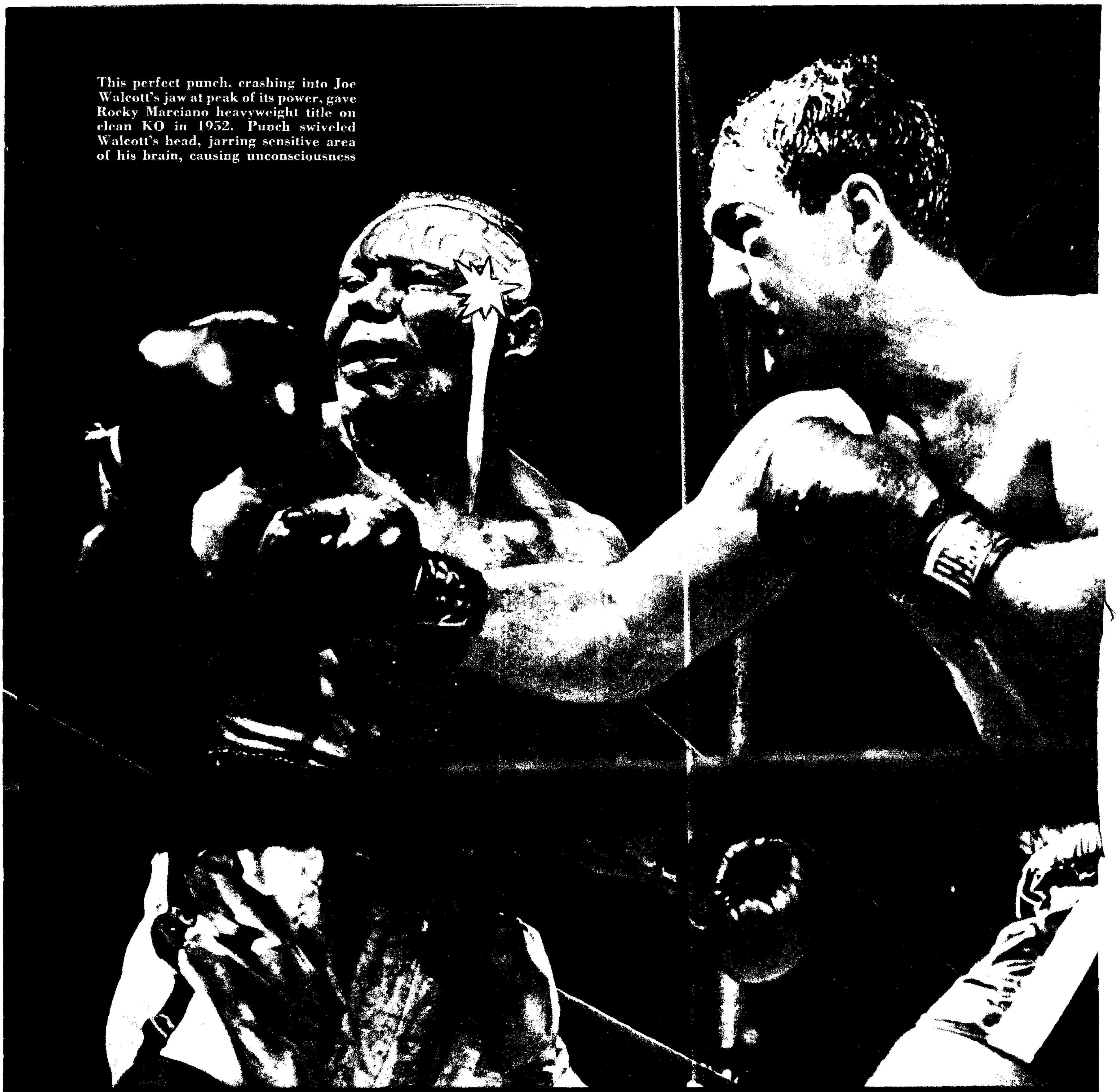


This perfect punch, crashing into Joe Walcott's jaw at peak of its power, gave Rocky Marciano heavyweight title on clean KO in 1952. Punch swiveled Walcott's head, jarring sensitive area of his brain, causing unconsciousness

CKOUT

A fighter shakes off blow after blow, but is dropped by a punch which looks little different from the rest. Why? Here's what goes into a KO

SCHARFMAN—INTERNATIONAL

By W. C. HEINZ

IN MILLIONS of American homes today, fist fighting has become an integral part of the domestic scene. I'm speaking now about professional fighting—not the amateur, or party, variety. Last year the four major television networks carried into the nation's homes 197 main-event boxing bouts. Some were watched by as many as 35,000,000 persons in the comfort of their living rooms. It's likely, then, that questions which once bothered only the fight fans who crowded smoke-filled arenas or converted ball parks now interest the whole family.

As these millions of new boxing enthusiasts look on, two fighters may belabor each other for 10 rounds—and walk from the scene slightly short of wind but otherwise unaffected. On another night, one man may drop as if shot after a blow that did not appear greatly different from a thousand others.

Forty-nine—about one in four—of the 197 bouts televised nationally by NBC, CBS, ABC and Du Mont during 1953 ended in knockouts (not counting those stopped because of cuts or arm or leg injuries). These statistics indicate that only one fighter out of every eight is, on the average, successful in any single attempt to knock out his opponent.

What is the secret of the kayo punch? What makes it different from any other punch? What makes Rocky Marciano, the world's heavyweight champion, Jimmy Carter, the former lightweight champion, Sandy Saddler, the featherweight champion, and, of late, Joey Giardello, the young Philadelphia middleweight, knockout punchers? What do they impart to a punch that is lacking from the lighter blows thrown by Bobo Olson, who succeeded Sugar Ray Robinson as middleweight king, Joey Maxim, the former light-heavyweight champion, Billy Graham, for a half dozen years one of the top three welterweights in the world, and middleweight Rocky Castellani?

Over the years, I've seen hundreds of fights and known dozens of fighters. To me there is nothing mysterious about the ingredients that go to make up a good punch and a good puncher. If you know what to look for, you can spot some of them on your TV screen.

An old saw in boxing is that great punchers are born, not made. Actually this maxim is only half true, and its acceptance in the fight game has deterred the development of no one knows how many potential punchers. What truth there is in the assertion lies in the obvious fact that a puncher must have a reasonably strong body, good reflexes, fairly fast hands and the will to fight.

How to Develop Fighting Power

Good punching starts with the soles of the feet, and it involves bringing into action in sequence all of the pertinent muscles from the ankle to the wrist on the side from which the punch is thrown. These muscles are in the calf, thigh, back, shoulder, upper arm and forearm, and they are linked together in a continuous line of power by the ankle, knee, hip, shoulder, elbow and wrist joints.

The timing involved in the proper generation of punching power is comparable to the timing involved in the proper firing of spark plugs in the engine of a car. When one unit misses, when it is not linked in proper sequence, the power generated is reduced.

Just how much power is behind a punch? The maximum thrust in a boxer's blow was measured three years ago by the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, Inc., in Buffalo, New York, for the New York State Athletic Commission. While wearing eight-ounce gloves—the weight worn in all but championship contests—heavyweights (more than 175 pounds) averaged 17.4 foot-pounds of kinetic energy per punch. On the other hand, flyweights (112 pounds or less) managed only 5.6 foot-pounds. When six-ounce championship gloves were used, the heavyweights averaged 26.2 foot-pounds and the flyweights 8.7.

Multiply these figures by the total number of punches thrown in a single fight and you get some impressive totals. In clocking dozens of fights, I've found that two slow-moving heavyweights, in a fight so dull that it induces anesthesia only among the spectators, will land, between them, 750 punches in 10 rounds. At the other extreme, two light-hitting but fast flyweights, flapping like moths around a flame, may land as many as 1,700 over the same number of rounds.

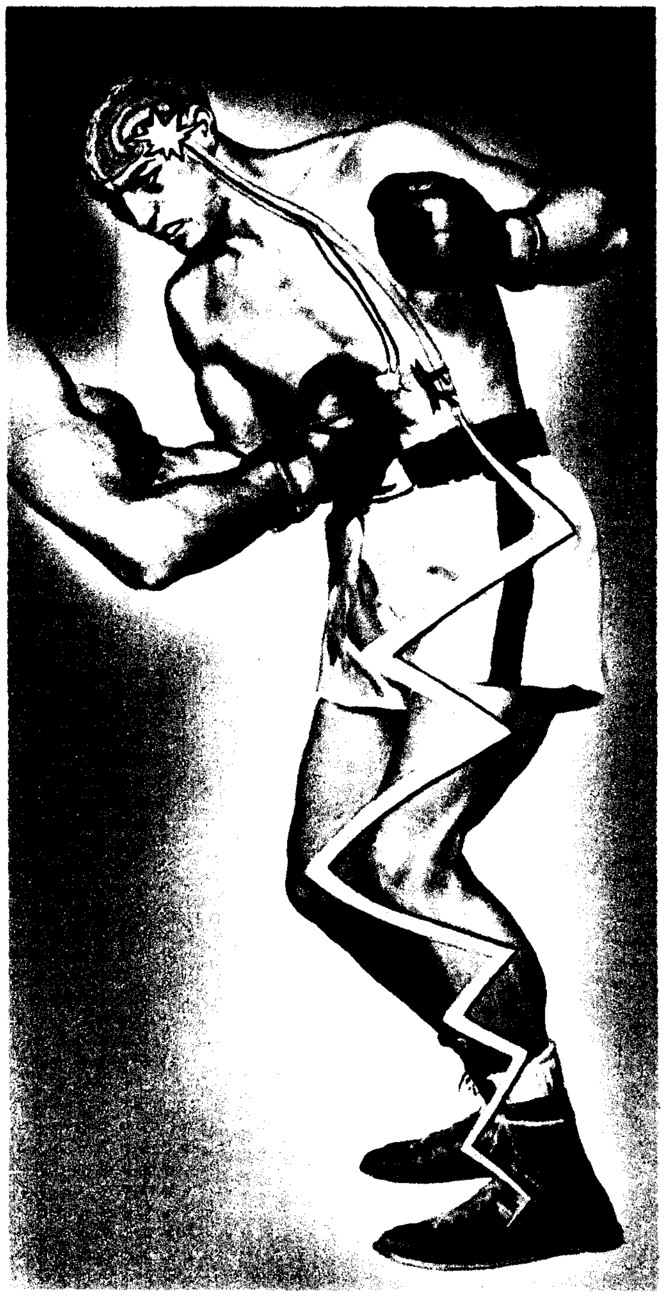
Yet in three fights out of four, this tremendous expenditure of power produces no noticeable damage. That's because, although the fundamentals of good punching are quite simple, the effectiveness of any single blow may depend on a number of circumstances not always under the control of the man delivering it.

For example, there is but one point of maximum power in the arc or line traveled by a punch. Since fighters, in motion themselves, are firing at moving targets, most punches thrown during a fight make contact either before or after reaching their peaks of power. The single, clean knockout punch is, ideally, a punch thrown with maximum power that hits the target at the peak of that power—like Marciano's right hand, which traveled no more than two feet to knock out the then heavyweight champ Jersey Joe Walcott in Philadelphia two years ago.

Even a solidly landed, maximum-power punch, however, may not in itself produce a knockout. Benny Leonard, lightweight champion of the world from 1917 through 1924 and possibly the greatest fighter, pound for pound, of the last 35 years, used to say: "It isn't how hard you hit a man. It's where you hit him."

For the last five years, the New York State Athletic Commission has been studying the causes and effects of knockouts, and its findings bear out what fighters have always known but never fully understood—that there are only four primary targets in boxing. These are the areas of the temple, the jaw, the heart and the solar plexus.

Among those who have been engaged in the New York



Solar plexus is another key knockout area. Blow here may shoot shower of nerve impulses to brain. It also can numb legs by putting increased pressure on spine

ILLUSTRATED BY DR. FRANK H. NETTER WITH DR. HARRY A. KAPLAN

Leg, hip, shoulder, elbow and wrist go into a good punch. Marciano still works

commission's study is Dr. Harry A. Kaplan, a neurosurgeon on the staffs of the Kings County Hospital and the State University College of Medicine, both in Brooklyn. A member of the commission's Medical Advisory Board, Dr. Kaplan has photographed in slow motion hundreds of fighters and examined more than 1,400 electroencephalograms (brain-wave charts) of boxers to find why the temple and jaw are vital areas. His studies contradict a theory long held in boxing—that the temple and jaw contain nerve centers which, if struck, black out a boxer.

"Knockouts from head punches," says Dr. Kaplan, "are caused by the rapid movement of the head throwing the brain forward and jarring it. It's the sudden movement that causes loss of consciousness. If you turn your own head fast enough, you can make yourself dizzy."

Punches which hit the nose or cheekbones tend to slide off harmlessly. But because of the shape of the skull, those which hit the promontories of the temple and the jaw usually land solidly. When they do, the sudden force of the blows swings the head on the spinal axis, jarring the brain.

How Black-out Blows Take Effect

Sometimes punches which are aimed at the jaw just miss it, but still knock out a fighter. Such blows often land in the areas of the carotid sinuses —on either side of the neck just below the jaw, where, if you place your forefingers, you can detect your pulse beats. A blow here causes a shower of nerve impulses to the brain. If the blow is sharp enough, the impulses are so strong that they black out the fighter. Marciano finally finished Joe Louis with just such a punch to the neck in the eighth round in Madison Square Garden in 1951.

The other two target areas in boxing are on the body—just under the heart and the spot known as the solar plexus, just below the point where the ribs convene at the front of the chest. Punches in these regions may have either or both of two effects. Like blows to the carotid sinuses, they may send a shower of nerve impulses to the brain. More often, however, punches here cause a sudden increase of pressure in the abdominal cavity which, transmitted to the spinal cord, produces weakness and numbness in the limbs.

Tony Zale used a solar-plexus punch to knock out Rocky Graziano in a middleweight title fight in New York's Yankee Stadium eight years ago. After the fight, Graziano said: "I was all right—but I just couldn't move my legs."

Thus scientific tests and boxing records show that the great punchers are those who land their blows at peak power in vital spots. Probably the best such spot puncher in the sport today is the ex-lightweight king, Jimmy Carter. Carter has always been a hard hitter. Eight years ago, when he was just a preliminary boy having difficulty getting work in even the small clubs around New York and New Jersey, fighters who worked with him in the gym complained about the bruising they were taking. Not until later, however, did he learn how to concentrate his power at vital spots. He learned the hard way—while winning the lightweight title from an aging Ike Williams, then losing it to and regaining it from Lauro Salas. By last year, he had perfected his spot punching. He proved it by knocking out, in title bouts, Tommy Collins in four rounds in Boston, George Araujo in 13 rounds in Madison Square Garden, and Armand Savoie in five rounds in Montreal.

Spot punching, however, can be carried to extremes. Carter's supreme confidence in it cost him the title in his fight last March 5th in Madison Square Garden with Paddy DeMarco, even as Joey Giardello's preoccupation with it was to make him lose to Pierre Langlois in the same ring on May 21st. While Carter and Giardello coasted, waiting for openings through the clouds of elbows, forearms and gloves that would permit them to drop their bombs, they were outhustled, outpunched and outpointed.

Most fighters with poor knockout records fall into two categories. Ex-light-heavyweight champ Joey Maxim and welterweight Billy Graham are in one group; DeMarco and top middleweights Bobo Olson and Rocky Castellani are in the other.

Both Maxim (only 21 knockouts in 105 fights) and Graham (27 kayos in 124 fights) are superior boxers, but their styles are controlled by caution and they fight out of what I call the getaway stance. In this severely diagonal position, the right foot is dropped back far enough so that the fighter may retreat simply by taking one step back with the left foot.

The good right-hand puncher must sacrifice this obvious avenue of escape. If his punches are to reach his opponent at their point of peak power, he must fight out of a position in which his right foot is farther forward. To retreat, he must first step back with his right foot into the position from which Maxim and Graham ordinarily fight, then withdraw his left foot.

Olson, with 28 knockouts in 63 fights, is a busy workman and one of the best ring thinkers in the business today. But he is so preoccupied with rolling with punches, slipping them, blocking them and working his way inside of them that he sacrifices most of his power. He overcomes his opponents by erosion rather than hard punching; he seldom sets himself with a punch of his own in mind and, carrying his elbows against his body for protection, fails to lift them enough to bring his shoulders into play and give full leverage and power to his head punches.

Paddy DeMarco, with seven knockouts in 80 fights, and Rocky Castellani, 13 in 63, don't get set to punch properly; they depend upon speed and wrestling ability. While this technique won a world title for DeMarco, it makes both him and Castellani displeasing performers to watch.

Natural Flat-footed Stance Helps

Kid Gavilan, who won the welterweight title in 1951, also was essentially an arm-puncher when he first came to this country from Cuba eight years ago. He became a reasonably sharp hitter, however, by learning to punch accurately and by linking his body into his punches. He has a natural flat-footed stance that affords him a firm platform from which to punch. The same is true of Sandy Saddler (95 kayos in 148 fights), who has the best left hook to the body in boxing today.

But no fighter is solely a physical machine. It takes more than mere physical attributes and a good stance to make a great puncher. Perhaps the best example of this ring truth is middleweight contender Joey Giardello.

Giardello's always been an accurate puncher, had fast hands, set himself well and got good body and timing into both his left hooks and straight right hands. Until he racked up three men in a row this year, however, he had scored only two knockouts in his last 33 fights and hadn't flattened a man in his previous 20 bouts.

His transformation into a puncher came about partly through determination, partly through accident. In 1951, training improperly, Giardello lost four fights and was thinking of quitting the ring. In 1952, he could do no better than draw in his first three fights. Three matches with Billy Graham followed, and the second resulted in a lawsuit over the decision which attracted, in Giardello's own words, "a million bucks' worth of publicity."

Then, in the fifth round of a fight at Madison Square Garden last January 8th, Giardello knocked out Garth Panter of Dayton, Ohio, who had been neither floored nor stopped in his 66 preceding bouts. The kayo gave Giardello new confidence in himself. "From now on," he said after the fight, "I'll knock everybody out. I never liked to hurt anybody. I was chickenhearted, but no more. Every fight means too much."

Four weeks later he stopped Walter Cartier in one round in the Garden. Six weeks after that, in the same ring, he knocked out in the seventh round Willie Troy, who had flattened his last seven opponents.

"Just look," Giardello had said after flooring Cartier three times in the first round, "what I'll be getting for no work."

"I didn't think he could hit that hard," said Cartier, who had gone ten rounds with Giardello less than four months before.

The truth is that Giardello was fortunate in meeting in succession three men who were physically receptive to being stopped. Any accumulation of punches absorbed by a fighter has a detrimental effect upon his ability to resist further

Spot Puncher: **Best in the business, Jimmy Carter caught Paddy DeMarco with left to neck that had him gulping. A bit harder and Carter might have kept lightweight title**

GARRY WINOGRAD

h separately in training

punishment, and it had been obvious to knowing observers for some time that Panter had been taking too many punches.

Cartier, a puncher himself, had been stopped six times previously, and although Troy had been stopped only once while scoring 20 knockouts in 27 fights, it was impossible to imagine him surviving for long with his reluctance or inability to avoid a head punch. Such punchers as these two are easy marks for other punchers because they concentrate so completely on their own punching efforts that they neither see nor ride with solid blows thrown at them.

Thus, Giardello's new-found confidence and determination—added to his mechanical ability—are the explanation of his emergence as a puncher. Now boxing pundits would have you believe that he was "born a puncher," even as a year ago they would have had you believe that he was not.

Jersey Joe Walcott vs. Ezzard Charles

The most dramatic example in our time, however, of a fighter suddenly finding the confidence that converted him into a puncher was afforded three years ago by Jersey Joe Walcott. When, on March 7, 1951, in Detroit, he fought Ezzard Charles, then the heavyweight champion, for the second time, he had been boxing on and off for 21 years. He had dropped Joe Louis twice in their first fight without getting the decision or the title. He had dropped him again before being knocked out by Louis in their second fight, and he had fought a listless, losing 15 rounds against Charles for the vacated title in Chicago on June 22, 1949.

In the ninth round of the Detroit fight, Walcott found himself on his face from a right hand. He raised himself on his elbows and shook his head to clear it. He looked toward his corner and he got up. He finished the round, thanks to the bell, and then went on to win the majority of the remaining rounds although Charles preserved the title on his early lead.

The incident would have had little significance—except that four months later, when the two were matched again in Pittsburgh, Walcott knocked out Charles with a single hook in the seventh round to become the heavyweight champion of the world. I believe that this punch had its origin on the canvas in Detroit, where Walcott realized he had taken Charles's best shot and survived.

Recently I offered this explanation to Dan Florio, who trained Walcott for all of his fights starting with the first Louis bout.

"I'll never forget one afternoon after that Detroit fight when we were out at Pleasantville, New Jersey, training for the Pittsburgh bout," Florio said. "All of a sudden Walcott says to me, 'I'm the greatest heavyweight in the world!' I could have fallen into a hole in the ground."

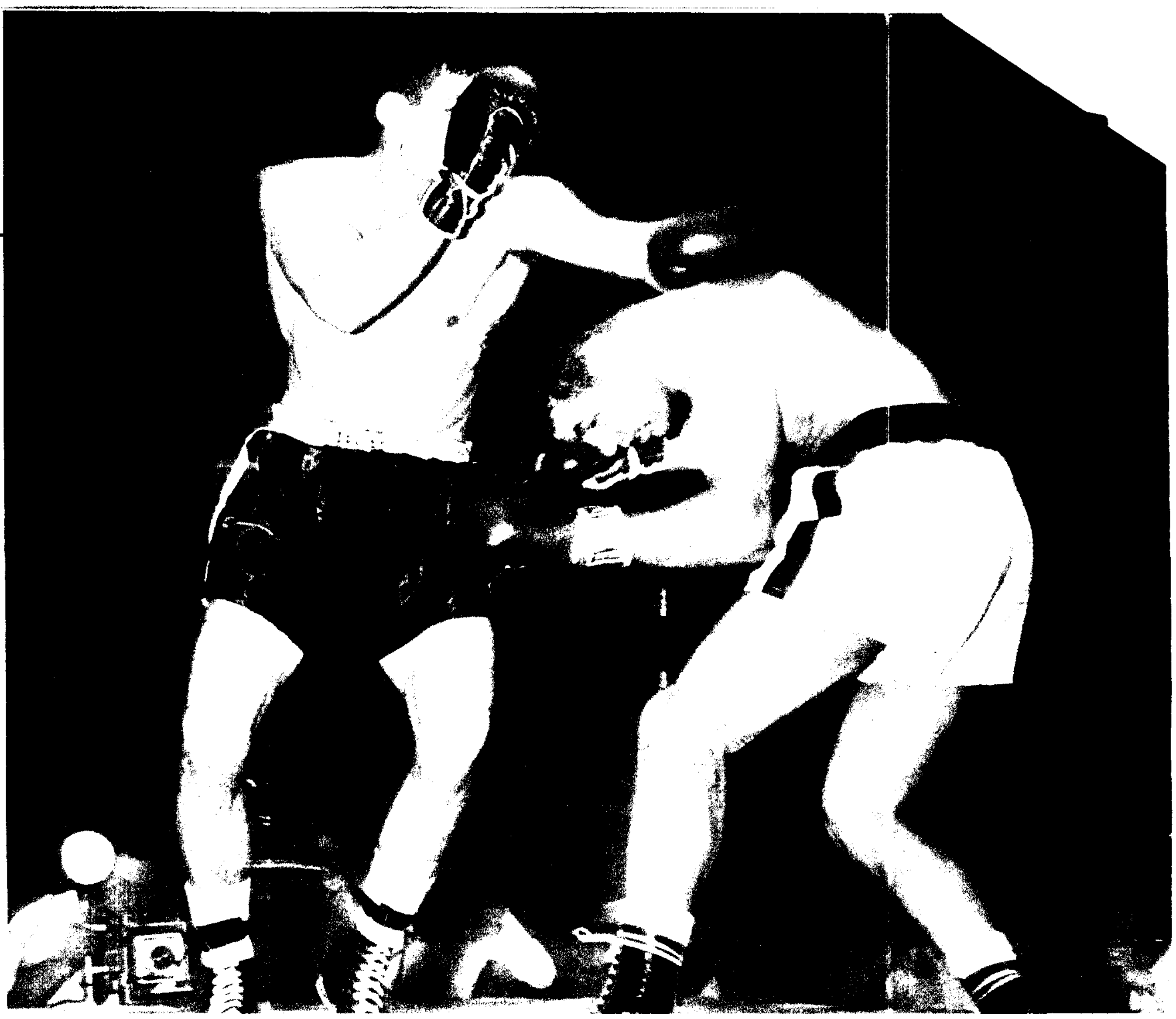
"Did you believe him?" I asked.

"I don't know," Florio said, shrugging. "I'd been with the guy so long, how could I believe that all of a sudden he was gonna change? In the dressing room right after the Pittsburgh fight, though, I said, 'Joe, you were right. You're the greatest heavyweight in the world. You're the heavyweight champion of the world.' "

As it turned out, it took a better puncher to deprive Walcott of this confidence—and his title. I know of no more illustrative case study of the qualities, physical, mental and emotional, that go into the making of a great puncher than that afforded by the man who took the championship away from Jersey Joe: Rocky Marciano.

Marciano has yet to be beaten as a professional prize fighter. He has knocked out 40 of his 46 opponents, and although Ezzard Charles managed to survive for 15 rounds against the champion last June, his face was almost unrecognizable from the pounding it had taken.

Rocky was fortunate, as he admits, to have fallen into the hands of Charley Goldman, a gnarled little ex-bantamweight who is one of the four or five great teacher-trainers still left in boxing. He was similarly fortunate in having been sent to Al Weill, a master manager and matchmaker. In Marciano's first year as a professional, Weill lined up for him 11 matches in which he would not be extended. In fact, Marciano knocked out all 11 opponents inside of three rounds. These fights built Rocky's confidence while he was perfecting his ring skills.


GARRY WINOGRAND

A clever boxer, Rocky Castellani (l.) had no difficulty outpointing Ernie Durando in last meeting. But stance doesn't let him put body power into punches

Marciano's kind of punching is the product of inexhaustible patience on the part of both the teacher and the pupil. In the beginning, Goldman showed Rocky how to make the knee, then the hip, shoulder, elbow and wrist contribute power to a punch. Goldman had him practice each step for weeks until he had perfected them. Finally, the trainer had Marciano combine the total, and even today Rocky still openly concentrates on this process as he walks around shadowboxing before or after ring workouts.

"The muscles get into habits," Goldman has said many times. "You try to get them into good habits, so you don't have to worry about them any more. Then when you throw a punch, you just automatically throw it right."

Marciano Both Intelligent and Able

In addition to his physical assets, Marciano is also intelligent and able to digest Goldman's teachings and his own experiences. Beyond that, he is blessed with abundant determination. Without his patiently learned boxing skills, he would not have stopped Walcott in one round in Chicago on May 15th of last year, when he hit the challenger cleanly with a perfectly timed, stiff and, above all, accurate uppercut that swiveled his head. Without determination, he would not have stopped Jersey Joe with one punch after absorbing 12 brutal rounds of punishment in their earlier contest in Philadelphia, or beaten the superior boxer, Ezzard Charles, into an almost helpless state in 15 rounds in the Yankee Stadium.

Rocky's determination came up for discussion recently at Grossinger's in New York's Catskill Mountains, where he trains for all of his fights—and where he was training for his scheduled title defense against Charles in the Yankee Stadium, September 15th. We were at dinner and debating Marciano's abilities as compared with those of other heavyweights. I suggested that there was one basic difference between the champion and his challengers.

"You," I told Rocky, "are a pick-and-shovel guy."

"How do you mean?" Marciano said.

"You used to dig ditches for a living," I said, "and I say that in all respect. I have great admiration for anyone who works with his hands."

"So do I," Marciano said.

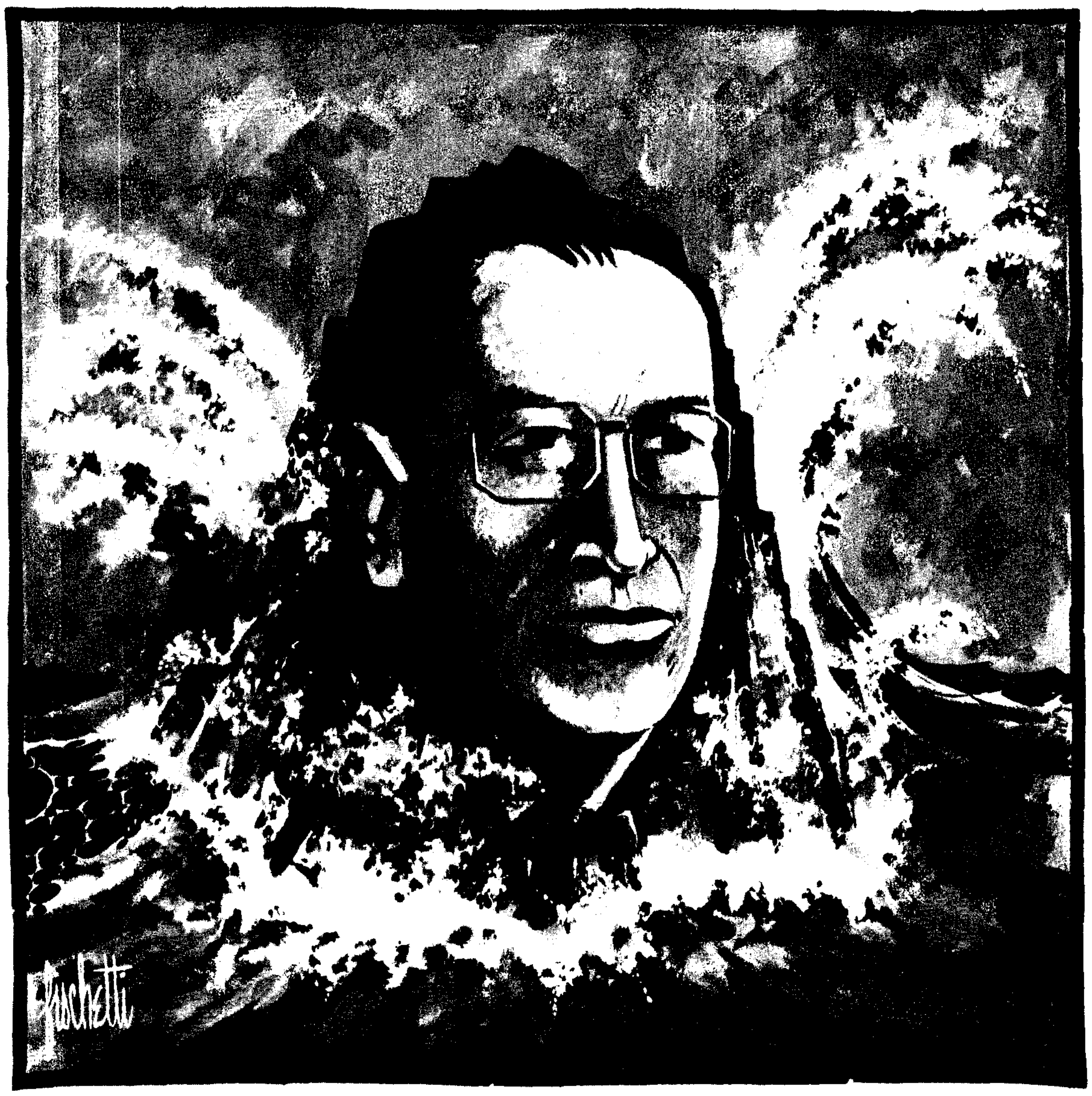
It Takes Fortitude to Grab Pick Handle

I offered that it takes a particular kind of fortitude to grab a pick handle at eight o'clock in the morning to start work, as Marciano used to do, on a quarter-mile stretch of blacktop highway that has to be ripped open for the Massachusetts State Highway Department. Most of the fighters we were discussing probably would have dropped the pick if confronted with such a prospect.

"But I never minded it," Marciano said. "Actually, I kind of enjoyed it."

"Certainly," I said, "because you knew that by the end of a day, no matter how hot or cold it was, you would have accomplished something that was worth while and wasn't easy. What you did to Walcott in Philadelphia was exactly the same thing. You were in with a good fighter who was fighting a great fight. He knocked you down in the first round. For several rounds you were partially blinded and he kept shelling you with his best shots. In the thirteenth round, you still had enough determination and belief to make the one punch that took him out. That's because you're a pick-and-shovel guy."

What makes a knockout punch? There's no mystery about the bodily mechanics involved. They are obvious even on a television screen. Only the origins of a man's belief in his own ability are sometimes obscure. ▲▲▲



JOHN FISCHETTI

Benson Turns a Tide

EZRA TAFT BENSON should be a happy man. Against the heaviest of political pressures in a close political year he has stood squarely for what he believed to be right, and has won his fight for flexible price supports of basic farm products.

It would have been easier for the Secretary, and ever so much easier for his party, if he had been willing to let the rigid 90 per cent of parity support remain operative for another year. The Congress, if left to its own preference, doubtless would have voted the usual extension of this "war emergency" arrangement. The high supports which generally guaranteed a profit had become customary. Farmers liked them—and congressmen like to be re-elected. Surpluses of wheat, corn, cotton, fats and oils had become immense under the high supports but one more year could not hurt much. A little expediency now and then, or even a lot, is not considered a lethal ingredient in politics—especially when you have a logical argument going for you. But the issue as Secretary Benson saw it was not wholly or even mainly political. It was first economic, and ultimately moral.

A few days after becoming Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Benson said: "In the administration of this department the guiding purpose will be to strengthen the individual integrity, freedom and the very moral fiber of each citizen. . . . Emergency programs should be terminated as soon as the emergency is over. . . . Farmers should not be placed in a position of working for government bounty rather than producing for a free market. . . ."

No one paid much attention. Later, when the farm program of the Eisenhower administration was disclosed, people began to take Mr. Benson more seriously. The President was all for his Secretary's policy of flexible supports. The Secretary began explaining the whats and whys of the program, but the explanations met with much more resistance than acceptance. A political storm broke. There were reports that Benson soon would resign. There were demands that he resign immediately. Democratic members of the Congress said they hoped he would stay around, for they thought him a liability to the Republicans. Republican members who agreed with the Democrats wanted him out of Washington and back in his native Utah. "We haven't a chance to win the next election if he stays," they said.

The Secretary took his cause to the country, speaking at times to hostile and heckling audiences. The speech titles varied, but the theme did not. The only purpose of production, he repeated, is consumption. Government policy has been encouraging farmers to grow what was not needed, to wear out fields with crops already in surplus supply, to depend on Washington instead of on their own heads and hands. "If for the last 40 years we had had a high, rigid support on harness," he pointed out, "we would still have a thriving harness business and be up to our necks in harness."

This earnest appeal to the public got back to Congress. Jittery members, who often overrepresent their unjittery constituents, became calmer, remembering perhaps that they represent not only the hundred persons who wrote letters of protest, but also the hundred thousand who did not. In early July the House approved the flexible support principle by a wide margin, and in August the Senate gave its more reluctant approval.

The excited shouting has died down, but what the final result will be at the polls cannot be known until November 3d, and possibly not then precisely because always there are many factors in an election. But win or lose come November, the campaign of education and inspiration the Secretary has carried forward cannot be in vain. We honor him for his courage in taking his stand without regard for consequences to himself. By ignoring conventional politics, Secretary Benson has helped to influence wholesomely political thinking and political action. He has pursued faithfully his determination "to strengthen the individual integrity, freedom and very moral fiber of every citizen." He is entitled to be a happy man.

Anniversary for AMVETS

A FEW MONTHS AFTER the invasion of Normandy in 1944, an article in Collier's by our own Walter Davenport described a number of struggling little veterans' groups that were forming from the ranks of discharged World War II servicemen. If their members advance any one idea, Davenport said, it is this: they want their own national organization, as veterans of all our wars have had their own.

Learning of one another through the Collier's report, nine of the groups met a short time later and decided to merge. They called their new organization the American Veterans of World War II—AMVETS.

Since then, AMVETS has grown into the largest and most successful of the new veterans' organizations. Congress issued it a charter in 1947. President Truman dedicated a newly purchased AMVETS headquarters building in Washington in 1952. Today, AMVETS lists 125,000 World War II and Korea veterans on its active membership roster.

But an organization cannot be measured by size and official recognition alone. AMVETS annually helps some 100,000 veterans and their dependents to receive the government benefits to which they are entitled. It played a major role in pushing through the legislation which has become the Korean GI Bill of Rights. Its philanthropic activities include a Memorial Scholarship Program for children of deceased or totally disabled veterans, and a Christmas Orphanage Program in which gifts are sent to youngsters in nonendowed orphan homes during the yule season.

Some observers once foresaw a veterans' group emerging from World War II that would overshadow the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Instead, the older organizations grew even larger and stronger than before as they used intelligent, aggressive recruiting methods to attract new veterans. But now AMVETS marks its tenth birthday marching side by side with the others: a spirited partner in the fight for veterans' rights and a better community for all. Collier's is proud to have had a part in AMVETS' history.

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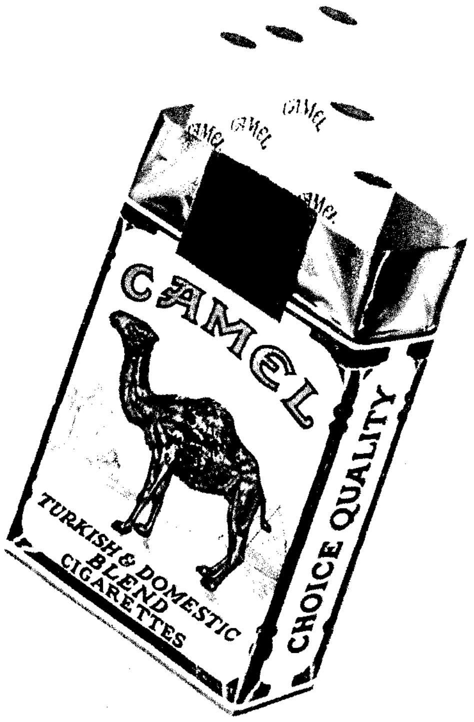

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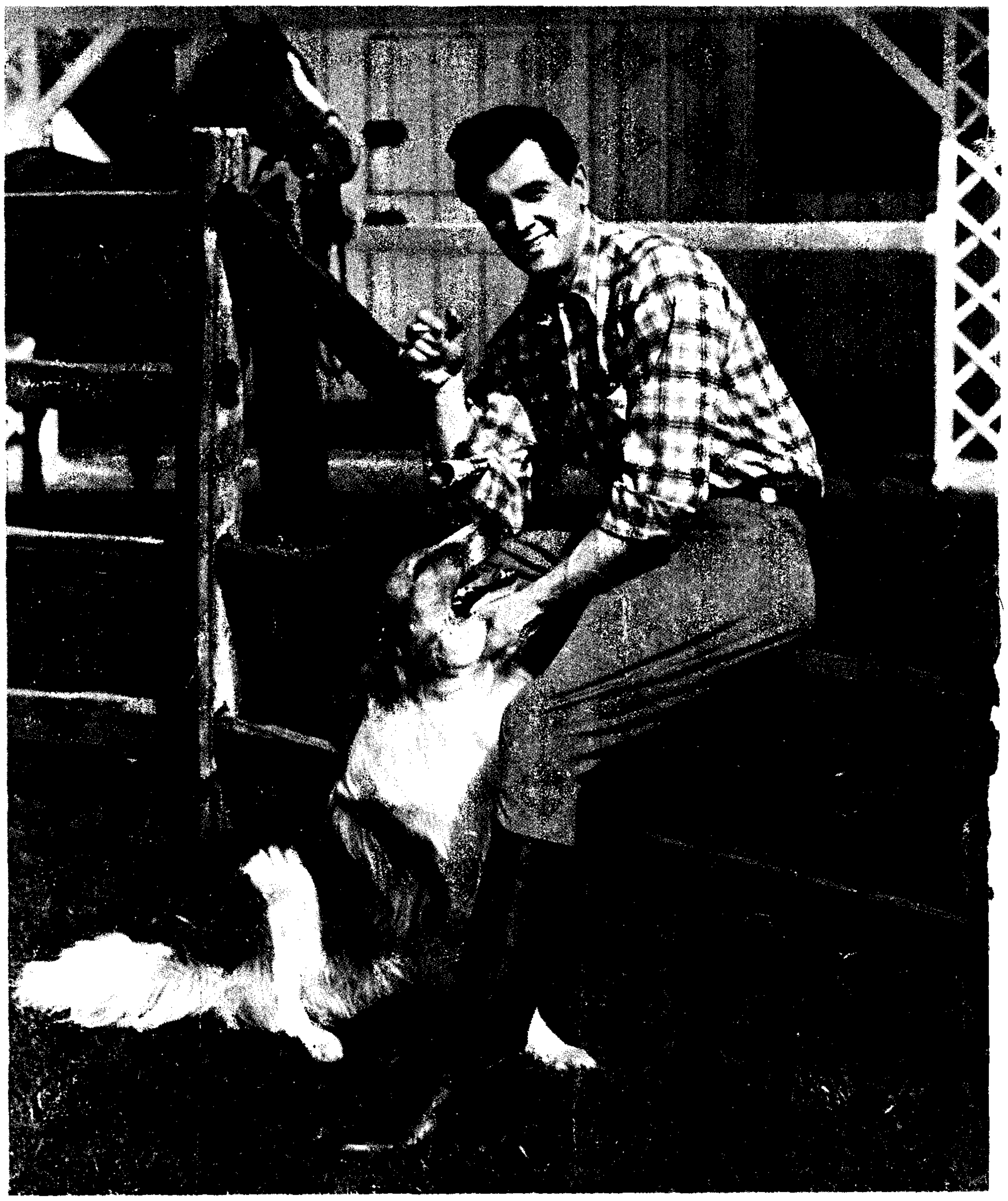

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